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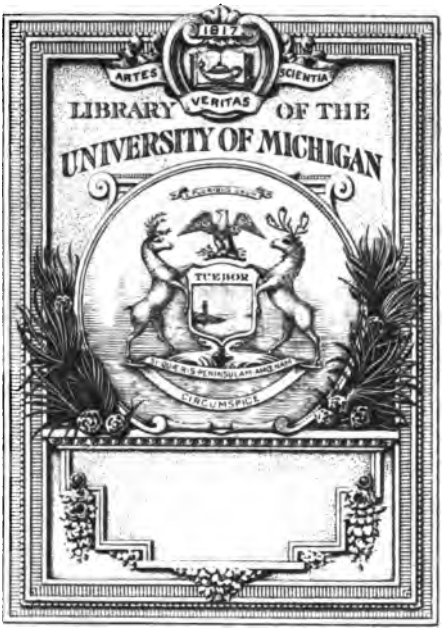
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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOL. VIII.

Eg.

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST GENUINE EDITION IN QUARTO,

1737.

If what is here offered to the reader should happen in any degree to please him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies; it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that so many Letters, of which he never kept copies, were preserved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very disagreeably used, in the publication of some letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his, or his correspondent's consent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehension of more of the same kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from those who he imagined had kept any. He was sorry to find the number so great, but immediately lessened it by burning three parts in four of them: the rest he spared, not in any preference of their style or writing, but merely as

they preserved the memory of some friendships which will ever be dear to him, or set in a true light some matters of fact, from which the scribblers of the times had taken occasion to asperse either his friends or himself. He therefore laid by the originals, together with those of his correspondents, and caused a copy to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend; that in case either of the revival of slanders, or the publication of surreptitious letters, during his life or after, a proper use might be made of them.

The next year, the posthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way disreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a justice due to him, to shew the world his better judgment; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those poems. As some of the letters which had passed between him and our author cleared that point, they were published in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in these Letters, and in those which were printed without his consent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reasonably hope it will be considered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how soon it was over. The rest, every judge of writing will see, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart; and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of necessity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been published under the title of his correspondence, with promises still of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all persons who should send any letters of his for the press. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publisher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by transacting with people in necessities,* or of abandoned characters,† or such as dealt without names in the dark.‡ Upon a quarrel with one of these last, he betrayed himself so far, as to appeal to the public in Narratives and Advertisements: like that Irish highwayman a few years before, who preferred a bill against his companion, for not sharing equally in the money, rings, and watches, they had traded for in partnership upon Hounslow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addressed to persons to whom they never were written:§ counterfeited as from Bishop Atterbury to him, which neither that bishop nor he ever saw;|| and advertised even after that pe-

* See the Preface to Vol. I. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. (The surreptitious edition published by E. Curll in 1735.)

† Postscript to the Preface to Vol. IV. (of the same edition.)

‡ Narrative and Anecdotes before Vol. II. (of the same edition.)

§ In Vol. III. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, &c.

|| Vol. II. of the same, 8vo. p. 20, and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12mo. by the booksellers of London and Westminster; and of the last Edition in 12mo. printed for T. Cooper, 1725.

riod when it was made felony to correspond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both his situation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretension, (except that of pleasing by poetry,) to have been as much aspersed and written at, as any First Minister of his time: pamphlets and newspapers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common conversation with his opinions of religion or government, has been represented as a dangerous member of society, a bigoted Papist, and an enemy to the establishment. The unwarrantable publication of his letters hath at least done him this service, to shew he has constantly enjoyed the friendship of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to blush at either. Many of them having been written on the most trying occurrences, and all in the openness of friendship, are a proof what were his real sentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion; without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them. Had he sate down with a design to draw his own picture, he could not have done it so truly; for whoever sits for it (whether to himself or another) will inevitably find the features more composed, than his appear in these letters. But if an author's hand, like

a painter's, be more distinguishable in a slight sketch than in a finished picture, this very carelessness will make them the better known from such counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or malicious design.

We hope it is needless to say, he is not accountable for several passages in the surreptitious editions of those Letters, which are such as no man of common sense would have published himself. The errors of the press were almost innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in so many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the least title, or any other encouragement than that of not prosecuting them.

For the *chasms* in the correspondence, we had not the means to supply them, the author having destroyed too many Letters to preserve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omissions of some passages, improper, or at least impertinent, to be divulged to the public: or of such entire Letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very sparing of those of his friends, and thought it a respect shewn to their memory, to suppress in particular such as were most in his favour. As it is not to *vanity* but to *friendship* that he intends this monument, he would save his enemies the mortification of shewing any further how well their betters have thought of him: and

at the same time secure from their censure his living friends, who (he promises them) shall never be put to the blush, this way at least, for their partiality to him.

But however this collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *cause*, and the *necessity* of such a publication, and heartily wish no honest man may be reduced to the same. To state the case fairly in the present situation. A bookseller advertises his intention to publish your letters: he openly promises encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to those who will help him to any; and engages to insert whatever they shall send. Any scandal is sure of a reception, and any enemy who sends it screened from a discovery. Any domestic or servant, who can snatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls short of a volume, any thing else shall be joined with it (more especially scandal) which the collector can think for his interest, all recommended under your name: you have not only theft to fear, but forgery. Any bookseller, though conscious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the consequence to your fame or quiet, will sell and disperse them in town and country. The better your reputation is, the more your name will cause them to be demanded, and consequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of such a nature, as the law (which does not punish for *intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may punish, but not

redress. You are therefore reduced, either to enter into a personal treaty with such a man, (which though the readiest, is the meanest of all methods,) or to take such other measures to suppress them, as are contrary to your inclination, or to publish them, as are contrary to your modesty. Otherwise your fame and your property suffer alike; you are at once exposed and plundered. As an *author*, you are deprived of that power, which above all others constitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for yourself, what pieces it may be most useful, entertaining, or reputable to publish, at the time and in the manner you think best. As a *man* you are deprived of the right even over your own sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your second thoughts; and of all the benefit of your prudence, your candour, or your modesty. As a *member of society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domestic concerns, your family secrets, your passions, your tendernesses, your weaknesses, are exposed to the misconstruction or resentment of some, to the censure or impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in such a manner, is the worst sort of *betraying conversation*, as it has evidently the most extensive, and the most lasting, ill consequences. It is the highest offence against *society*, as it renders the most dear and intimate intercourse of friend with friend, and the most necessary commerce of

man with man, unsafe, and to be dreaded. To open letters is esteemed the greatest breach of honour: even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropped, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. What then can be thought of procuring them merely by fraud, and the printing them merely for lucre? We cannot but conclude every honest man will wish, that, if the laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at least may be found, to prevent so great and growing an evil.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

SURREPTITIOUS & INCORRECT EDITIONS

OF

MR. POPE'S LETTERS.

I. FAMILIAR LETTERS to Henry Cromwell, Esq. by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curll, 1727.

(In this are *verses*, &c. ascribed to Mr. P. which are *not his*.)

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for Thirty Years: from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters which passed between him and several eminent Persons. Volume the First. London: Printed for E. Curll in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, 1735. Two Editions. The same in duodecimo, with cuts. The third Edition.

(These contain several letters *not genuine*.)

N. B. There are letters attributed to Pope in this volume, (*which is the volume which Curll is supposed to have published with the concurrence, and by the instigation of Pope,*) which no person of common decency would have avowed, much less permitted to be published in his own name.

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Volume the Second, with Letters to and from Lord Somers, Lord

Harrington, Lord Parker, Bishop Atterbury, Judge Powis, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Secretary Harley, Mr. Secretary Addison, Matthew Prior, Esq., Mr. Steele, &c. London: Printed for E. Curll, &c. 1735.

(In this volume are no letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of those to Mr. Cromwell *reprinted:* nor any to him but *one,* said to be Bishop Atterbury's, and another in that bishop's name, certainly not his; one or two Letters from St. Omer's, advertised of Mr. Pope, but which proved only to be *concerning* him; some scandalous reflections of one Le Neve, on the Legislature, Courts of Justice, and Church of England, p. 116, 117, and the Divinity of Christ expressly denied, in page 123, 124. With some scandalous Anecdotes, and a Narrative.)

N. B. This Volume opens with an Address to the Reader, in which Curll declares himself to be the SOLE EDITOR, and that *Mr. Pope, E. P. P. T. and R. S. are all out of the question.*— This is followed by an abusive Epistle to Mr. Pope, in which he charges him with having given him a pint of Canary, at the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street, *antimonially prepared.* (See Life of Pope, Vol. I. p. 459.)—And then follow the *Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published, and the Initial Correspondence,* as given in the Appendix to the Life of Pope in the present Edition.

Curll has also printed in this volume several gross and indecent copies of verses, some of which he has attributed to Pope.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Volume the Third. With Letters to and from the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Lansdowne, Bishop of St. Asaph, Sir Berkeley Lucy, William Walsh, Esq., Lady Chudleigh, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Thomas, &c. London: Printed for E. Curll, at Pope's Head, in Rose-street, 1735.

(In this is only *one* Letter by Mr. Pope to the Duchess of Buckingham, which the publisher some way procured and printed against her order. It also contains four Letters, intitled, Mr. Pope's to Miss Blount, which are literally taken from an old translation of Voiture's to Madam Rambouillet).

N. B. This heterogeneous Collection is preceded by several abusive addresses respecting Mr. Pope, and an assertion of Curll's, that he has exhibited a *bill in Chancery* against *R. Smythe*, to hold him to his contract of delivering to him six hundred Printed Copies of the First Volume of the Letters.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Volume the Fourth. With Letters, &c., to and from Mr. Addison, Bishop Atterbury, Bishop Barlow, Bishop Fleetwood, Bishop Smalridge, Sir Berkely Lucy, King Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. To which are added, Muscovian Letters. London, printed for E. Curll, at Pope's Head, &c. 1736.

(Contains not one letter of *this author.)*

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Volume the Fifth. With Letters of Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Samuel Garth, Mrs. Eliza Justice,

William Bromley, Esq., Pieces of Mr. Walsh. London, printed for E. Curll, at Pope's Head, &c. 1737.

(Containing only one letter of Mr. P., and another of the Lord B., with a scandalous preface of Curll's, how he could come at more of their letters.)

N. B. The foregoing account of this volume is very incorrect. It opens with an address from Curll to "*His* SUBSCRIBERS' *encore*," in which he asserts, "he has several other valuable originals in his custody, which with these, were transmitted from Ireland;" and, that "it will be closed with whatever additional letters, Mr. Pope shall think fit to insert in his works in Prose, now printing, in quarto, price a guinea." Accordingly it commences with a letter from Pope, and another from Lord Bolingbroke to Swift, being the letter referred to by Lord Orrery, (v. Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 470). But, besides these letters, this volume contains *many letters* of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Mr. Blount, Mr. Digby, Lord Peterborough, Mr. Gay, &c., all of which are pirated from the genuine edition, and which Curll concludes with some doggrel verses of his own addressed to Pope.

VII. Dean Swift's Literary Correspondence, for twenty-four years; from 1714 to 1738. Consisting of original letters to and from Mr. Pope, Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Wotton, Bishop Atterbury, Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. London: Printed for E. Curll at Pope's Head, in Rose-street, Covent Garden, 1741.

N. B. This is the impression pirated by Curll from the Dublin Edition, for which it appears Pope filed a bill against Curll, and obtained an injunction, (v. Life of Pope, ante, vol. i. p. 473).

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent Persons. Vol. I. From 1705 to 1711. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster, 8vo. 1735.

——— The same. Vol. II. From 1711, &c. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster, 8vo. 1735.

——— The same in 12mo. with a Narrative.

N. B. These appear to have been published subsequent to the First Volume of Curll's Edition.

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent Persons, from 1705 to 1735. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster, 12mo. 1735.

(This Edition is said in the title to contain more Letters than any other; but contains only *Two*, said to be the Bishop of Rochester's, and printed before by Curll.)

X. Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent Persons, from the year 1705 to 1713. Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper at the Globe, in Paternoster-row, 1735, 12mo.

(In this was inserted the *forged Letter* from the Bishop of Rochester, and some other things unknown to Mr. Pope.)

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL:

FROM 1705 TO 1715.

THE few letters here preserved of Sir William Trumbull, are distinguished by good sense, placidity of mind, and a warm predilection and correct taste for the productions of literature. He appears to have watched over the youth of Pope with the affection of a parent and the feelings of a friend. When Pope bade farewell to Windsor Forest to reside at Twickenham, he parted, as he informs us, "from Sir William Trumbull, foretelling, with uplifted hands, the miseries to come, from which he was just going to be removed himself."

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.*

LETTER I.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *October* 19, 1705.

I RETURN you the book you were pleased to send me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves my particular acknowledgment: for, next to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met

* Secretary of State to King William the Third. *Pope.*

" Sir William Trumbull was born at Easthamstead, in Berkshire. He was Fellow of All Souls College, in Oxford; followed the study of the Civil Law, and was sent by King Charles II. Judge Advocate to Tangier; thence Envoy to Florence, Turin, &c.; and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to France; from thence sent by King James II. Envoy to the Ottoman Porte. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury; then Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned in 1697, and retired to and died in the place of his nativity in Dec. 1716, aged 77 years." *Ayre, Life of Pope*, vol. i. p. 5.

Several curious Letters of Sir William Trumbull, written while he was Ambassador in France, are preserved in the paper office; and some relating to the cruel Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685, are published in the Memoirs of Sir John Dalrymple, p. 123. *Warton.*

with, an admirable genius in those poems, not only because they were Milton's,* or were approved by Sir Hen. Wooton, but because you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as yourself. Only do not afford more cause of complaints against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your best friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity, but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a style of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude therefore with an assurance which shall never vary, of my being ever, etc.

* L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and the Masque of Comus. *Pope.*

From hence it appears, that these four exquisite poems of Milton were read, and relished, and recommended by our author, much earlier than they are supposed to have been. He has taken many expressions from them in the *Eloisa*, and the *Temple of Fame*, and other pieces. See the Preface to the second edition, 1791, p. 10, of Milton's smaller Poems, by T. Warton. That a person of Trumbull's taste and literature should not have been before acquainted with these poems of Milton, is a clear proof how little they were known and regarded in general. *Warton.*

LETTER II.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

SIR, *June* 15, 1706.

IT is always to my advantage to correspond with you; for I have either the use of your books, or (which I value much more) your conversation. I am sure it will be my fault if I do not improve by both. I wish also I could learn some more skill in gardening from your father (to whom with your good mother all our services are presented, with thanks for the artichokes) who has sent us a pattern that I am afraid we shall copy but in miniature; for so our artichokes are in respect of his. In all things I am ready to yield, except in the assurances that nobody can be more than I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

April 9, 1708.

I HAVE this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th instant; and will make you a true excuse (though perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I sent back your papers, in hopes of seeing you at Bin-

field before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practised in the art. There may possibly be some happy geniuses, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture; but this, though it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge, without entering into the art, the methods, and the particular excellences of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect myself, by reason of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But, after all, I must say, (and I do it with an old-fashioned sincerity), that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines through the whole:* nay, I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give

* These were the pieces that were afterwards published at the same time with the Pastorals in Tonson's Miscellany.

me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you would proceed* in translating that incomparable poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Præneste: Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,* &c. I break off with that *quid non,* with which I confess I am charmed.

Upon the whole matter, I intreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my Nephew B—'s observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your excess of modesty should hinder you from publishing this Essay, I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

* Hence it appears that Sir W. Trumbull was the very first person that urged him to undertake a translation of the Iliad of Homer. *Warton.*

LETTER IV.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 6, 1713.

I THINK a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of the Rape of the Lock. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehensive genius, but likewise in that pleasure I take as an Englishman to see the French, even Boileau himself in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem; for you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (though I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much; and henceforth, I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve of what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all tavern company, and fly away *tanquam*

ex incendio. What a misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (it is all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, and much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate deâ, teque his, ait, eripe flammis![*]

I am your, &c.

LETTER V.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one

[*] This friendly warning was not given without occasion, as appears from Pope's own account of himself:

"The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive."

must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it as a just judgment upon poets, that they whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools, that is, be cajoled with praises. And, I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife: "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself, but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret, treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the last infirmity of noble minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy

situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude is there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

April 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in

painting; in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him, on this occasion:

> Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
> And factions strive, who shall applaud him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue writer,* who was clapped into a stanch Whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the Box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause

* The Prologue was written by Pope, and is considered as a perfect model of that style of composition.

of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.* The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon, after he dies. I am your, &c.

LETTER VII.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Easthamstead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

I AM sensibly obliged, dear Sir, by your kind present of the *Temple of Fame,* into which you are already entered, and I dare prophesy for once (though I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with those,

> Who ever new, not subject to decays,
> Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

There was nothing wanting to complete your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long absence being much the severest part of the winter. I am truly sorry that your time, which you can employ so much better, should be spent in the drudgery of

* Alluding to the Duke of Marlborough; who had displayed considerable earnestness in obtaining a patent to appoint him *Captain-General* for life. *V. Coxe's Life D. of Marl.* vol. v. p. 116.

correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourself, there will nothing of that nature be necessary. I wish you could find a few minutes' leisure to let me hear from you sometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble service to Mr. Jervas. I still flatter myself that he will take an opportunity, in a proper season, to see us, and review his picture, and then to alter some things so as to please himself; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that sincerity and esteem, that I am, and will ever continue, your most faithful friend.

LETTER VIII.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

December 16, 1715.

It was one of the Enigmas of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the echo." A modern writer explains this to signify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where echos are commonly found, rocks, woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report." This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural ap-

plication of the symbol.* However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily prospects in London.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the jingling of rhymes and the measuring of syllables; to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I listed myself in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but, like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our

* This idea recurs in the correspondence with Mr. Blount, Letter III. These Letters shew the agitation that prevailed during the unhappy commotions in 1715.

native country; quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated, on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it so great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor, narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to this church or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions; but, whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

January 19, 1715-16.

I SHOULD be ashamed of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your most ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults, which I own to be

very useful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when, though I keep as near by the fire-side as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis;* and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stopped. I have further great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen. *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna boûm,* etc.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second volume of Homer is not frozen; for it must be expressed very poetically, to say now, that the presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine; when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus.** This

* *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, etc.*

At length my friend (while time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.

Such,

has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing poet, perhaps laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat,) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not. Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy. *Pope.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. WYCHERLEY:

FROM 1704 TO 1710.

The following correspondence between Pope and Wycherley has unaccountably been rendered the medium of abuse and obloquy on both the parties. According to Johnson, "Wycherley was a man who was esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good-humour. Pope was proud of his notice. Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a time to flatter one another." "It is pleasant," he adds, "to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them."—*Life of Pope.* Mr. Bowles has ventured a step further. "The applause and compliments," says he, "which they mutually bestowed on each other, were not less ridiculous, than a friendship between a sentimental libertine and a young man perfectly ignorant of the world, was unnatural."—*Life of Pope*, p. 23. And at the close of the correspondence he has asserted, that the whole transaction brings to our recollection the character and language of Trissotin, in the inimitable comedy of Moliere, the *Femmes Savantes!*

If, however, we open the correspondence without the advantage of the foregoing observations, what does it discover to us? A connexion highly honourable to both parties; in which a striking disparity of age has disappeared before a similarity of dispositions and studies; and a veteran professor of the art has, with a degree of modesty of which the world has seen but few instances, submitted to his young friend the revision of his poetical works. When Pope was introduced by Sir William Trumbull to Mr. Wycherley, he was about sixteen, Wycherley about sixty-nine. A correspondence soon commenced between them, to which the difference of age served only to give additional ardour. This correspondence was of great use to both. The poems of Wycherley were improved by the suggestions and emendations of Pope; and Wycherley repaid this assistance by a commendatory copy of verses, prefixed by Pope to his Pastorals. But the advantages to Pope were yet more striking. This early employment of his talents, facilitated in an eminent degree his own improvement, and led to those investigations into the nature of language and the essence of poetry, which were soon afterwards embodied in the *Essay on Criticism.* Many of the letters from Pope to Wycherley in this collection, are not less beautifully illustrative

of the subject, than critically correct; and there seems no reason to attribute the expressions of kindness, which occasionally occur in the correspondence, to any other motives than admiration and gratitude on the one hand, and attachment and respect on the other.

That some degree of dissatisfaction arose between them, is, however, certain; and indications of it appear in the latter part of their correspondence. Johnson says, that "when Pope, perhaps proud of the confidence of Wycherley, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the *old scribbler* was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection, than content from the amendment of his faults." Subsequent explanations, and the interference of their common friend Mr. Cromwell, appear however to have effected a reconciliation; and, in a letter from that gentleman to Pope, dated Oct. 16, 1711, being upwards of a year after the close of the correspondence between Pope and Wycherley, it seems that Pope "was highly in his favour." During the remainder of Wycherley's life, which was extended to the end of the year 1715, Pope continued to visit him, which gave occasion to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to say, that "he courted Wycherley, as he did other rich men, with the view of a legacy." Of the singular circumstances attending the death of Wycherley, Pope has left a curious account in a letter to Mr. Blount, in the present edition, which may also serve to shew that he preserved his regard for him to the last.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. WYCHERLEY:*

FROM THE YEAR 1704 TO 1710.

LETTER I.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704.†

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings

* If one were to judge of this set of Letters by the manner of thinking and turn of expression, one should conclude they had been all mis-titled; and that the letters given to the boy of sixteen, were written by the man of seventy, and so on the contrary; such sober sense, such gravity of manners, and so much judgment and knowledge of composition, enlivened with the sprightliness of manly wit, distinguish those of Mr. Pope: while, on the other hand, a childish jealousy, a puerile affectation, an attention and lying at catch for *turns* and *points*, together with a total ignorance and contempt of order, of method, and of all relation of the parts to one another to compose a reasonable whole, make up the character of those of Mr. Wycherley. However, those ingredients in the characters of the two distant ages of life, which Cicero makes Cato so much commend, "Adolescens in quo Senile aliquid, Senex in quo est Adolescens aliquid," seem to have been the cement of their friendship. *Warburton.*

† The author's age then sixteen. *Pope.*

I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.** Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him. For I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him.† I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame.‡ And those scribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest

* When a very young boy, he prevailed with a friend to carry him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented; where he had the satisfaction he here speaks of. *Warburton.*

This friend was probably Sir Charles Wogan. See a letter from him, in Sir Walter Scott's edition of the life of Swift, vol. xviii. p. 21, where he says: "I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress *alamode*, and introduce at *Will's coffee-house*."

† He since did so, in his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's plays, 1727. *Pope.*

‡ The fact seems to have been just the reverse. One of the first satires against him was the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*; and one of the last, Montague's parody of his *Hind and Panther*. *Warburton.*

and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and, though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought, and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives' phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery.* However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better,† as I doubt not that you can. I am, etc.

* This is no definition of wit at all, but of good writing in general. *Warburton.*

† Mr. Locke had given a better. But his Essay was not to our young poet's taste. He had met with it early; but he used to say, he had then no relish for it. *Warburton.*

LETTER II.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my madrigals for a great man or two who desired to see them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an answer to your most ingenious letter: so scribblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuse in their voluntary loans to it, whilst they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just debts, to the best and nearest friends. However, I hope you, who have as much good-nature as good sense, (since they generally are companions,)* will have patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and, in the mean time should consider, when you have obliged me beyond my present power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honest man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, though late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a return to so much profuseness of wit and humanity together; which,

* *Good-nature and good sense*, it seems, *generally are companions*, yet under the different names *of wit and humanity they seldom accompany each other*. But they might keep company or not, just as they pleased, for the writer was gone in search of witticisms.
Warburton.

though they seldom accompany each other in other men, are in you so equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my opinion of you, which is, that your wit and ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your judgment or modesty, which (though it be to please myself) I must no more offend than I can do either right.

Therefore I will say no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; so that if it were possible for a hardened scribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I scribble myself: yet, I must confess, I ought to be more humbled by your praise than exalted, which commends my little sense with so much more of yours, that I am disparaged and disheartened by your commendations: who give me an example of your wit in the first part of your letter, and a definition of it in the last; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your example and definition of wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of shewing my judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the best way to shew my friendship to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude. Yours, etc.

LETTER III.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

March 25, 1705.

When I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before-hand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my interest; as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me: for praise to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, over-charges and depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have out-done all your coëvals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green essays,* if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in ob-

* His Pastorals, written at sixteen years of age. *Pope.*

serving the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself; and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you, to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the country, though it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of sincerity, or justice, for giving you your due; who should not let your modesty be so unjust to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the smoke only of friendship, (as you say,) however, you must allow there is no smoke but there is some fire; and as the sacrifice of in-

cense offered to the gods would not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its smoke; so friendship, like love, cannot be without some incense, to perfume the name it would praise and immortalize. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my praise, but my affection, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? we must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be so hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be persuaded to it. Besides, the vanity of a scribbler is such, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take pains to do it: and though I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourself, I cannot suffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last letter is the worst (since the longest) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the best; as the longest life (if a good one) is the best; as it yields the more variety, and is the more exemplary; as a cheerful summer's day, though longer than a dull one in the winter, is less tedious and more entertaining. Therefore let but your friendship be like your letter, as lasting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to Your, &c.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 1705.

I HAVE received yours of the fifth, wherein your modesty refuses the just praises I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a bishop gains his bishopric by saying he will not episcopate; but I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please myself; just as incense is sweeter to the offerer than the deity to whom it is offered, by his being so much above it: for indeed every man partakes of the praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my inquiry after your intrigues with the Muses, you may allow me to make it, since no old man can give so young, so great, and able a favourite of theirs, jealousy. I am, in my inquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gascoign, who used to say, that when he was grown too old to have his visits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to ensure his welcome to them: for had he come alone he had been rejected, only because his visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of the pushing young men, whose fancies are so vigorous that they ensure their success in their adventures with the Muses, by their strength of imagination.

Your papers are safe in my custody (you may be

sure) from any one's theft but my own; for it is as dangerous to trust a scribbler with your wit, as a gamester with the custody of your money.—If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: you must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices, and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them, which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bot-

tom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the courses he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and, an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love; so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness.* I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart, which is, that young as I am,† and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

* Rather, moroseness and folly.

† Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old, Mr. Pope under seventeen. *Warburton.*

LETTER VII.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

June 23, 1705

I SHOULD believe myself happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me so much in a style of compliment. It hath been observed of women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touched with vanity, than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakest women are not more weak than that class of men, who are thought to pique themselves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overstocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when most people are in a disposition of being informed; and it is incredible what a vast good a little truth might do, spoken in such seasons. A small alms will do a great kindness to people in extreme necessity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make those the subject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wish your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleased to say) in writing to

me, since you have always chosen the task of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verses, which you praise so much, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, it is you will make me so, by complimenting me into a better opinion of myself than I deserve. They made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you assure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? You said ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possessed a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Pancho: they persuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greatest obligations you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For, as when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can; so when

those incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourself, for several weighty reasons; but for none so much as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more than is consistent with the small though utmost capacity of, etc.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-house to Windsor Forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country-fools, that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and

resistance. Ours are a sort of modest, inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress, desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life.

We see nothing more commonly, than men, who, for the sake of the circumstantial part and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world: whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his

best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I can't help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best excuse for it. And though they (as you say) who have most wit or money are most sparing of either; there are some who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my case. I cannot but rejoice that you have undergone so much discontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to punish me for my fault (which I could not help) defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually. But I know

your charity always exceeds your revenge, so that I will not despair of seeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your forest, invite you to my forest, the town; where the beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, pursue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleasure to see one pack of blood-hounds pursue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole sport. Or if you affect a less bloody chase, you may see a pack of spaniels, called lovers, in a hot pursuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to be singled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a noise to the loss of their game. In fine, this is the time for all sorts of sport in the town, when those of the country cease; therefore leave your forests of beasts for ours of brutes called men, who now in full cry (packed by the court or country) run down in the house of commons* a deserted horned beast of the court to the satisfaction of the spectators. Besides, (more for your diversion) you may see not only the two great play-houses of the nation, those of the lords and commons, in dispute with one another; but the two other play-houses in high contest, because the members of one house are removed up to t'other, as it is often done by the court for reasons of state. Insomuch that the

* Perhaps he here alludes to the dismissal, about this time, of Sir Nathan Wright, who had been Keeper of the Great Seal.
Bowles.

lower houses, I mean the play-houses, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houses) to silence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town. I am &c.

LETTER X.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I HAVE received your kind letter, with my paper* to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the Dutch are said to burn half the spices they bring home, to enhance the price of the remainder, so to be greater gainers by their loss (which is indeed my case now). You have pruned my fading laurels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus, like your master Apollo, you are at once a poet and a physician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good nature was the first cause of my confident request; but excuse me, I must (I see) say no more upon this subject, since I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; though

* The same which was printed in the year 1717, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the posthumous works of Mr. Wycherley. *Warburton.*

you have given me some encouragement to hope our friendship might be without shyness, or criminal modesty; for a friend, like a mistress, though he is not to be mercenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuse a friend's kindness because it is small or trivial. I have told you (I think) what a Spanish lady said to her poor poetical gallant, that a Queen, if she had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, though it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will dispute this matter when I am so happy as to see you here; and perhaps it is the only dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuse for my boldness in inviting you to town, I designed to leave with you some more of my papers (since these return so much better out of your hands than they went from mine); for I intended (as I told you formerly) to spend a month or six weeks this summer, near you in the country. You may be assured there is nothing I desire so much, as an improvement of your friendship.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 10, 1706.

By one of yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first

volume of your Miscellanies,* which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? for though (upon reading them upon this occasion) I believe, they might receive such an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed so much, but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces? which are such, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-verses? for these will need only to be shortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs, and the poems on Laziness, and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in vol. i. which I could wish you would defer,

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704. *Pope.*

at least till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these; namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: some I have contracted, as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force; some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his successors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours.* But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs.

I am, &c.

* Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the Posthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly in those *On Solitude*, *On the Public*, and *On the Mixed Life*. *Warburton.*

LETTER XII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

February 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of health; but you who have a mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation; since (you know) the old similitude says, the keenness of the mind soonest wears out the body, as the sharpest sword soonest destroys the scabbard: so that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your apprehension of an uneasy life, though I hope not a short one; notwithstanding that generally your sound wits (though weak bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that genius, which shortens your present life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic distemper of the mind and age, calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our lives) than a fever or an ague; and, as often those distempers attend or threaten the best constitutions, from the worst air; so does that malignant air of calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in

mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest. But so much for stinking rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of; * * *

LETTER XIII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I RECEIVED yours of the 9th yesterday, which has (like the rest of your letters) at once pleased and instructed me; so that I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent friends, than speak too much to the present. This is a truth that all men own, who have either seen your writings, or heard your discourse; enough to make others shew their judgment, in ceasing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your company. However, I speak or write to you, not to please you, but myself; since I provoke your answers; which, whilst they humble me, give me vanity; though I am lessened by you, even when you commend me; since you commend my little sense with so much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (against the custom of great wits) to shew even a great

deal of good-nature with a great deal of good sense.

I thank you for the book you promised me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damned verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to save them from other people's damning them: since the critics, who are generally the first damned in this life, like the damned below, never leave to bring those above them under their own circumstances. I beg you to peruse my papers, and select what you think best or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a hardened old gamester will (in spite of all former ill usage by fortune) push on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himself; especially since I have such a *Croupier* or second to stand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 20, 1707.

Mr. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither: I take it too as

an opportunity of sending you the fair copy of the poem on Dulness,* which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own: since, if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are some (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requests, that your papers were in my hand; no man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any ways assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.†

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures, 1, 2, 3, 4. The first contains the praise of Dulness, and shews how upon several

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant, among other such *broüillons*, of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. *Warburton.*

† This assertion on the part of Pope was skilfully used by Curll, to prove that Pope would deny his own works, whenever he found it expedient.

suppositions it passes for, 1. religion; 2. philosophy; 3. example; 4. wit; and 5. the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and 2dly, at court, where the similitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the happiness of Dulness in all stations, and shews in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people; that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of wit, with which it concludes.*

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this

* This is totally omitted in the present edition. Some of the lines are these:

"Thus Dulness, the safe opiate of the mind,
The last kind refuge weary wit can find;
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is satisfied, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Unfear'd, unhated, undisturb'd it lives," &c. *Warburton.*

very paper. Some thoughts are contracted, where they seemed encompassed with too many words; and some new expressed or added, where I thought there wanted heightening, (as you'll see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights,*) and the versification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can; you cannot too often.

* It was originally thus expressed:

"As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;"

in a letter of Mr. Pope's to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of verses of his, To the Author of a Poem called Successio, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole design of publishing any poems. *Pope.*

These two similes of the *Bias of a Bowl*, and the *Weights of a Clock*, were at length put into the first book of the *Dunciad*. And thus we have the history of their birth, fortunes, and final establishment. *Warburton.*

The above-mentioned verses of Pope, "To the Author of a Poem intitled *Successio*," are reprinted in the present edition, vol. i. p. 55.

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

You may see by my style, I had the happiness and satisfaction to receive yesterday, by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter, the 20th of this month; which, like all the rest of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; since it tells me, with so much more wit, sense, and kindness than mine can express, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilst your kindness invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me; since I may return you a letter, but never an answer.

Now, as for your owning your assistance to me, in overlooking my unmusical numbers, and harsher sense, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment, I must tell you, I always own it (in spite of your unpoetic modesty) who would do with your friendship as your charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even while you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt: but that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, it is my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the second time; and save my rhymes from being condemned to the critics' flames to all eternity; but (by the faith you profess), you know your works

of supererogation, transferred upon an humble acknowledging sinner, may save even him; having good works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours, and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my dulness, by making it more methodical, I give you a thousand thanks; since true and natural dulness is shewn more by its pretence to form and method, as the sprightliness* of wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: you will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindness to you, as it would be for me to deserve, or return yours: however, it shall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonstrate myself, Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 29, 1707.

The compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as

* By *sprightliness* he must mean *extravagance of wit.* For sober wit would no more despise *method* than it would despise *words*, or any other vehicle it uses, to make itself seen to advantage.
Warburton.

to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself or to any other. For God's sake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of favour so much, as that of serving you more considerably than I have been yet able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces; but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions, I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can devise, for their improvement. For you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part, of yours and my design; there remaining besides to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and versification. I will go next upon the poems On Solitude, On the Public, and On the Mixed Life; the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take notice of what you say of "my pains to make your dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "that the sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or fol-

low in their due place. You remember a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you; to methodize in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.*

LETTER XVII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23d of this instant, for which I give you many thanks, since I find by it, that even absence (the usual bane of love or friendship) cannot lessen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and sorry for the report: in the first place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, sorry that it should give you any disturbance or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or

* This was the hint which has been supposed to have given Wycherley offence; but this was so far from the case, that upwards of three hundred of these transposed maxims were found among Wycherley's papers on his death, and were afterwards published.

life, I think myself most eternally obliged to you; assuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your sake I love this life so well, that I shall the less think of the other; but it is in your power to ensure my happiness in one and the other, both by your society, and good example; so not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuse for the plainness of your style, I must needs tell you, that friendship is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally false reasoning; and a friend's reprimand often shews more friendship than his compliment: nay love, which is more than friendship, is often seen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this test of your friendship I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleased with the good news of your going to print some of your poems,* and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the same way) to be revenged of you for your kindness; by taking your name in vain in some of my future madrigals:† yet so as to let the world know, my love or esteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in scribbling. But of

* The pastorals, and some other pieces in Tonson's Miscellany.

† Alluding to the Copy of Verses addressed by him to Pope on that occasion.

all the arts of fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning friendship, and that I am sincerely Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE received yours of the first of May. Your pastoral muse outshines in her modest and natural dress all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, laboured, and costly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you design your country-beauty of a muse shall appear at court and in public: to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected town-dowdies, who aim at being honoured only to their shame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as she becomes public; and, in spite of custom, will bring modesty again into fashion, or at least make her sister-rivals of this age blush for spite, if not for shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical puss, whom you would keep in countenance by saying she has once been tolerable, and would yet pass muster by a little licking over, it is true, that (like most vain antiquated jades which have once been passable) she yet affects youthfulness in her age, and would still gain a few admirers (who the more she seeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners). Nevertheless she is

resolved henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an attendant on your muse, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: so that let your country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the world,* my old worn-out jade of a lost reputation shall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make sport or pleasure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonson your muse's introductor into the world, or master of the ceremonies, who has been so long a pimp, or gentleman-usher to the muses.

I wish you good fortune; since a man with store of wit, as store of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wish you a great many admirers, which will be some credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

* This, and what follows, is a full confutation of John Dennis and others, who asserted that Mr. Pope wrote these verses on himself (though published by Mr. Wycherley six years before his death). We find here, it was a voluntary act of his, promised before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was absent. The first *brouillon* of those verses, and the second copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand. In another of his Letters of May 18, 1708, are these words: "I have made a damned compliment in verse upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me." *Pope.*

LETTER XIX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a book of your Miscellanies, which Tonson sent me, I suppose, by your order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public than your part of it. You have only displeased the critics by pleasing them too well; having not left them a word to say for themselves, against you and your performances; so that, now your hand is in, you must persevere, till my prophecies of you be fulfilled. In earnest, all the best judges of good sense or poetry, are admirers of yours; and like your part of the book so well, that the rest is liked the worse. This is true upon my word, without compliment: so that your first success will make you for all your life a poet, in spite of your wit; for a poet's success at first, like a gamester's fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your miscellanies have safely run the gauntlet, through all the coffee-houses; which are now entertained with a whimsical new newspaper, called the TATLER, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the peace, which now (most people say) is drawing to such a conclusion, as all Europe is, or must be satisfied with; so poverty,

you see, which makes peace in Westminster-Hall, makes it likewise in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no contest with any man, but him who says he is more your friend or humble servant, than

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the Miscellany,* if it were only to shew you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your servant. This modern custom of appearing in miscellanies, is very useful to the poets, who, like other thieves, escape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like banditti, safe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good description of these kind of collections: *Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregrè, aut redit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est, (nam etium mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi extemplò cudant Epicædia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticа, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the success, which, you say, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Miscellany Poems. *Pope.*

was pleased to say of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, since whatever is said in my favour, must be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My pastoral muse, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance, by what you courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young scribbler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for Nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their satisfaction. If my verses should meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reason to be pleased with them, when he considers that the natural consequence of praise is envy and calumny:

> — Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretensions to all the rich and thriving arts: those who have once made their court to those mistresses without portions, the muses, are never like to set up for fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my time agreeably this way, without losing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falstaff was, and may say of fame as he did of honour: "If it comes, it comes unlooked for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a

bare saving game, without being thought an eminent hand (with which title Jacob has graciously dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as kings sometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be esteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

> What authors lose, their booksellers have won;
> So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

I am your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

The last I received from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do, like a true friend, and a true christian, and I shall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.——As for your wishing to see your friend a hermit with you, I cannot be said to leave the world, since I shall enjoy in your conversation all that I can desire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the success of your poems in the late Miscellany, which I told you of in my last, upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be assured that all sort of readers like them, except

they are writers too; but for them (I must needs say) the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleased with them: so that you do not come off with a bare saving game (as you call it) but have gained so much credit at first, that you must needs support it to the last: since you set up with so great a stock of good sense, judgment, and wit, that your judgment ensures all that your wit ventures at. The salt of your wit has been enough to give a relish to the whole insipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's ladder* raise you to immortality, by which others are turned off shamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are), who think to be saved by others good works, how faulty soever their own are: but the coffee-house wits, or rather anti-wits, the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own you have more invention than they; nay, the detractors or the envious, who never speak well of any body (not even of those they think well of) in their absence, yet will give you even in your absence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to speak well of you whether they will or no. All this is true upon the word of Your, &c.

* If any thing profane can be witty, this allusion is so; but Boileau would never allow that such an union was possible. Jacob Tonson, whose Miscellany is here meant, was Dryden's favourite printer. *Warton.*

LETTER XXII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

My letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up their scarcity of sense by their number of lines, which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of brass money. But to be a *Plain Dealer*,* I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine †), without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for some dull rogues (that is, the most in the world) might be such fools as to think what you said of me was in earnest: It is not the first time your great wits have gained reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praises; your forefathers have done it, Erasmus and others. For all mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me seriously; who have given no sign of my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now

* Alluding to his own play, so called. *Bowles.*

† Dennis published his correspondence with Wycherley, Dryden, Congreve, &c. These letters may be found in the second volume of Tom Brown. What is singular, Dryden speaks of Dennis as the only person who could write a Pindaric ode!

Bowles.

you are beginning to shew the world what you can do by yours; whose wit is as spiritual as your judgment infallible: in whose judgment I have an implicit faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my works, in this world, from the flames and damnation.—Pray, present my most humble service to Sir William Trumbull; for whom and whose judgment I have so profound a respect, that his example had almost made me marry, more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once resolved to have revenged myself upon him by my marriage, but now am resolved to make my revenge greater upon him by his marriage.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the last month, which is kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me you could be better pleased to be sick again in town in my company, than to be well in the country without it; and that you are more impatient to be deprived of happiness than of health. Yet, my dear friend, set raillery or compliment aside, I can bear your absence (which procures your health and ease) better than I can your company, when you are in pain: for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your love to the country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my

love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your company without seeing you in pain to give me satisfaction and pleasure; there I can have you without rivals or disturbers; without the too civil, or the too rude: without the noise of the loud or the censure of the silent: and would rather have you abuse me there with the truth, than at this distance with your compliment: since now, your business of a friend, and kindness to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging severity. I hope (in point of your good-nature) you will have no cruel charity for those papers of mine, you are so willing to be troubled with; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preserving his reputation (nay, not by preserving his life) since by preserving his life he can only make him live about threescore or fourscore years; but by preserving his reputation he can make him live as long as the world lasts; so save him from damning when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to save them from condemnation by the public. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, slash, cut, and lop off the excrescences and dead parts of my withered bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increase the value of them by diminishing the

number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleasure, notwithstanding your compliment, which says you take the trouble kindly: such is your generosity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my letters out of interest, if not kindness; since mine to you will procure yours to me: so that I write to you more for my own sake than yours; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see interest in my kindness, which is like the friendship of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

If I can do part of my business at Shrewsbury in a fortnight's time (which I propose to do) I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my company for the remainder of the summer: in the mean time I beg you to give yourself the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think superfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print such a number of them as you and I shall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to

which (my dear friend) I beg you to be so kind to me, as to be severe to them; that the critics may be less so; for I had rather be condemned by my friend in private, than exposed to my foes in public, the critics, or common judges, who are made such by having been old offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much faith in your friendship and sincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the best mark of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, so the next is concealing them from the public, till they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am not a little sensible of the great kindness you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my rhymes in tune, since good sounds set off often ill sense, as the Italian songs, whose good airs, with the worst words or meaning, make the best music; so, by your tuning my Welsh harp, my rough sense may be the less offensive to the nicer ears of those critics, who deal more in sound than sense. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in shortening my barren abundance, and increasing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: and since no madrigaller can entertain the head, unless he pleases the ear, and since the crowded operas have left the best comedies with the least audiences, it is a sign sound can prevail over sense; therefore soften my words, and strengthen my sense, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXV.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 15, 1710.

I RECEIVED your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter Monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task; which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so near going into Shropshire, (whither I shall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miscarriage of any letters,) I must desire your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I have found from a more serious application to them: Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume, which, if (as you told me last) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may displease you. I have every where marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto, however, I have crossed them so as to be legible, because you bade me.

When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume, and the number increases so much, that, I believe, more shortening will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you could prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer; the sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or esteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is (I am sure) a real truth, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely, and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now

no more doubt of the greatness of it, than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

You give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongst which (you say) you find numerous repetitions of the same thoughts and subjects; all which, I must confess, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing; since of all figures, that of tautology is the last I would use, or least forgive myself for. But seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damned miscellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think, I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourself more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the world, in writing upon new subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourself

and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers, all that I desire of you is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or sense, or any thoughts or words too much repeated; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my want of memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of sense, with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive,) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it: for I am so far from thinking your plainness an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of gratitude to you for it; who am, &c.

All the news I have to send you is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his exit from the stage of this world, the gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 2, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion and desire, that you should take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to, at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way, if you please; though

truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse.* And this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an easy task to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. Pope.

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715, but little progress was made in this design, through his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses, which had been touched by Mr. P., with CCCVIII. of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were published in 1728, in octavo, under the title of the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq. *Pope.*

Wycherley married a short time before his death, in order to disappoint his heir at law. See the letter of Pope to Mr. Blount, Jan. 21, 1715-16.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

FROM 1705 TO 1707.

THE introduction of Pope by Wycherley to Mr. Walsh, and the correspondence that took place between them, was highly favourable to Pope, as it induced him to prosecute his inquiries into subjects of criticism with additional diligence; in consequence of which he has left, in the ensuing Letters to Mr. Walsh, many acute and valuable remarks. Some of these he afterwards incorporated into his *Essay on Criticism*, which was not written till the year after Mr. Walsh's death, viz. in 1709.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.*

FROM THE YEAR 1705 TO 1707.

LETTER I.

MR. WALSH TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I RETURN you the papers† you favoured me with, and had sent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night myself. I have read them over several times with great satisfaction. The preface is very judicious and very learned; and the verses very tender and easy. The author seems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. It

* Of Abberley in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign, author of several beautiful pieces in prose and verse, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his postscript to Virgil) the best critic of our nation in his time. *Pope.*

† Mr. Pope's Pastorals. *Pope.*

is no flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age.* I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and, if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my house, I shall be very glad to read the verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, Sir, etc.

LETTER II.

MR. WALSH TO MR. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter,† and shall be very glad of the continuance of a corre-

* Sixteen. *Pope.*

† Walsh, though a feeble and flimsy poet, yet from these letters, and from the Essay on Pastoral, which he gave to Dryden, appears to have been a man of some taste and literature, but of narrow ideas in poetry. He seems to be the first of our critics that attended much to the *Italian* poets. We ought to esteem him for his early praise and encouragement of Pope, which perhaps contributed to determine Pope to devote himself to the study of poetry. The best of Walsh's poetry is a parody on the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, in which *Tories, Nonjurors,* and *Jacobites,* are vigorously attacked and ridiculed; and an imitation of the Justum et tenacem of Horace, book iii. Ode 3. in which a speech of King William, from stanza the 4th to the 13th, is given with much energy and force. Some of Addison's best verses are also a translation of this very Ode; and it is remarkable that Oldmixon relates it was he that desired Mr. Addison to give a translation of this Ode; certainly one of his most spirited compositions.

Warton.

spondence, by which I am like to be so great a gainer. I hope when I have the happiness of seeing you again in London, not only to read over the verses I have now of yours, but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous poets always the best; I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned somewhat to you in London of a Pastoral Comedy, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find Menage, in his observations upon Tasso's Aminta, reckons up fourscore pastoral plays in Italian: and, in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many pastoral and piscatory plays, which, I suppose, Menage reckons together. I find also by Menage, that Tasso is not the first that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Pastor Fido,* and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three best, so, I think, there is no dispute but Aminta is the best of the three. Not but that the discourses in Pastor Fido are more entertaining and copious in several people's opinion, though not so proper for pastoral; and the fable of Bonarelli more surprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have writ-

* It is surprizing that Walsh should make no mention of that exquisite pastoral comedy, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*; nor of the Comus of Milton, who in truth has borrowed much from Fletcher. *Warton.*

ten in this kind with success. Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the design of pastoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am sure there is nothing of this kind in English worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourself. You see I write to you without any sort of constraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore use the same freedom with me, who am, &c.

LETTER III.

TO MR. WALSH.

Windsor Forest, July 2, 1706.

I CANNOT omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing those papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that raised a tree has to prune it. I am convinced, as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another till they stiffen and deaden the piece. Besides, to bestow heightening on every part is monstrous: some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level: it is like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, grass, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undistinguished. I believe too

that sometimes our first thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing: conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit; insomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity* of his thought, but in that of the fable too. If surprizing discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but

* Dr. Blair has observed, that Bouhours, Fontenelle, Addison, and the last translator of Virgil's Eclogues, have injured and misrepresented Tasso as too much abounding in points and conceits, and seem to misunderstand what Sylvia says on viewing herself in a fountain with a garland of flowers on her head. *Warton.*

happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it: and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the perfection of sense,* to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best that have been said oftenest; and that writers, in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees, which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own

* He should rather have said, *the perfection of conception.*
Warburton.

what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretched this licence too far in these pastorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleased with my own;* however, you have not taken away all my vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I HAD no sooner returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account, at the same time, of my journey to Windsor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation at Richmond in Yorkshire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of Pastoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of wit you mention, though it is what pleases the common people, is not what ever pleases the best judges. Pastor Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta;† but I will venture to say, there is a

* Five Eclogues by Mr. Walsh; the last of which is on the death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon the day of the great storm. The same subject is alluded to in Pope's Pastoral of *Winter*.

† Tasso, on seeing this Pastoral Comedy represented, is reported to have said, "If Guarini had not seen my *Amintas*, he had not

great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Corisca, which is a character generally admired by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Pastoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his shepherdess in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the liberty of borrowing, it is very evident the best Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none so far as Virgil, who was the best of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them so plainly, it is perhaps because we have none before them; it is evident that most of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accused of burning those that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be discovered. The best of the modern poets in all languages are those that have the nearest copied the Ancients.* Indeed, in all the common

excelled it." But this was not a true judgment. *La Filli di Sciro*, of Bonarelli, is also full of unnatural characters, and of distorted conceits. *Warton.*

* The superiority of ancient writers over the modern, may perhaps not unjustly be ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce fine sensations; to a language most harmonious, copious, clear, and forcible; to the many public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their various performances at the solemn games; to the freedom of their governments; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which totally engross and debase the minds of the moderns; and above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in these later times are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers, if we expect to be read. *Warton.*

subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural), that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before:* but they may as well applaud the Ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the Moderns of having stolen those inventions from them; it being evident in all such cases, that whoever lived first, must first find them out. It is true, indeed, when

unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts stolen, and all the rest is quite different from it, a poem makes a very foolish figure. But when it is all melted down together, and the gold of the ancients so mixed with that of the moderns, that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have shewn your verses to some who have made that objection to them. I have so much company round me while I write this, and such a noise in my ears, that it is impossible I should write any thing but nonsense, so must break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate,
and most humble servant.

* This subject has been discussed at much length, and with much acuteness and ingenuity, by Dr. Hurd, in the *Discourse* on Poetical Imitation; in which the difficulty of distinguishing RESEMBLANCES from THEFTS, is endeavoured to be pointed out.

Warton.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

At my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been absent about six weeks, I read over your pastorals again, with a great deal of pleasure, and to judge the better, read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenser's Calendar, at the same time; and, I assure you, I continue the same opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, it is probable you will make them yet better against winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verses till he takes away the true spirit of them; especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true design and genius of an author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themselves, we find out all the mystery. They scan their verses upon their fingers; run after conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all

made up of couplets,* of which the first may be the last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their works, in which there is no design, or method, or any thing natural or just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatsoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we should be jealous of ourselves for being fond of similes, conceits, and what they call saying fine things. When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain;† I told him I would by all means‡ have that general recalled and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business.§ As for what you say of expression, it is indeed the same thing to wit, as dress is to beauty. I have seen many women over-dressed, and several look better in a careless night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiselle Spanheim dressed for a ball. I do not design to be in London till towards the parliament: then I shall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will

* The most usual and common blemish of all modern English poetry; and in great measure occasioned, and almost unavoidably, by the nature and use of rhyme. *Warton.*

† The Earl of Peterborough. *Warburton.*

‡ It is a maxim, says Hume, propagated by the dunces of all countries, that a man of *genius* is unfit for *business*. *Warton.*

§ Mr. Walsh's remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peterborough, just before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia. *Pope.*

have finished your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempest's Death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady, if they were not written for some particular woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the difference between poets' mistresses, and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do or let alone, just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleased to see you again in town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much esteem, Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. WALSH.

Oct. 22, 1706.

After the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties,* which, though not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think, deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough† that nothing offends the

* There are perhaps readers that will say these niceties remind them of Æschylus and Euripides weighing their verses carefully in a pair of scales, in the fifth act of the Frogs of Aristophanes. *Warton.*

† An uncommon maturity of taste and judgment, in so young

ear, but a good poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing;* in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling, and so of the rest. This is evident every where in

a person as our author, appears in these remarks on English versification. This subject has been since much enlarged upon, and more amply discussed, by several writers of considerable abilities, particularly by Lord Kaimes, and Dr. Blair, by the learned Mr. Samuel Say, and above all, by the ingenious Mr. Webb, in his *Remarks* on the Beauties of Poetry, and in *Observations* on Poetry and Music. Cowley, in his excellent notes on his Davideis, has given some good remarks on this representative versification.

Warton.

* I cannot agree with Warton, that these remarks exhibit any uncommon *maturity* of taste and judgment; that in describing a smooth stream, the numbers should run smooth, and *vice versâ*, is sufficiently "common-place;" and what school-boy does not know it? This representative mode of writing appears most striking, where the ear instantaneously *perceives the effect*, yet we are unconscious of any art or labour. I scarcely know a more masterly instance of it, than is exhibited in Cowper's "Table Talk." We *feel* the thing described; we do not stop to consider it as a beauty:

"'Twas thus, till luxury seduc'd the mind
To joys less innocent, or less refin'd;
Then genius danc'd, a bacchanal; | he crown'd
The brimming goblet, | seiz'd the thyrsis, | bound
His brows with ivy, | rush'd into the field
Of wild imagination, | and there reel'd,
The victim of his own lascivious fires,
And dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires."

All is warmth, hurry, and animated enthusiasm, yet worked up into a passage of exquisite harmony, impressive in effect, and illustrative of the subject, without the least appearance of art.

Bowles.

Homer and Virgil, and no where else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida:*

Molle viam tacito lapsu per livia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.
Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle sine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.
Ferte citò flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader. We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's day, entitled, *Alexander's Feast.*

2. Every nice ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a *pause* at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example:

At the fifth:

Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvas wings.

At the fourth:

Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.

At the sixth:

Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that, to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pause at the fourth or sixth* should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone; at least it does mine. That at the fifth runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy. *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable

* A rule he himself did not always observe; for he continued the pause at the *fourth* syllable, sometimes, through six verses together.

On her white breast———

So on, for the six following lines; and also in Essay on Man, Ep. i. v. 269.

How tiresome and disgusting is the perpetual monotony of the French versification, in which the pause always falls on the sixth syllable, each line consisting of twelve syllables, as in our *Alexandrine:*

C'est en vain qu'au Parnasse | un téméraire auteur
Pense de l'art des vers | atteindre la hauteur.

The nymphs in twilight shades | of tangled thickets mourn.

The remarks in this letter relate solely to rhyme, and extend not to that superior harmony of which blank verse is susceptible, by varying these pauses, and fixing it on any of the ten syllables of which the line is composed; many examples of which there are in Milton, from the first syllable to the ninth, which has given to his versification so much harmony and variety. Let the defenders of rhyme consider these words of one of the best of critics: "Similitudine tædium ac satietatem creat; quodque est dulcius, magis perit; amittitque et fidem, et affectus, motusque omnes." Quintil. Instit. Orat. 9. c. 4. *Warton.*

but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses,* of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allowed but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty. Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to triple rhymes.

5. I would equally object to the repetition of the same rhymes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear through their monotony.

6. Monosyllable lines,† unless very artfully ma-

* He has not admitted one *Alexandrine* verse, or *triple* rhyme, into his *Essay on Man*, nor into his *four* Ethic Epistles, nor his *Eloisa*, nor *Dunciad*; and but rarely, too rarely, *Fenton* thought, into his *Iliad*; the ear, in so long a work, wanting some variety. But, in truth, the *Alexandrine* as much destroys the uniformity of numbers, as if an *Iambic* verse had, from time to time, been introduced among the *Hexameters* of Virgil. Cowley was the first who introduced Alexandrines in the midst of ten syllable lines.

Warton.

† On the contrary, as Mr. Webb very judiciously observes, "Monosyllables may full as happily be employed on the *opposite* motions and affections:

No; fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole.
Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me.

In our verse it is the sense that gives vigour to the movement. Monosyllables bring our ideas into a closer order, and more im-

naged, are stiff, or languishing: but may be beautiful to express melancholy, slowness, or labour.

7. To come to the hiatus, or gap between two words, which is caused by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular); I think the rule in this case is either to use the cæsura, or admit the hiatus, just as the ear is least shocked by either: for the cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itself, and our language is naturally overcharged with consonants. As for example, if in this verse,

The old have interest ever in their eye;

we should say, to avoid the hiatus,

But th' old have interest.

mediate comparison; consequently their relations become more striking. The feeblest and heaviest lines in our language are those which are overcharged with polysyllables." The same elegant critic has afterwards made the following remark on Alexandrine verses. "A modern critic is of opinion, that the Alexandrine is best calculated to exemplify *swiftness*, because it most naturally exhibits the act of passing through a long space in a short time. Is it meant, that we pass through the long space of the Alexandrine, in as short a time as we should through the shorter space of the Pentameter? But this cannot be; for supposing an equal fluency in the syllables employed in each, their times must be always in proportion of twelve to ten. That line so often cited as an example of *swiftness*, sets this matter in the clearest light;

Αυτις ἐπειτα πέδονδε—&c.

From whence springs the *swiftness* in this instance? Is it not from hence; that we pass through a verse of seventeen syllables, in the same *time* that we should through a verse of thirteen? But our Alexandrine can never consist of more than twelve syllables. The inference is obvious." Observations on Poetry, p. 178.

Warton.

The hiatus which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest to each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know, some people will think these observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius,* are these words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est: Baccæ æneæ amænissimæ impendebant.*. And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat et intersistit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longæ quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt. Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera est,* I *angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excess on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably: *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut solicitudo sit pejor.* So likewise Tully: (*Orator. ad Brut.*) *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Socrates:* which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and De-

* Our author, in these early years, seems to be well acquainted with Quintilian and Cicero; I see, however, few traces of Dionysius of Halicarnassus; or of Demetrius Phalereus. *Warton.*

mosthenes did not much observe this nicety,* though Tully himself says in his Orator: *Crebra ista vocum concursio, quam magnâ ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his observations upon him says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude,† I believe the hiatus

* Neither was it observed by Plato or by Thucydides. The Greeks never admitted the hiatus in the Trimeter Iambics of their Tragedy or Comedy. In Epic Poetry and Hexameter Verse it had a place: Clarke gives six examples of it, and its use, in his notes on the 4th book of the Iliad, ver. 456. Menage has made some useful remarks on this subject in his large notes on the Works of Malherbe. And on this subject says Boileau, Art. Poet. Chant. i. v. 107.

Gardez qu'une voyelle à courir trop hâtée,
Ne soit d'une voyelle en son chemin heurtée. *Warton.*

† I rather wonder he has in this letter said nothing of *Alliteration*, of which his master, Dryden, was so fond, and which he practised with so much success; but which has been carried to a ridiculous excess by some late writers of note. A curious and learned discourse *on the Alliterative Metre*, without rhyme, (for *Alliteration* was a favourite figure of rude poets,) is given in the 2nd volume of the entertaining *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

To these observations on English versification, I desire to add the following from the sensible and ingenious Mr. Webb:

" The sole aim of versification is harmony. To understand this properly, we must divide it into two kinds. The first consists of a general flow of verse, most pleasing to the ear, but independent on the sense: the second, in bringing the sound or measure of the verse to correspond with, and accompany the idea. The former may be called a verbal harmony, the latter a sentimental. If we consider the flow of verse merely as music, it will then be allowed, that variety is less necessary than sweetness: and that a continued repetition of the same movements must be tiresome in poetry, as it would in music. On examining Mr. Pope's verses, we shall find, that in eighteen out of twenty, the pauses rest on the fourth

should be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent

and last, or the fifth or last syllables; and that, almost without exception, the period is divided into two equal lines, and, as it were, linked by the rhyme into a couplet. For example,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ætherial frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent. *Essay on Man.*

"Every ear must feel the ill effect of the monotony in these lines; the cause of it is obvious; this verse consists of ten syllables, or five feet; when the pause falls on the fourth syllable, we shall find, that we pronounce the six last in the same time that we do the four first; so that the couplet is not only divided into two equal lines, but each line, with respect to time, is divided into two equal parts; as,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees:

Or else, the pause falls on the fifth syllable, and then the line is divided with a mechanic exactness; as,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Mr. Pope in a letter to Mr. Walsh, speaking of English verse, says: "There is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification." Of this he gives the following examples:

At the fifth:

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvas wings.

At the fourth:

Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings.

At the sixth:

Like tracks of leverets, in morning snow.

"In this place, Mr. Pope takes no notice of the second pause, which always rests on the last word of each line, and is strongly marked by the rhyme. But, it is on the balance between the two

it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the hiatus itself.

I am, &c. A. POPE.

pauses, that the monotony of the verse depends. Now this balance is governed by the equal division of the line in point of time. Thus, if you repeat the two first examples given, you will find no difference, as to the time, whether the pause falls on the fourth or fifth syllable; and this, I think, will extend even to the last example; or, if there should be any difference, it is so trifling, that it will generally escape the ear. But this is not so in blank verse; for the lines being made often to run one into the other, the second pause is sunk; the balance, from the equal division of each line, is removed, and by changing the pauses at pleasure, an opening is given into an unlimited variety.——

"Observe the effects in the first lines of Paradise Lost:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse.

"In these, and the lines which immediately follow, the pauses are shifted through all the ten syllables.

"But this variety is not inseparable from the nature of blank verse. In Addison's Cato, there is, I think, the very same monotony which we have condemned in Mr. Pope. Thus,

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

Again:

Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness.

This is the very echo of the couplet measure."

Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry, p. 40. *Warton.*

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. WALSH.

SIR, *Abberley, July* 21, 1707.

HAVING received the favour of your letter of the third of this month, wherein you give me hopes of seeing you before the end of it, I am in daily expectation of receiving your commands to send a coach or horses to meet you at Worcester, and not put you to the inconvenience of such horses as you will find at the post-house. It was nothing but the fear that you should not send me word time enough for me to send horses to meet you, that makes me give you the trouble of this letter. And I expect no other answer but to that point; as for all others,

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

Your, &c.

Mr. WALSH died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Essay on Criticism was printed, which concludes with his Eulogy. *Warburton.*

Warburton should have said, "before the Essay on Criticism was *written*," as it was not printed till 1711. Pope has himself expressly stated that he wrote it in 1709, and kept it by him two years, which was the shortest time that he kept any of his pieces.

POPE's observations on versification, as far as they go, are sensible and judicious; but, in my opinion, he is too confined in his ideas of *harmony*. He says, "there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, and sixth syllables." This is very true, but for the sake of effect, the pause may be often placed on other syllables, which, when it is judiciously done, though a line so paused, considered *separately* and apart, might be inharmonious, yet mixed with lines more regularly paused, it often adds a richness, variety, and harmony, to the *passage*. The pause on the fourth, fifth, and sixth syllables I should consider as what are called the *common chords* in music; but a composition, where only *common chords* were introduced, would soon tire, however perfect they might be in themselves. Dryden's lines on "Bending the Bow," may be quoted as a happy example of representative metre:

"At the full stretch of both his arms he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew."

In blank verse, I would mention a striking passage in Dyer's "Fleece:"

——— "The pilot steers
Steady; | with eye intent upon the steel, |
Steady before the breeze the pilot steers."

Bowles.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

FROM 1708 TO 1711.

Of Henry Cromwell, little is known further than what is learnt from his correspondence with Pope; from which he appears to have been a man of respectable connexions, talents, and education, and to have intermingled pretty freely in the gallantries of fashionable life. All that Warton could discover respecting him was, that "he used to go a hunting in a tie-wig." He is also characterized in a line in Gay's Poem on Pope's supposed return from Greece, as

"Honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches."

Peculiarities sufficient to shew that he was of an eccentric character, and to afford some reason to presume that the short duration of the correspondence between him and Pope, the regular series of which extends only from 1708 to 1711, is to be attributed to some circumstances in the temper or conduct of Cromwell, which induced Pope to adopt a measure in this instance, to which he seldom resorted, and to determine his intercourse before the death of his friend.

It appears, however, from the correspondence that took place between them many years afterwards, on the publication of their letters by the means of Mrs. Thomas, that Mr. Cromwell still regarded Pope with respect and attachment, and nothing appears in the conduct of Pope to imply that these sentiments were not on his part returned. The consideration that these letters were originally published without the consent or knowledge of the authors, together with the youth of the parties, may apologize for some levities which they may be thought to contain.

Besides the letters of this correspondence surreptitiously published by Curll in 1727, he obtained several other letters, purporting to be written by Mr. Pope to Mr. Cromwell, which he published in the second volume of his work intitled, "*Mr. Pope's literary Correspondence*," in 1735; but neither these letters, nor several of those in the former series published by Curll, were admitted by Pope into his own collection published in 1737. In the succeeding editions printed in the lifetime of Pope, as well as in the edition of Warburton, the latter were, however, restored; but the former had never been admitted into any authentic edition of Pope, till Mr. Bowles having thought proper to assert that "Pope early learnt the *cant of gallantry* from Cromwell," and that "Cromwell's prime vanity seems to have been his *being*

in the graces of the ladies," published some of the Letters, and *extracts* from others of them, both in verse and prose, in his edition. How far these rejected pieces can be considered as *evidence* of the opinions which Mr. Bowles has chosen to advance, must be left to the decision of his readers. Of the verses, it may justly be observed, that they are far below any that have ever been presented to the public as the work of Pope. The Letters, even if any of them can be considered as authentic, are of little importance, and as they cannot be given entire, the omission of them altogether will not, it is hoped, be regretted in the present edition.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, ESQ.

LETTER I.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

March 18, 1708.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady*) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kind-

* Probably Mrs. Eliz. Thomas.

ness; and, if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to shew respect, where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony: and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quiesco.

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same. It has the same business, which is poetry, and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you must needs be when you can find leisure to write to Your, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

April 27, 1708.

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about: but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these somethings together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LETTER III.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

May 10, 1708.

You talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by princes? There was in old time one Severus, a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live in less compass. Well, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowslip-wine: as for fame, renown, reputation, take them, critics!

> Tradam protervis in mare *criticum*
> Ventis.

If ever I seek for immortality here, may I be damned, for there's not so much danger in a poet's being damned:

> Damnation follows death in other men,
> But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 1, 1706.

I HAVE been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, or inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of a losing game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense,* which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

[You know, when one sense is suppress'd,†
It but retires into the rest.

according to the poetical, not the learned,‡ Dod-

* His hearing. *Pope.*

† Omitted by the author in his own edition. *Pope.*

‡ Alluding to Mr. Henry Dodwell, the celebrated nonjuror, a man of very great and extensive learning, author of the Dissertations on Cyprian, Irenæus, of the Annals of Dionysius Halicarnassus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Velleius Paterculus, of a curious volume of Camdenian Lectures, and the Greek and Roman Cycles, of a Dissertation on the Paucity of Martyrs in the Pri-

well; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense!] So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me. It is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of.* It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage, and not out of any ambition to spread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance.

mitive Church, and other important subjects; but who disgraced himself by maintaining a paradox on the Natural Mortality of the Soul, which was ably confuted by several divines. *Warton.*

* Tonson had made proposals to Pope to publish his Pastorals in a volume of Miscellanies, to which Pope assented.

That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season. So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest; he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of Prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing, but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER V.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I HAD sent you the inclosed papers* before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line—*Jam murmura serpant Plebis Agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between these† two Statius

* This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it, in a miscellany published by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1711. *Pope.*

† These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version. *Pope.*

has a description of the council of the gods, and a speech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left out for no other reason, but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book). The translation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fisty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in so tempestuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, &c.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius* was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil. In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muse where to begin his

* Statius is one instance among a thousand, that a man may possess genius and imagination, and at the same time want taste and judgment. Claudian is a far better writer, though his verses have more monotony than the numbers of Statius. It is remarkable that Gray's first attempt in English verse, was a translation of a passage in Statius, 1736. See Memoirs, p. 9. 4to. A translation of Statius, by several hands, was intended to be published. Harte translated the sixth book, and Pitt the third. *Warton.*

Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo.* When he comes to the scene of his Poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it——*Pugna est de paupere regno*—— Very different from the conduct of his master Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subjects—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* (Bossu on Epic Poetry.) There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where, speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, *The whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety.*

> Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
> Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eoo
> Cardine, quem portâ vergens prospectat Iberâ?

This was pretty well, one would think, already; but he goes on:

> Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
> Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
> Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a poet think of but heaven itself for the prize? But what follows is astonishing:

> Quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
> Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this

poet,* if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon his translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you have been confined to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been in the same place; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure, which, you see, I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him, whose example as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him,

Your, &c.

* His wild and gigantic images, and pompous diction, so much resembled the old romances, that he was the favourite poet of the middle ages. *Warton.*

LETTER VI.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

March 7, 1709.

You had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany,* or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonsense, than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which, if they can't get off their hands in the morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer were first printed. *Pope.*

same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses' Mercury* and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob's* Miscellanies) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills, of Blackfriars, has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her:——I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plain-Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasures which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which, you know, I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you

left off last, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal,) you will extremely oblige me, and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy; though, I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe* lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice. But this example of one of the most correct and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Your, &c.

* The first *correct* poet of France; to whom their language had inestimable obligations. The notes of Menage on the works of Malherbe, abound in many curious critical remarks and digressions. Ronsard had a more vigorous imagination than Malherbe, but not so true a taste and judgment; his style is harsh, and full of barbarisms and foreign idioms. *Warton.*

LETTER VII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

June 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,

may be well-grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words———* *Certo reliqua ordine ducam.* But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him; (which I wonder Bossu,† has not observed;) for instead of confining his narration to *one year,* it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books. The narration begins with Œdipus's prayer to the Fury to promote discord betwixt his sons; afterwards the poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns;‡ and Polynices takes

* See the first book of Statius, v. 302. *Pope.*

† Bossu did not write a critique upon Statius, but only used him, as he did other poets, occasionally, for an example. So that it is no wonder there should be faults and beauties in Statius which he did not take notice of. *Warburton.*

‡ It is rather strange that our poet should make no mention of the Phœnissæ of Euripides, if indeed he had ever read that tragedy. *Warton.*

his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms:

> Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
> Torsit, et amissæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
> Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
> Exul agit casus.

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; saying in book ii. cap. 8, that Statius opens with Europa's Rape, whereas the poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not.*

> Unde jubetis
> Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ,
> Sidonios raptus? *&c.*

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro series*—and says,

> limes mihi carminis esto
> Oedipodæ confusa domus.

Indeed there are numberless particulars blameworthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version:

> dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
> In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology, than

* That was the same to Bossu's purpose; which was only to shew, that there were epic poets so ignorant, or so negligent of composition, as not to know where their subject should begin.
Warburton.

Vacuâ cum *solus* in aulâ
Respiceres *jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,*
Et nusquam *par* stare *caput.*

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error:

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas,* is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305, "that those of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, because they were then in confusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes." Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years. Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

July 17, 1709.

The morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last resource in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation

for the inconveniences of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find by her voice and dress, that she was young, and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and to increase my surprize, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance,) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach,) which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I

tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the aforesaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure. In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman* we spoke of, shall never by any alteration in me discover any knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours. And I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude

* Mr. Wycherley.

and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be, sensible of.

> Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
> Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro!

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have shewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, so much the more you are a kind friend to me. I could be proud in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure. The thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but, if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely Your, etc.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued

in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.*

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Aug. 19, 1709.

If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good-

* The contemplating, reflecting, philosophic turn of mind, for which our author was afterwards so eminent, is here very conspi-

nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature should indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence; the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic: though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will shew just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your speculative angle in the Widow's Coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action; for though life for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining.

cuous; and the purity and correctness of style are extraordinary in a youth of twelve years old. But his verses on Silence are yet more extraordinary. *Warton.*

As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play; let it be a tolerable farce,* and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and who was yesterday Cæsar, is this day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play: "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; is this your tragedy or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the queen herself, can ever shut up or silence.—† While that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined

* This is the expression in the author's own edition; although differently given in the subsequent ones.

† What follows, to the end of this Letter, is omitted in the author's own edition. *Warburton.*

Ilium! What can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation.* Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropped (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality, and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation: yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, &c.

* A full account of these theatrical squabbles may be seen in Cibber's entertaining Life, and in Davies's Dramatic Miscellanies. *Warton.*

LETTER X.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* The only companions I had were those Muses, of whom Tully says: *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them: for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable, but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obscurity,* was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surprized at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation would have lost in him as much

wit and probity, as would have remained (for aught I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible a one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued; who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by our-

selves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.——Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable books, sacred and profane, extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer,) have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years, which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died: may the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors! You shall have it in verse:

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,

Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and even his Queen unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he saw,* he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could,) and fawn'd and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy; then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and died!

Plutarch relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the elephant)

* I know not sweeter lines in our language than these four. Prior says well in Solomon, b. i.

And dying licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

Which my friend Dobson admirably translated:

Et lambit charum linguâ moriente magistrum. *Warton.*

was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects; he gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains,) *Wild-brat was faithful.** Sir William Trumbull has told me a story,† which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other, without fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than Your, &c.

* The poetical world has seldom seen any thing more pleasing and elegant on this subject, than Wm. Spencer's Ballad of Beth Gellert, or the Grave of the Greyhound. *Bowles.*

† Sir Philip Warwick tells us this story in his Memoirs. *Warburton.*

LETTER XI.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

April 10, 1710.

I HAD written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy Week. Besides, our family would have been scandalized to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses. I assure you I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-disposed person, no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and drinking. They all say it is a pity I am so sickly, and I think it is pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the parson or me upon making some for them. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping table of our gentry, who can roar out some rhapsodies of his works; so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors, What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to

eat? (meaning the Rhapsodists who lived by repeating his verses;) thus may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors: Dares any one despise him who has made so many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious; they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Durfey!* It is mortifying enough, it must be confessed; but, however, let us proceed in the way that Nature has directed us——*Multi multa scient, sed nemo omnia,* as is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: send me elegies, and you shall not want heroics. At present, I have only these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet,*—and the *Ring;* the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatsoever orders you are pleased to give me shall be punctually obeyed by

Your, &c.

* He was every summer invited to a fishing-party at Mr. *Jones's* of Ramsbury, a man of considerable property in Wiltshire. *Harte* told me his friend *Fenton* alluded to this visit in his elegant Epistle to *Lambard:*

By long experience, *Durfey* may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet *Dryden* once exclaim'd, in partial spite,
He fish! because the man attempts to write. *Warton.*

LETTER XII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

May 10, 1710.

I HAD not so long omitted to express my acknowledgements to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately shewed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s,* who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you, he has a sincere respect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world; that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis: and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined, that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the

* Probably Mr. Caryl, with whom he was at this time intimate, and at whose instance he wrote the Rape of the Lock.

proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger of old? In these fields, you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

May 17, 1710.

After I had recovered from a dangerous illness, which was first contracted in town about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and paper* inclosed, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present living dead condition nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis;* but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civi-

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old. *Pope.*

lities I received from yourself, and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligation they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them. Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes! I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another: if he who has nothing to do himself will not comfort and support another in his idleness: if those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strowing a few flowers over him! In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other, being all alike *inanes*; we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain—*desipere in loco.* Though you are no papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them, (which I plainly perceive by your silence,) yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep without one dream of those they left behind

them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you, I am still, though in a state of separation, Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's;* over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.

* This excellent man, and excellent actor, hastened his death by repelling a fit of the gout, which he did to enable himself to act, for his own benefit, the part of *Melantius* in the *Maid's Tragedy*. This was on the 25th of April, 1710; and though he performed this his favourite part with great spirit, yet the distemper seized his head, and he died on the 28th of May following. The best paper that Steele wrote in the Tatler, No. 167, contains an account of his death, and the splendid ceremony of his interment in Westminster Abbey. Voltaire speaks in high terms of the good sense of the English in paying such honours to deceased actors; and seriously animadverts on his countrymen, for their bigotted and illiberal practice of even denying them Christian burial. Mr. Garrick merited, and obtained, the same funeral honours, and was followed to Westminster Abbey by a great concourse of those friends and spectators, whom he had so often moved and delighted. An old frequenter of the theatre informed me, that the last time Betterton appeared on the stage, the curiosity of the public was so much excited, that many spectators got into the playhouse by nine o'clock in the morning, and carried with them provisions for the day. *Warton.*

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

June 24, 1710.

It is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no sooner received your short letter, but I forgot your long silence; and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impossible you could have better timed your compliment on my philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could be least proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not easy to express what an exaltation it gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'est venu faire
J'ai chassé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheless I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the subject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with some of my size. I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I can't but be sorry, two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies to our pygmæan ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befals us *homunciones sesquipedales*; however, you have no reason to be so unconcerned, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs.*

This sort of writing called the Rondeau is what I never knew practised in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifest corruption and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of Rondeau which the Gallic

* A passage is here left out, having been omitted by the author in his own edition.

soldiers* sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, etc. as it is recorded by

* From this song of the Gallic soldiers, I will take occasion to observe, that we have several sorts of measures commonly used in our English versification, which exactly correspond to many that are used by the Greeks and Romans; of which the following are a specimen:

What we call an *Alexandrine* verse in English, is perfectly like a pure Iambic verse in Greek or Latin;

Deĕp īn | thĕ gloō | mў Cāve | thĕ pēn | sivĕ sāge | rĕclīn'd—
Πĕπῡσ | μĕνῆ | μĕν ὦς | ἄπῑι | κᾰσᾱι | παρῑι | —
Săbī | nă quā | lĭs aūt | pĕrūs | tă sō | lĭbūs—

Our verse of four feet consists of four Iambics, like the following dimeter Iambic verse in Horace:

Rĕmōte | frŏm cī | tiĕs līv'd | ă swāin | —
Sŏlū | tŭs ōm | ni foē | norē |

In which measure also many hymns for the church were written, by those elegant Latin poets that adorned Italy at the time of the revival of literature; as the following of Ant. Flaminius;

Jam noctis umbras Lucifer,
Almæ diei nuntius,
Terrâ poloque dimovet—

One of the most harmonious measures in our language, bears a most minute resemblance to the Greek Trochaic measure; as will appear by reading the following passages of Gray and Euripides together; and compared also with the words;

Gallias Cæsar subegit——
Whēre eăch | ōld pŏ | ētĭc | moūntaĭn |
Inspĭ | rătiŏn | breāth'd ă | round;
Ev'rў | shāde ănd | hāllŏw'd | foūntăin
Mūrmŭr'd | deēp ă | sōlĕmn | sound!
Ὀιθᾰ | νῡν ᾰ | μοῑ γĕ | νῑσθω;
Σōν τŏ | σῆμᾰι | νῑιν τŏ | δι
Δῑσμᾰ | τοῖς ξĕ | νοῖσĭ | πρōσθĕς—
Πōι δĕ | σ' ἐκφῠ | γοῖĕν | ᾱν—

The only difference is, that the insertion of rhyme in the English measure breaks the one line into two; but the metre remains, notwithstanding, intrinsically the same.

We

Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, you most easily forgive my impertinences. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times,

We have also Anacreontic measures, consisting of three pure Iambics, and one semiped:

Ŏ sōft | lў glī | dĭng nūm | bers
Thăt woō | tŏ gēn | tlĕ slūm | bers |
Θέλω | λέγειν | Ατρεΐ | δας
Θέλω | δὲ Κᾶδ | μὸν ᾰ | δειν—

And that exquisite Ode in Shakespear sung by Ariel,

Whēre thĕ | bēe sŭcks | thēre sŭck | I,
On a | Bat's back | I do | fly,

precisely corresponds with the metre of the following lines in Horace:

Tū sĕ | cāndă | mārmŏ | ra | —
Summo | vere | litto | ra—
Paupe | rem la | bori | bus—

We have also Anapæstic verses in our metre:

Ănd thĕ kĭng | sĕiz'd ă flām | beău wĭth zēal | tŏ dĕstrōy |

A line that contains four Anapæsts, making twelve syllables and four feet. We are always to remember that our feet are regulated by *accent*, not by *quantity*. *Warton.*

that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

At last I have prevailed over a lazy humour to transcribe this elegy. I have changed the situation of some of the Latin verses, and made some interpolations, but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my author's sense and manner: but they are referred to your censure, as a debt; whom I esteem no less a critic than a poet. I expect to be treated with the same rigour as I have practised to Mr. Dryden and you:

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

I desire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his speech to Pyrrhus in the second Æneid, says this to him:

At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, *Achilles*.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's answer) only his degeneracy: but then these following lines of the version (I suppose from Homer's history) seem absurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcase of my *Hector* sold.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness, like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error; what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions, but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion: it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem;* the 8th

of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say, that "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling *for money* the body of Hector,* seems not so proper; it in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in

* This behaviour of Achilles could not escape an acute critic, but one too fond of carping at the ancients. "Forgive me (says Achilles,) my dear Patroclus, for restoring the body of Hector to his father; car (on s'attend qu'il va dire) je n'ai pû résister aux larmes de ce père infortuné; mais *non*: for he has brought me a great ransom. Such passages prove that true *heroism* was never so little known, as in the times called *heroic*." *Marmontel, Pòetique*, t. ii. p. 197.

The plain answer is, that Achilles speaks and behaves suitably to the manners, ideas, and sentiments of his age. *Warton.*

this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus! forgive me that I quit the corpse of him who killed thee; I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Aug. 6, 1710.

Looking among some French rhymes, I was agreeably surprized to find in the Rondeau of *Pour le moins**—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refined upon Voiture,† whose *Où vous savez* is much inferior to your *You know where.*—You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend says) but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my elegy,‡ it is confessed, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awk-

* In Voiture's Poems. *Pope.*

† In which passage there is as little decency as gallantry. *Warton.*

‡ Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. Pars me Sulmo, &c. *Pope.*

ward figure in the version. Your couplet of the dog-star is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laughed heartily at your note upon paradise; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly most absurd; but Xenophon in his Œconomics, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here described) calls it Paradisos: it is an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the celestial orb; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte cœli*—How trees can enjoy, let the naturalist determine; but the poets make them sensitive, lovers, bachelors, and married.* Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace, Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cœlebs evincet ulmos.* Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your critique is a very *dolcepiccante;* for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

August 21, 1710.

Your letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but

* As Dr. Darwin has so successfully done, in a poem that abounds with beautiful descriptions, and interesting digressions and allusions to ancient mythology. *Warton.*

you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though just before, and once since, I writ to him, and though I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he bid me*—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befal him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism: in one point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your paradise, in which I take no pleasure; I know very well that in Greek it is not only used by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in England it bears the signification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reason against making Ovid use it; who will be thought to talk too much like a christian, in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon them (as, I think, I told you before); and in particular in the point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I must own, fully satisfied me that the expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your translation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can;

* Correcting his verses. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. *Pope.*

for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing) that I will never be insincere, though I may be often mistaken. To use sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced so much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that quality. I know, you sometimes say civil things to me in your epistolary style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; it is a word you are so used to in conversation of ladies, that it will creep into your discourse, in spite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before: so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by so much indulgence) some verses of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner;* and are,

* One or two of these were since printed among other Imitations done in his youth. *Pope.*

perhaps, such imitations, as those you see in awkward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnshire, they may save you one hour from the conversation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dress and name), which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my poetry. I hope your stay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never cease to be) Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I DEFERRED answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life: however, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals,

for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking, of this subject.

I was mightily pleased, to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last; and what they read floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This I think, however, cannot be said of the love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that nobody will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me

so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you thnki the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses, and have not forgot who promised me Ovid's elegy,* *Ad amicam navigantem.* Had Ovid been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country: which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town:

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecundâ laxamus seria mensâ.

* In the present improved state of literature, for improved it is, we are surprized to see these critics and poets writing to each other, with seriousness and earnestness, about translations of Ovid's Elegies and Epistles, which the youths at the top of our great schools would almost think it a disgrace to be employed about, at present. *Warton.*

When the youths at our great schools produce such translations and imitations as Pope did, at as early an age, we may then assent to the propriety of the above remark.

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

October 28, 1710.

I AM glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, poetry; since I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon

them——As to Mr. Philips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest part a translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp):

> Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
> Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
> And melting airs arise at their command;
> And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
> He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
> And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12, on the Danish winter. It is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will*'s, who swore it was good: for though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of sea-terms* in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in these matters, but because no terms of art or cant-words suit with the majesty and dignity of style which epic poetry requires.——*Cui mens divinior atque os magna sonaturum.*——The tarpawlin phrase can please none but such *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they must not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it; because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive, by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town, and till his return was my servant, etc. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it

* They are as certainly improper and absurd, as his use of the same kind of terms in his *Annus Mirabilis*, where a sea-engagement is described. *Warton.*

is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety, but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I FIND I am obliged to the sight of your love-verses, for your opinion of my sincerity; which had never been called in question, if you had not forced me, upon so many other occasions, to express my esteem.

I have just read and compared Mr. Rowe's* version of the ixth of Lucan, with very great pleasure, where I find none of those absurdities so

* Pieces printed in the 6th volume of Tonson's Miscellanies. *Pope.*

frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the sake of lashing the priests; one where Cato says——*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the simile of the Hæmorrhois—*fatidici Sabæi*—He is so arrant a whig, that he strains even beyond his author, in passion for liberty, and aversion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix, *in initio*, describing the seat of the *Semidei manes*, says,

> Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
> Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

> Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no? Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 11, 1710.

You mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly used with my love verses, gave me the first opinion of your sincerity. I assure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's Pastorals is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ;* only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex.*

I cannot forbear giving a passage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it:

Alternat mirâ arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordâque laborat in omni.——
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
*Delibrat** vocem, tremuloque *reciprocat** ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable:

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there *Apollo* spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion† of Mr. Rowe's ixth book of Lucan:

* Neither of these words are used by Horace or Virgil: *reciprocat* is to be found in Lucretius, book iii. 1101, but in another sense. *Warton.*

† Rowe's translation of Lucan has certainly never met with the popularity and applause it deserved. It is one of the few translations that is better than its original. I venture to say the same of three more translations; namely, of *Hampton's Polybius; of Pitt's Vida;* and of *Melmoth's Pliny. Brebœuf*, says Vigneul-Marville, was *Lucano Lucanior.* Horace was the favourite of Brebœuf in his youth, as was Lucan of his friend M. Gautier. They disputed so frequently and so warmly on the preference due to each of their favourites, that they agreed to give these authors a very attentive reading. The consequence was, they became mutual converts; Brebœuf became intoxicated with the love of Lucan, and Gautier of Horace. Melanges, v. i. p. 25. *Warton.*

indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in line 808. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.*—And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quantâ sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci,

no less than eight in English.

What you observe, sure, cannot be an Error-Sphæricus, strictly speaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican system; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the translator's side. For Mr. Rowe here says no more, than that he looked down on the rays of the sun, which Pompey might do, even though the body of the sun were above him.

You cannot but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the sake of his fine descriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reason than this;

Hæc eadem suadebat hiems, quæ clauserat æquor.

The winter's effects on the sea, it seems, were more to be dreaded than all the serpents, whirlwinds, sands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his speech to the soldiers: then he fetches a compass a vast way round about, to the Nasamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple,*

* The situation of this celebrated temple, so long unknown, has at last been discovered, under the auspices of the African

purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says —*sors obtulit, et fortuna viæ*—either Labienus, or the map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken first in his way to Utica) and so to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who seems to have made Cato speak his own mind, when he tells his army— *Ire sat est*—no matter whither.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE system of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan, with the rest of the Latin poets, seems to follow Plato; whose order of the spheres is clear in Cicero, *De naturâ Deorum, De somnio Scipionis,* and in Macrobius. The seat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too, for *Apuleius De deo Socratis* assigns the same to the genii, viz. the region of the air

Society. From the peculiar circumstance of the warm and cold spring, (*i. e.* cold in the day, and warm at night,) which is described by Herodotus and Curtius; from the trees, and magnificent ruins, near the spot where the "fons solis," and "Templum Ammonis," are marked in the ancient maps, there appears little doubt, but that this celebrated temple was situated (according to the conjectures of Horneman) in the Oasis of Siwah, amid the desert, north-west of Cairo. *Bowles.*

for their intercourse with gods and men; so that, I fancy, Rowe mistook the situation, and I cannot be reconciled to *Look down on the sun's rays.* I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wish you had told me if the *sortilegi* and *fatidici* could license his invective against priests; but, I suppose, you think them (with Helena) undeserving of your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors, and the cause of them, his poetic descriptions; for the Romans then knew the coast of Africa from Cyrene (to the south-east of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, remember how your Homer nodded, while Ulysses slept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short passage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's versions* for their justness; his Psalm is excellent; the prodigies in the first Georgic judicious; whence I conclude that it is easier to turn Virgil justly in blank verse, than rhyme. The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaëton, pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaëton might run thus:

> The blasted *Phaëton* with blazing hair,
> Shot gliding thro' the vast abyss of air,
> And tumbled headlong like a falling star.

I am your, &c.

* Of all the parts of Trapp's translation of Virgil, that of his Georgics is most blamable and prosaic. The author of the Prelections lost himself much in this translation of Virgil: yet many of his notes shew that he understood and felt his author; and his Prelections may be read with advantage by young scholars. His Latin translation of Milton was a woful performance. *Warton.*

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 24, 1710.

To make use of that freedom and familiarity of style, which we have taken up in our correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the least an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, it is a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his life and conversation; as how he lived some years like an enchanted knight in a certain island, with a tale of a King of Denmark's mistress that shall be nameless—But I have compassion on you, and would not for the world you should stay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sappho will want your presence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loss Drury-lane will sustain, when Mr. C—— is in the milky-way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of the priests you mention, who are a sort of sortilegi in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at first in an uncertainty, whereas the setters-up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are constables, as they represent

the King; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeness in them. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think, that in condemning these, we praise those. The translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you; because I think they have little of the main characteristic of this author, a graceful easiness. For let the sense be ever so exactly rendered, unless an author looks like himself, in his air, habit, and manner, it is a disguise, and not translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholden to the translator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE same judgment we made on Rowe's ixth of Lucan will serve for his part of the vith, where I find this memorable line,

> Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere bellum
> Atque virum.

For this he employs six verses, among which is this,

> As if on knightly terms in lists they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry* up higher than Pha-

* Nothing surely can be so totally abhorrent from all the ideas

ramond? will you allow it an anachronism?—Tickel in his version of the Phœnix from Claudian:

> When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
> Nor second Chaos bound thy endless train:

Claudian thus:

> Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes,
> Edomita tellure, manes:

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion, and the conflagration of Phaëton; not to the final dissolution. Your thought of the priests' lottery is very fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your observations are all very just: Virgil is eminent for adjusting his diction to his sentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practise the Prosodia of your rules. Your poem* shews you to be, what you say of Voiture—*with books well bred:* the state of the fair, though satirical, is touched with that delicacy and gallantry, that not the court of Augustus, not—but hold, I shall lose what I lately recovered, your opinion of my sincerity; yet I must say, it is as faultless as the fair to whom it is addressed, be she never so perfect. The M. G. (who, it seems, had no right notion of you, as you of him) transcribed it by lucubration. From some

of antiquity as chivalry, the rise and genius of which is no where so amply and accurately investigated as by that curious antiquary M. De la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, in a Memoir first published in the 20th volume of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and afterwards enlarged and published in two volumes at Paris, 1759. *Warton.*

* To a lady, with the Works of Voiture. *Pope.*

discourse of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of fashion call learning) pedantry; but now, he says, he has no less, I assure you, than a veneration for you. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

December 17, 1710.

It seems that my late mention of Crashaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curiosity. I therefore send you the whole author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for some years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose works may just deserve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness, than to establish a reputation; so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable, (which is the soul of poetry,) all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts, (which is the body,) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse, (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry,) may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies; nor can it well be otherwise, since no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only.

These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino.* His thoughts, one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate authors would rather be admired than understood. This ambition of surprizing a reader, is the true natural cause of all fustian, or bombast in poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of the Weeper, where the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 14th, and 21st

* *Crashaw* was so fond of *Marino*, a writer of fine imagination but little judgment, as to translate the whole first book of his *Strage degli Innocenti* (published 1633), which *Marino* himself preferred to his *Il Adone*, and to which *Milton* was indebted for many hints, which, however, he greatly improved. See particularly Stanza 7, and several succeeding stanzas in *Crashaw*, p. 35, for a description of *Satan*. Milton, in his *Mansus*, celebrates the Adonis: the *Strage* was not then published. It was first printed in France, and Chapelain prefixed a learned preface to it. There was a translation of all the four books of the *Slaughter of the Innocents*, published 1675, by T. R. *and dedicated to the Duchess of York.*
Warton.

stanzas are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23rd stanzas of the same copy, are soft and pleasing: and if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the first, one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is best.

To speak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric; it is evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his Music's Duel) is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but sweet: and the time considered of his writing, he was (even as incorrect as he is) none of the worst versificators.

I will just observe, that the best pieces* of this

* To these might be added some other pieces of *Crashaw* that deserved his praise; particularly a translation from *Moschus*, and

author are a paraphrase on Psalm xxiii. On Lessius; Epitaph on Mr. Ashton; Wishes to his supposed Mistress; and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

December 30, 1710.

I RESUME my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head the subject of a letter. They are at present upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most entirely so: for I am never so inclined to

another from *Catullus*. His 23rd Psalm is not equal to that of *Sandys*, whose Psalms deserve much more attention than they meet with. *Roscommon* has borrowed many lines from the *Dies Iræ* of *Crashaw*, particularly Stanza 17:

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Crashaw gives it thus, page 194 of his Poems, 1670:

"My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend,
Take charge of me and of my end!"

Pope has taken many expressions and lines from this author, who, having been a convert to popery, we may imagine was recommended to our author in his younger years. It is in his Eloisa to Abelard, that many expressions and thoughts of Crashaw chiefly occur; particularly his description of a religious house, from Barclay; the situation of the Paraclete; and also line 347, from the complaint of Alexias, the forsaken wife of Alexis, though much heightened and improved. Cowley wrote a poem on Crashaw's death, whom he highly celebrates. He died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church. *Warton.*

mirth as when I am most pleased and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration; but I know you are not of them: and I, for my part, am no idol-worshipper, though a papist. If I were to address Jupiter himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionysius; I was just going to say, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be positive to so nice a critic as you, but his robe might be subnected with a Fibula). I know some philosophers define laughter, *a recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another:* but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way. I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as sillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some *circumstances of a thing*, when the *thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgment and reason. Let an Ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before

a Prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise man) to hang out behind, more people shall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several muscles of my face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man so much, as him in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *sub personâ* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly, (which is more a second nature than any thing I know,) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face.——To conclude, those that are my friends *I laugh with*, and those that are not *I laugh at*; so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Risus et Blanditiæ* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

October 16, 1711.

MR. Wycherley visited me at Bath in my sickness, and expressed much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my scrawl, and after, a second. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath; then he shewed me your answer to his letters, in which you spoke of my good-nature, but I fear you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illness. I could not possibly be in the same house with Mr. Wycherley, though I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talked of you. He praises your Poem,* and even outvies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him, or whether the return of his natural disposition to you, was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to

* Essay on Criticism. *Pope.*

town.—I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. Lewis shewed me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprized me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves,* he replied, *It is Mr.* Pope's *health.* He said he would go to Mr. Thorold's, and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect of him, yet I can assure you, that, when you please to come, you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination, so now by duty, who shall ever be Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

November 12, 1711.

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniences of the

rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing,) and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier pad, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest! But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses for want of your better company; the Muses, *quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Those aërial ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such

a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the surface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical similitude) is clearer or gloomier, just as the sun is brighter or more over-cast.——I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject.—For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

December 7, 1711.

Mr. Wycherley has, I believe, sent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long solicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius, which has ranged at large like a libertine, now seems confined to you: and I should take him for your mistress too, by your simile of the sun and earth. It is very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, persuades

me it would be juster by the reverse. Oh happy favourite of the Muses! how! *pernoctare* all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close engagement. Leave elegy and translation to the inferior class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then, like our winter-sun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticism. Every one wonders that a genius like yours* will not support the sinking Drama; and Mr. Wilks (though I think his talent is comedy) has expressed a furious ambition to swell in your buskins. We have had a poor comedy of Johnson's (not Ben) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is sharpset on new plays. In vain would I fire you by interest or ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either; though your authority (arising from the general esteem, like that of Pompey) must infallibly assure you of success; for which in all your wishes you will be attended with those of

Your, &c.

* He shewed his excellent good sense, by not attempting a species of poetry to which he was so much disinclined; I do not say unequal. *Warton.*

LETTER XXXI.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

December 21, 1711.

If I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe. But indeed it is some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) *so elegant a spectator of forms*, you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend, whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day and silver goddess of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; these are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she

pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition: let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals, for one of them, and my Essay for the other; I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid!* Alas! what have I to do with Jane Grey, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I'll e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person, to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me. I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really

* This evidently alludes to the circumstance of Pope's being half-persuaded to attempt a tragedy on the subject of Lady Jane Grey. *Bowles.*

wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and our author's Miscellanies. *Warburton.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. STEELE AND MR. ADDISON:

FROM 1711 TO 1714.

THE ensuing correspondence demonstrates that the style of levity which Pope seemed inclined to adopt in his letters to Mr. Cromwell was not of long duration, and that at a very early period of life he had formed an acquaintance with the most distinguished literary characters of the age. These letters are written in a free and confidential strain, and evince that the friendship between Addison and Pope began under the most favourable auspices, and that it received no interruption from any advice given by Addison respecting the machinery of the Rape of the Lock, as has generally been supposed. That Steele should have been anxious to engage the assistance of a young man of such distinguished talents, in the support of his *Guardian*, was naturally to be expected; and to his solicitations we are indebted for several excellent papers, and for some very interesting poetical pieces.

Dr. Warton has observed, that "throughout all the letters of Pope to Addison, there is a stiffness and study, that seem to shew that they did not contain sentiments that flowed freely and unreservedly from his heart." This remark, which extends further than to style, is scarcely justified by any thing that appears in the letters; throughout which it is impossible to discover a shadow of coolness or distrust, till we arrive at the letter of the 10th Oct. 1714, the last in the collection; which was written after some misunderstanding had occurred between them, and is as manly, open, and conciliatory, as his former letters are friendly, confidential, and respectful.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. STEELE AND MR. ADDISON.

LETTER I.

FROM MR. STEELE TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *January* 20, 1711.

I HAVE received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your Essay,* I have no pretence to. It was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. STEELE.

SIR, *July* 26, 1711.

I WRIT to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the same end,

* The Essay on Criticism, published in 1711, which was mentioned with great commendation in the Spectator, by Addison, (253) with whom Steele promises Pope to make him acquainted, which he accordingly did shortly afterwards.

to know whether you are at leisure to help Mr. Clayton, that is, *me*, to some words for music against winter.

Your answer to me at Will's, will be a great favour to, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. STEELE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit* exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

> *Sedley* has that prevailing gentle art,
> Which can with a resistless charm impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
> Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
> Between declining virtue and desire,
> Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
> In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present con-

* Pope said of Steele, that though he led a careless and vicious life, yet he had, nevertheless, a love and reverence of virtue. It is said George I. sent five hundred guineas to Steele for the Dedication of his Conscious Lovers. Dennis wrote against this comedy, and called Steele a two-penny author, alluding to the price of his Tatler. *Warton.*

dition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had prayed,

O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at——*Hark, a glad voice*—and —*The lamb with wolves shall graze*——There is but one line* which I think is below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet: *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio.

I am your, &c.

* In consequence of this objection, this line was altered thus:

From every eye he wipes off every tear.

I own I cannot forbear thinking that this repetition of the word *every* is a quaint and pretty modernism, unsuited to the subject.

Warton.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says: *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have

a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and, exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground.* The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity.† But whoever has the muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.

I am your, &c.

* The foregoing similitudes our author had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mixed Life*. We find them in the versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his posthumous works, octavo, pages 3 and 4. *Pope.*

† Alluding to Cowley's exquisite Latin lines;

—— "sub lare parvulo
Non indecorâ pauperie nitens
Cowleius hic est conditus."

Lady M. W. Montagu inscribed these verses, at her retirement near Venice, with verbal alterations, to suit herself; but she did not know, that she thereby entirely destroyed the prosody and the music of the Latin verse. *Bowles.*

LETTER V.

TO MR. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our out-works. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and

causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it

is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," &c.

I am your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. STEELE.

November 7, 1712.

I was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene? all trembling, fearful, and pensive? what now is become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this. It is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets* of *vagula, blandula,* and the

* These sort of epithets are carried to a great degree of affectation by the modern Latin poets of Italy, in their many imitations of the *Hendecasyllabi* of Catullus; even by such charming writers as Naugerius, Cotta, and Flaminius, and many others. Nothing can be more unlike Catullus than these luscious, florid, and meretricious ornaments; whose style is remarkable for purity, simplicity, and a certain austerity that is peculiarly charming. Mr. Wilkes has done honour to the English press, and to his own exquisite taste and judgment in polite literature, in giving us, a few years ago, the best and most elegant edition of Catullus extant. London, quarto, 17—.

He has since given us as elegant an edition of Theophrastus, which, from his wit and humour, and knowledge of life and cha-

rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the Spectator: if not, to suppress it. I am, &c.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM:

TRANSLATED.

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. STEELE.

November 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow;

racters, it were to be wished he had enriched with notes and illustrations. To the taste and erudition of Mr. Wilkes I am indebted for many remarks in this edition of his favourite writer. *Warton.*

after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not. I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further.

I am your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. STEELE.

November 16, 1712.

You oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of guardian spirits to heaven's favourites only?* I could point you to several, but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the poem here spoken of. *Pope.*

trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years,* just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle; a sign I have not much capacity.

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already.

I am your, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. STEELE.

November 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine: had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But, I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's

* Hence it appears this poem was writ before the author was twenty-two years old. *Pope.*

being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad,") since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul; *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula;* and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem,* it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: it was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors.

I am your, &c.

LETTER X.

FROM MR STEELE.

December 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that

is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. STEELE.

I DO not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

LETTER XII.

TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What puts me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, who, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to

such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.* But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called *Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.* *Pope.*

A mean performance; but dictated by the most generous principle of friendship; and meeting in the person defended, a heart incapable of the like exertion of virtue, was not received with that acknowledgment which such a service deserved. *Warburton.*

The reflection cast on Mr. Addison, in this note, by Dr. Warburton, is much too *harsh and indefensible.* *Warton.*

may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

October 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work* you mention, will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I

* Translation of the Iliad. *Pope.*

know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

November 2, 1713.

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose* will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in

* The notes to his translation of Homer. *Warburton.*

an unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO MR. ADDISON.

(1713).

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you

know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian* you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air, that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics. Though it is said he will take into these papers

* Possibly the ironical praise of Phillips's Pastorals, which deceived, it is said, Steele, but not Addison, who immediately knew the author to be Pope himself. *Bowles.*

also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: but, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) it is not the violent I design to please.*

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas,† and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it would do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am your, &c.

* But poor Dryden could not say this with truth. How much did he write to please the violent! *Warton.*

† See the Epistle to him in verse, writ about this time. *Pope.*

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. ADDISON.

December 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars,

with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T * in the very centre of nonsense: now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of Grammar of C * and D *. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul! and how changing and variable in his frame of body! the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency; sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point! what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a sleep! Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space, and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achieve-

ments a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world, and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain stupified in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO MR. ADDISON.

January 30, 1713-14.

Your letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give myself up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as

that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are, indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up; but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded generals, to be first envied and maligned, then perhaps praised, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprises) I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not: if they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechized me. But if they can read, (for, I know, some critics can, and others

cannot,) there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship, and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party and those of religion, that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make (through violence) the best scheme of government a bad one; and belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a christian and honest man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is

worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MR. ADDISON.

October 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends,* who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolences have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you: for (to say the

* See a Letter from Mr. Jervas, and the Answer to it, No. 22, 23. *Pope.*

truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer,* which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your goodwill, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice: and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.†

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too

* This must have been a mortifying and an embarrassing request to Addison, if at that time he had actually translated the first book of Homer. This is the last letter to Addison in this collection. *Warton.*

† Instead of answering this letter, Addison took an opportunity of speaking to Pope, and informing him that he had already perused a translation of the first book of Homer, by Mr. Tickell, and could not therefore peruse Pope's. On which Pope observed, that Mr. Tickell had certainly as good a right to translate Homer as he had, but that as he had only translated the first book, he hoped Mr. Addison would not object to peruse the second for him, to which Addison consented, and returned it in a few days, with very high commendation. *Vide Spence's Anec. p.* 147, *Singer's Ed.*

much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and, you may be assured, they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics:* I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

* These words are since left out in Mr. Tickell's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life. *Pope.*

There is a long note of Broome's in the Eleventh Book of the Odyssey, on the first verses of this description being clogged with spondees, and long syllables, and an hiatus; whereas, in the last line, there is but one spondee, not one monosyllable, nor one hiatus. *Warton.*

Few persons appear to have enjoyed a greater share of the confidence and friendship of Pope than the younger Craggs; who, although educated with a view to public life rather than the studies of literature, evinced a degree of judgment and discrimination in the latter, that induced Pope to consult him on many occasions where he conceived himself in want of the advice of a judicious and able friend. After enjoying several confidential employments, and being sent to Hanover in 1714 with an account of the queen's illness, he was appointed Secretary of State, and died in the year 1720. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. See his Epitaph by Pope, *ante*, vol. iii. p. 367, where a further account of him is given.

"Mr. Craggs," says Warburton, "had no learned education. He wanted to improve himself in letters, and desired Mr. Pope to chuse him out a polite scholar, by whose conversation and instruction he might profit. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton; but Mr. Craggs's untimely death prevented the two latter from receiving the mutual benefits of this connexion."

Nearly twenty years after that event, Pope has recalled the memory of Craggs in such a manner as to pay the highest possible compliment both to his dead friend and his living one:

> Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove,
> (Where *Kent* and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
> The scene, the master, opening to my view;
> I sit, and dream I see my Craggs anew.
>
> *Epil. to the Satires.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

June 15, 1711.

I SEND you Dennis's remarks on the Essay;* which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how these†

* On Criticism.

† But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

three lines can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonist. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press. I confess it is what the English call a bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough. Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book cannot answer for itself to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it.* If I am wrong

* In works of poetry and amusement, and generally in whatever concerns the *composition* of a book, this rule is a very good

in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I never should have known; it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that it was a custom among the *Romans*, while a general rode in triumph to have the common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is

one. In controverted *opinions* the case is different. The advancement of truth, or the defence of an author's honest fame, may sometimes make it necessary, or expedient for him, to answer the objections made to his book. *Warburton.*

the first time that a wit was attacked for his *religion*, as, you will find, I am most zealously in this treatise; and, you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side* on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

> Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
> Cui neque apud *Danaos* usquam locus, et super ipsi
> *Dardanidæ* infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!

It is however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial:

> *Jove* was alike to *Latian* and to *Phrygian*,
> For you well know, that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line

* See the ensuing letter. *Warburton.*

(A second deluge learning over-run) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c., which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time;* but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it.† I am

* Notwithstanding the praises lavished on Leo the Tenth, yet was the restoration of polite literature in the West, chiefly owing to Pope Nicholas the Fifth; who has not met with encomiums equal to his merits. It was he who first ransacked all the Byzantine libraries, and the monasteries of Germany and Britain, for Greek manuscripts. Hence, in the space of eight years, he filled a library with more than five thousand volumes. To him were we indebted for the first translations of Xenophon, Polybius, Thucydides, Herodotus, and Homer; and also of the best parts of Plato and Aristotle. See *Tiraboschi*, tom. vi. p. 109; and in Hody's entertaining account *De Græcis Illustribus*, read pages 55 and 105. *Warton.*

† It is impossible to admit that with respect to polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c., those who succeeded Nicholas the Fifth "fell into the depth of barbarism," or even "stood at a stay" till they were better informed by *Erasmus* and *Reuchlin*. On the contrary, the influx of the Greek scholars who took refuge in Italy, on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, gave a new impulse to those studies; and the progress that was made in them, from that period to the time of Leo the Tenth, comprising the latter half of the fifteenth century, is unexampled in the history of literature, and may emphatically be styled, the *Restoration of learning*. In the former part of that period the Italian scholars were laudably employed in discovering, editing, and commenting upon the ancient authors; but in the latter part of it, from being their admirers,

highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER II.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

June 18, 1711.

In your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my essay,

> (Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
> To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)*

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows, (*Meanly they seek*, &c.) speaks only of wit, (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun,) for how can the sun of faith be said to sublime the southern wits, and to

they became their rivals; and Pontano, Politiano, Sannazaro, Sadoleti, Bembo, and Musurus, have left works which Erasmus and Reuchlin must have been content to admire, rather than to ridicule. *See Essay on Criticism*, ver. 691, note.

* Essay on Criticism, ver. 396.

ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear, these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism; and, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as, I am sure, I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unless they call our church *one small sect:* and the cautious words (*by each man*) manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty, which the reformed ministers and presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.*

Yet after all, I promise you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compass,) that stumbling-block, though it be but a

* The author has here vindicated himself against his critics with judgment, sense, and spirit; and has at the same time displayed a liberality of opinion which regards alike the uncharitable bigots of every religious sect.

little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked, (for some people can no more provoke than oblige,) that is unbecoming the true character of a catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus ;* who in the midst of calumny pro-

* Jortin speaks on this subject with his usual candour and ingenuity. See also Essay on Criticism.

" Le Clerc often censures Erasmus for his lukewarmness, timidity, and unfairness, in the matter of the Reformation; and I, as a translator, have adopted these censures, only softening them a little here and there: for I am, in the main, of the same opinion with Le Clerc as to this point. As protestants, we are certainly much obliged to Erasmus; yet we are more obliged to the authors of the Reformation, to Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, Œcolampadius, Cranmer, Bucer, &c. But here I would observe, once for all, that many arguments may be plausibly urged on the other side, either to excuse, or at least to extenuate very much that conduct of Erasmus which offended the protestant party. Erasmus, as you may see in this account of his life, was not entirely free from prejudices of education, and had some indistinct and confused notions about the authority of the church Catholic. He talks much of submitting his own opinions and his own judgment to her by an act of implicit faith and unlimited obedience. He thought it not lawful to depart from the Church of Rome, corrupted as she was. He was afterwards shocked also at the violent quarrels which arose about the Lord's Supper amongst the Reformers, the Zuinglians, and the Lutherans; for in those days, Zuinglius and his adherents were the only men who talked reasonably upon that subject. He was no less shocked at the pestilent tumults and rebellions of the Rustics, the Fanatics, and

ceeded with all the calmness of innocence,* and the unrevenging spirit of primitive Christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault

Anabaptists. I cannot believe, that the fear of losing his pensions, and of coming to want, made him say and do things which he thought to be unlawful: but it may be fairly supposed, that he was afraid of disobliging several of his oldest and best friends, who were against the Lutheran reformation; of offending, not only Henry VIII. and Charles V. and the Popes, and George of Saxony, and Wolsey, &c. but even his patrons Warham, Montjoy, More, Tonstal, Fisher, Campegius, Bembus, Sadolet, and many others whom he loved entirely, and to some of whom he was much obliged. These things might influence his judgment, though he himself was not at all aware of it. There is no necessity to suppose, that he acted against his conscience in adhering to the Church of Rome. No: he persuaded himself that he did as much as piety and prudence required from him, in freely censuring her defects." *Warton.*

* I doubt this is not strictly true. See his answers to Lee, archbishop of York. Though it must be owned this miserable prelate had provoked the incomparable man, by the most infamous scurrilities and abuse. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton, methinks, could not, with propriety, object to Erasmus, that he had answered an opponent with warmth, and even vehemence of spirit. The liberal sentiments of Erasmus are in no parts of his works more striking, than in the Dedication prefixed to St. Hilary, and his fine Preface to the Enchiridion Militis Christiani. *Warton.*

with me only, who will submit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none: for, as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.**

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

July 19, 1711.

The concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals† have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean

* It were to be wished that all the sentiments of St. Austin had been equally candid and judicious. *Warton.*

† Alluding to the anger expressed by the ignorant bigots of his religion, against the most able parts of his Essay. He says in the Poem,

"And drove the *holy Vandals* off the stage!" *Bowles.*

artifices and *piæ fraudes*,* which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow † to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves : invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God, (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ec-

* In a letter written January 8, 1782, to the President Henault, Voltaire thus attempts to defend the freedom of his opinions : " Je ne crois pas qu'il me soit echappé un seul trait contre la Religion : les fureurs du Calvanisme, les querelles du Jansenisme, les illusions mystiques du Quietisme, ne sont pas la religion. J'ai cru que c'était rendre service à l'esprit humain de rendre le fanatisme exécrable, et les disputes théologiques ridicules." If he had confined his wit to these topics, he would not have fallen under the just and severe censure that has been passed on many of his works ; in which he forgot his own striking maxim :

" Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." *Warton.*

† This is a sentiment full of liberality and universal benevolence ; and directly opposite to a *fundamental, unchristian, narrow* tenet of the Church of Rome. A zealot, we see, had suspected our author's orthodoxy ; he repels this attack with energy, ability, and truth. The whole letter does honour to the liberality, honesty, and candour, of his sentiments ; and deserves the most attentive perusal. *Warton.*

Pope did not confine his disapprobation to the *Church of Rome*, but extended it to the *unchristian* and *narrow* tenets of every other church, or sect, that would not allow the possibility of salvation to any but themselves ; as may sufficiently appear by referring to his former letter.

clesiastics,) than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.*

There may be errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another; therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hoped a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary must needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality

* This idea is most excellently touched by Swift, where he describes, at the last day, the *bigots* of every sect coming "to see *each other damned!*" *Bowles.*

all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them, I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered; it is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole objection against the simile of Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar serving to confute them) then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to, (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every body,) next the mention of Superstition must become a crime; as if Religion and she were sisters, or that it were a scandal upon the family of Christ, to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards, more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed innocent at first, the two lines about *Schismatics*.* An ordinary

* So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Essay on Crit. ver. 428.

man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull*, and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * these objections: who assured me I had said nothing which a Catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I cannot but acquiesce in; that when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead; whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour; who as he never refused to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, though of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle; which gives us

the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence; and the rather because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition; which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in his first impression, and, I fancy, a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman* in threescore even of a liberal education can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number. You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end. Your, &c.

* The gentlemen, and the education of that time, as Dr. Johnson justly observes, seem to have been (and certainly were) of a lower character than they are of this. *Warton.*

It is rather unfortunate, as well for the conjecture of the author, as the hypothesis of his critics, that notwithstanding the number of the Essay printed, the demand for it still continued; and a *fourth* edition was published in 1713, two years only after its first appearance.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad, for the sake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceased, that Betterton's remains* are fallen into such hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Besides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am satisfied it will be doubly divine, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church-music the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (though I know, that rather than draw any just reflection upon yourself of the least shadow of ill-nature,

* A translation of some part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miscellany with some works of Mr. Pope, in 2 vols. 12mo. by B. Lintot. *Pope.*

you would freely have suppressed one of the best of poems). I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the subject of the Lock, some time since, but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he will be in London. I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W. I hope she is now with her aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady* as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concerned; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am Your, &c.

* The lady here alluded to, was the "unfortunate Lady," over whose story so much mystery has hung; for Pope himself refused to answer the question, which was put to him *twice* by his friend Caryll, respecting her name. She was related to the Duke of Buckingham; and possibly Craggs means the Duchess, by "my Lady." *Bowles.*

There is no evidence that Pope ever *refused* to answer Mr. Caryll's question; although no answer to it appears in the correspondence, which contains only a few of their letters. Neither is it probable that by "my Lady," Mr. Craggs meant the Duchess of Buckingham, as the same lady is mentioned in the ensuing letter by the name of Lady A. These letters evince the deep interest which Pope took in the welfare of the person to whom they relate, and may serve to account for the enthusiasm manifested by him in the verses inscribed to her memory.

LETTER V.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

May 28, 1712.

It is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discovered countries, utterly ignorant of the disposition of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone: yet, we see, the world generally takes care they shall be so; whereas, if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow: all I shall say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you.

Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you. Flatterers have taken up the style which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: so that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and shew themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness. ——Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already: expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men,) and be kindly content for the future, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write. Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

December 5, 1712.

You have at length complied with the request I have often made you, for you have shewn me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters. Upon a review of them, I find many

things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain, without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But, I find, that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceived that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet, as when people have a full idea of a thing first

upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour). You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man; but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whispers*, so hasten to conclude.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffeehouse (as I was told) saying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the Whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum.* Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscrip-

* This seems to allude to a ridiculous report that Philips had hung up a rod at Button's with which he threatened to chastise Pope.

tions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon,* in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, &c.

* Gay was appointed to attend Lord Clarendon to Hanover, to announce to the elector the illness of the queen. *Bowles.*

LETTER VIII.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

July 13, 1714.

You mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness: but I cannot tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for some years past, looked upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even, in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they

cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones: for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled: and at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction, which praise cannot bestow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (though in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images, and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry; long habit, and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old

in rhyme; and I should be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you. Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water; for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they

do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T**'s and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T* a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk* in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord, I appeal

* He afterwards versified this thought, and indeed many others from his letters. Milton did the same from his prose works. *Warton.*

to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's book: and I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and *soupes* are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend."* However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

* Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, published in the *Report of the Secret Committee.* *Warburton.*

LETTER X.

FROM THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 19th August, O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide that it was a witty one. I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this opinion is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleasure is continually flowing. The princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The ladies are of all parties,* by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on politics and rough jests, we are so guilty of, while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these beauties are a little too artificial for my taste. You have seen a French picture; the original is more painted; and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing stays, and indulging themselves at table, they run out of all shape; but as to that, they may give you a good reason; they prefer con-

* i. e. In all companies. *Warburton.*

veniency to parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

I am surprized to find I have wrote so much scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit. I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with. I will not trouble myself to finish finely; a true compliment is better than a good one; and I can assure you, without any, that I am very sincerely, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

FROM THE HON. JAMES CRAGGS.

Cockpit, Oct. 1, 1719.

I WAS yesterday out of town, and came directly here this morning, where I received your letter, inclosed in a very fine one from Sir Godfrey Kneller. You will easily imagine how much I am concerned at the accident which has befallen him; but I comfort myself, since his hand and head, which I could least have spared, remain in their former vigour and condition. I do not see why this misfortune is to be completed by the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot's and your good company, which you will give me leave to expect to-morrow at Battersea; when we will drink Sir Godfrey's health, and make a new appointment against his recovery. I am entirely, Dear Sir, Yours.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. CARYLL.

We are informed by Mr. Spence that the person at whose instance Pope wrote the Rape of the Lock, was *old* Mr. Caryll of Sussex. This Gentleman, as appears from Pope's own account, had been Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. and was author of the Comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies. Whether the same person was the correspondent of Pope may perhaps be doubted; as the first letter of the ensuing series is addressed to Mr. Caryll, *jun.* who was probably the author of the letters addressed to Pope in this Collection, and the person alluded to in the following account given by Mr. Bowles:

"The widow of this respectable gentleman lived at West Grinstead many years. She had one daughter. The estate descended to a nephew. He sold it, and afterwards went to Boulogne, where he died. The family were rigid Catholics, but of great respectability. The Caryll mentioned here left a sum of money to support a Catholic chapel, which is used for that purpose at present, though there are none of the family, which was once so rich and extensive, remaining. Gay says, in his "Welcome,"

"——— the Carylls come *by dozens*."

The park and estate now belong to Walter Burrel, Esq. second son of Sir William Burrel, of Deepden, near Dorking, Surrey."

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. CARYLL.

LETTER I.*

TO MR. CARYLL, JUN. AT FINDEN.

DEAR SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 5, 1712.

WHILE you are pursuing the sprightly delights of the field, springing up with activity at the dawning day, rousing a whole country with shouts and horns, and inspiring animals and rationals with like fury and ardour; while your blood boils high in every vein, your heart bounds in your breast, and as vigorous a confluence of spirits rushes to it at the sight of a fox as could be stirred up by that of an army of invaders; while the zeal of the chase devours the whole man, and moves him no less than the love of our country, or the defence of our altars could do; while, I say,

* This very interesting and characteristic letter is now first published by the obliging permission of Dawson Turner, Esq. from the original in his possession.

(and I think I say it like a modern orator, considering the length of my period, and the little sense that is to follow it), while you are thus employed, I am just in the reverse of all this spirit and life, confined to a narrow closet, lolling on an arm chair, nodding away my days over a fire, like the picture of January in an old Salisbury Primer. I believe no mortal ever lived in such indolence and inactivity of body, though my mind be perpetually rambling (it no more knows whither than poor Adrian's did when he lay a-dying). Like a witch, whose carcase lies motionless on the floor, while she keeps her airy sabbaths, and enjoys a thousand imaginary entertainments abroad, in this world and in others. I seem to sleep in the midst of the hurry, even as you would swear a top stands still, when it is in the whirl of its giddy motion. It is no figure, but a serious truth I tell thee when I say that my days and nights are so much alike, so equally insensible of any moving power but fancy, that I have sometimes spoke of things in our family as truths and real accidents, which I only dreamt of; and again, when some things that actually happened came into my head, have thought (till I inquired) that I had only dreamed of them; this will shew you how little I feel in this state either of pleasure or pain; I am fixed in a stupid settled medium between both.

But possibly some of my good friends, whom we have lately spoke of in our last letters, may give me a more lively sense of things in a short time, and

awaken my intellects to a perfect feeling of myself and them. I therefore have some reason to hope no man that calls himself my friend (except it be such an obstinate, refractory person as yourself), will do me the injury to hinder these well-meaning gentlemen from beating up my understanding. Whipt wits, like whipt creams, afford a most sweet and delectable syllabub to the taste of the town, and often please them better with the dessert than all the meal they had before. So, if Sir Plume should take the pains to dress me,* I might possibly make the last course better than the first. When a stale cold fool is well heated, and hashed by a satirical cook, he may be tossed up into a kickshaw not disagreeable. What you mention of the satisfaction I may take in seeing an enemy punish himself, and become ridiculous in attacking me, I must honestly tell you is, and can be, none to me. I can hate no man so much as to feel a pleasure in what can possibly do my person no good, his exposing himself. I am no way the wiser for another's being a fool, and receive no addition of credit from another's loss of it. As to the other case, which you own would give a man the spleen (the being misconstrued by the very people we endeavour to serve) I have ever made it my first maxim, never to seek for any thing from a good action but

* This passage confirms the received opinion that Sir George Brown was so highly displeased, on being represented under the character of Sir Plume, as to have threatened personal violence to the author.

the action itself, and the conscious pleasure of a sincere intention. As some proof that this is my real thought, I was not ignorant of such misconstruction even during the time I pressed the most to serve that lady. It may perhaps be often a blessing of God that a man wants the fortune and power he wishes for, which, if he had, he would employ possibly in some sort of services to others which might be fatal to himself.

I beg you to believe I am very sensible of your goodwill towards me, which you express so much in taking notice of every thing which I seem concerned about. I could be very glad to be with you and Mr. Stafford* at Finden, though I verily believe you would run away from me as fast as your horses could carry you. Besides, two accidental reasons make me very desirous of knowing Mr. Stafford; one, that he is much your friend, and the other, that I have particular obligations to his father. I have a general one, which is likewise a very strong inducement, that universal good character which I find he has even among people that scarce commend any man. I make him no compliment when I say that I have heard the vain commend him for his modesty, and the drunkard for his temperance. And a man in these days must have excellent qua-

* Mr. Stafford, here mentioned, is probably the person for whom Pope appears to have interested himself in an affair of some difficulty; and who is referred to by Lord Lansdown in the Letters to and from several noblemen, No. II.

lities indeed, who gains the esteem of the world without complying with its vices and follies.

I am, with all truth, most heartily,
Dear Sir,
Your affectionate and obliged servant,
A. Pope.

My humble service to Mr. Richard Caryll, who I hear is with you at Finden.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. CARYLL.

West Grinstead, July 16, 1717.

I have not had a word from your holiness since my last to you, nor any account of the receipt of some pictures that I desired you to get framed and secured. This, and the earnest desire I have of kissing your toe at Grinstead, or rather a pretty lady's cheek (whom you have talked of as a companion in your journey), occasions you the trouble of this, to know the reason why you flag in your good resolutions, or rather in the execution of them. But I enjoy you in spirit, though I cannot in person; for your works are my daily lecture, and with what satisfaction I need not repeat to you. But pray in your next tell me who was the *unfortunate Lady* you address a copy of verses

to.* I think you once gave me her history, but it is now quite out of my head. But now I have named such a person, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have complied with her desires, though I think a second voyage to such a rascal is the most preposterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* It is harder to find than the man Diogenes looked for with a candle and lantern at noon-day. Adieu. I am, most abruptly, but most sincerely, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. CARYLL.

DEAR SIR, *August* 18, 1717.

WHEN yours of the 6th instant arrived here, I was got into the East, not among the wise men of that corner, but amidst the fools of Tunbridge. My stay with them was but of four days, but I had spent the three preceding ones, I think, in worse company, the knaves of the law at our country assizes at Lewes. A cause called me thither, which, though I gained, I may brag of like my brother Teague, that it was just nothing at all, nor had I got that neither had I not bestirred my stumps.

When my pictures are done, be pleased to order

* See Verses to the "Unfortunate Lady." Pope, for some reasons with which we are not now acquainted, declined answering this question. *Bowles.*

them down to Ladyholt* by the Stanstead carrier, who inns in Gerrard-street.—You answer not my question who the *unfortunate lady* was, that you inscribe a copy of verses to in your book. I long to be retold her story, for I believe you already told me formerly; but I shall refer that and a thousand other things more to chat over at our next meeting, which I hope draws near; presume my wife has fixed on a time with my dear Patty, to whom I pray my humble service, as also to her fair sister. I am in more haste, or rather hurry, than usual, but not less, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. C——.†

September 2, 1732.

I ASSURE you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since: but a friend of yours and mine was of opi-

* A seat of the family, in the parish of Harting, Hants. *Bowles.*

† Mr. Caryll, probably. *Bowles.*

It seems unlikely, if Mr. Caryll had been the person who had conducted himself with unkindness towards "*the unfortunate lady*," that he would have made the inquiries that appear in the foregoing letters. The above letter was therefore probably addressed to some other person; but, as it has a reference to this subject, it has been thought proper to add it to this correspondence.

nion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and goodwill. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. ———, and I have often hinted it to yourself: the truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint, for the unhappy lady gives me now no further pain; she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion; the hardships done her are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concerned in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I will name you the obstacles which I cannot surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends, I hardly dare while there are Curlls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the im-

pertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you will confess I have small reason to indulge correspondences; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scribblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wished it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a Christian to wish I should have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought, in prejudice of the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, though not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing,

Your, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL NOBLEMEN.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL NOBLEMEN.

LETTER I.

TO LORD LANSDOWN.*

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow-scribblers. Yet, my lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it af-

* George Granville, Lord Lansdown, to whom Pope inscribed his Windsor Forest, and whom he has celebrated also on other occasions:

" ——— *Granville* the polite,
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write."

V. ante, vol. iii. p. 5, note.

fords me a great deal of pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain, if I was not sure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much; therefore I may safely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourself in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a favour in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you. This I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own, could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your lordship's, &c.

LETTER II.

FROM LORD LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleased beyond measure with your design of translating Homer. The trials which you have already made and published on some parts of that author, have shewn that you are equal to so great

a task: and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your service.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleased to concern yourself, has had the good effects of the Queen's grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that her majesty had not only directed his pardon, but ordered a writ for reversing his outlawry. Your, &c.

LETTER III.

TO GENERAL ANTHONY HAMILTON,*

Upon his having translated into French Verse the Essay on Criticism.

October 10, 1713.

If I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart as you have done those of my head, in your excel-

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont, Contas,* and other pieces of note in French. *Pope.*

They have been lately printed most beautifully at Strawberry Hill, in quarto, with cuts of each remarkable person mentioned in them, under the auspices, and by the direction of a nobleman, whose taste and literature are equalled only by the elegance of his manners and the goodness of his heart. The Memoirs of Grammont, if no other proofs were extant, would be indisputable and irrefragable testimonies of the extreme profligacy and dissoluteness of manners in the court of Charles the Second; manners learnt and imitated from the court of Louis the Fourteenth; whence also he adopted and brought hither those principles of arbitrary power that England would not bear, and of which we have lived to see

lent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once, a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having, at the same time, made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, though we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

the very lamentable effects in France itself. For it must, after all, be confessed, that, in that unhappy country, it was DESPOTISM which has ultimately produced ANARCHY, and POPERY which has produced ATHEISM. *Warton.*

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here;* to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am your, &c.

LETTER IV.†

TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

MY LORD, *December* 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favors you have done me, and for those you intend me. I

* This was never done, for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the First, printed in quarto at Amsterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbé Resnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

Pope.

† Great misrepresentation seems to have taken place respecting the acquaintance between Pope and this nobleman, as has been already noticed in the Life of Pope, chap. iii. and in the Prologue to the Satires, ver. 232, note. From what is there stated, it will sufficiently appear that the character of *Bufo*, which was written in the latter period of the life of Pope, could not have been intended for Lord Halifax, who died in 1715, when Pope was a young man. It may here also be further observed, that the anecdote related by Spence as to Lord Halifax's criticizing Pope's Iliad, and approving of the passages objected to when afterwards shewn to him by Pope as altered, is wholly inconsistent with, if

distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am), Yours, &c.*

LETTER V.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.†

[In answer to a Letter in which he inclosed the Description of Buckingham-House, written by him to the D. of Sh.]

As this letter of the Duke may afford some assistance in explaining that of Pope, which is sufficiently obscure, and as it contains a very curious and particular account of Buckingham House

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not in direct contradiction to the fact, that the two first books of the Iliad were not only shewn to, but left in the hands of Lord Halifax for his perusal, as appears by the Letter from Pope to Addison, of the 10th Oct. 1714, *v. ante*, p. 208.

* Lord Halifax died in the month of May following.

† John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was one of the most extraordinary persons of his time. He traced his descent from

(since the residence of majesty) and of the style of living in London a century ago, it is now, for the first time, inserted in the works of Pope, to whom, it seems, a copy of it was sent by the author.

The original appears to have been addressed to the Duke of *Sh.* by which we might understand the Duke of *Shrewsbury;* but Ayre gives it explicitly to the Duke of *Chandos.*

I RISE now in summer, about seven o'clock, from a very large bed-chamber, entirely quiet, high, and free from the early sun, to walk in the garden; or, if rainy, in a saloon filled with pictures, some good, but none disagreeable; there also, in a row above them, I have so many portraits of famous persons

Sir Robert Sheffield, who lived in the time of Henry III. His ancestor, another Sir Robert, was Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Henry VII. Edmund Sheffield was made Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth, and created Earl of Mulgrave by Charles I. His grandson, Edmund, Earl of Mulgrave, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, by whom he had this *John*, created, by King William, Marquis of *Normanby*, and by Queen Anne, under whom he successively held the high stations of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord Steward, and President of the Council, *Duke* of *Buckinghamshire.*

After visiting France and Italy, he entered into the naval service, and was a volunteer in the great engagement at Solbay, where he behaved so gallantly, that he was immediately raised to the command of the *Royal Catharine*, a first-rate ship; but on the Duke of York being compelled to quit the sea-service, he followed him, and had the command of a regiment given him, which he continued to hold during the Dutch war. He drew up a memoir of himself, in which many curious circumstances are related of his early life, particularly his proposed duel on horseback with the Earl of Rochester, who lost his reputation by evading it on the pretext of want of health.

As a literary character, the Duke of Buckingham obtained great celebrity by his *Essay on Poetry.* He was also the author of many poetical pieces, printed in the miscellanies of the times, in the names of the Earl of Mulgrave and Marquis of Normanby, under

in several kinds, as are enough to excite ambition in any man less lazy, or less at ease, than myself.

Instead of a little dozing closet, according to the unwholesome custom of most people, I chuse this spacious room, for all my small affairs, reading books or writing letters; where I am never in the least tired, by the help of stretching my legs sometimes in so long a room, and of looking into the pleasantest park in the world just underneath it.

Visits, after a certain hour, are not to be avoided; some of which I own a little fatiguing (though thanks to the town's laziness, they come pretty late) if the garden was not so near, as to give a seasonable refreshment between those ceremonious interruptions. And I am more sorry than my

which he is frequently celebrated by his contemporaries. Thus Lord Lansdown:

> Roscommon first, then *Mulgrave* rose to light,
> To clear our darkness and to guide our flight.

and Garth, in his Dispensary:

> Now Tyber's streams no courtly Gallus see,
> But smiling Thames enjoys his *Normanby*.

The Duke of Buckingham died in February, 1720, having left the following impressive lines to be inscribed on his tomb:

> *Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republicâ semper:*
> *Dubius, sed non improbus, vixi:*
> *Incertus morior, non perturbatus:*
> *Humanum est nescire et errare;*
> *Deo confido, Christum adveneror;*
> *Ens Entium, miserere mei!*

By his wife, Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II., he had a son, Edmund, Duke of Buckingham, born in 1716, who died in 1735, and on whom Pope has written one of his best Epitaphs.

coachman himself if I am forced to go abroad any part of the morning. For though my garden is such, as by not pretending to rarities or curiosities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's thoughts, yet by the advantage of situation and prospect, it is able to suggest the noblest that can be; in representing at once to view a vast town, a palace, and a magnificent cathedral. I confess the last, with all its splendor, has less share in exciting my devotion, than the most common shrub in my garden: for though I am apt to be sincerely devout in any sort of religious assemblies, from the very best (that of our own church) even to those of Jews, Turks, and Indians, yet the works of nature appear to me the better sort of sermons; and every flower contains in it the most edifying rhetoric, to fill us with admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably with friends, or at worst with better company than your country neighbours) I drive away to Marybone, a place of air and exercise, which some constitutions are in absolute need of: agitation of the body and diversion of the mind, being a composition for health above all the skill of Hippocrates.

The small distance of this place from London, is just enough for recovering my weariness, and recruiting my spirits, so as to make me fitter than before I set out, for either business or pleasure. At the mentioning the last of these, methinks I see you smile; but I confess myself so changed (which you maliciously, I know, will call decayed) as to

my former enchanting delights, that the company I commonly find at home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the evening on a delightful terrace, or in any place from late visits, except of familiar acquaintance.

By this account you will see, that most of my time is conjugally spent at home; and consequently you will blame my laziness more than ever, for not employing it in a new way, which your partiality is wont to think me capable of. Therefore I am obliged to go on with this trifling description, as some excuse for my idleness. But how such a description itself is excusable, is what I should be very much in pain about, if I thought any body could see it besides yourself, who are too good a judge of all things to mistake a friend's compliance in a private letter, for the least touch of vanity.

The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my iron palisade that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great bason with statues and water-works, and from its entrance rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a terrace in the front of a large hall, paved with square white stones, mixed with a dark coloured marble; the walls of it covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raphael. Out of this, on the right hand, we go

into a parlour, thirty-three foot by thirty-nine, with a niche fifteen foot broad for a buffet, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch, with pilasters of divers colours, the upper part of which is as high as the ceiling, which is painted by Ricci.

From hence we pass through a suite of large rooms into a bed-chamber, of thirty-four foot by twenty-seven; within it a large closet, that opens into a green-house.

On the left hand of the hall are three stone arches, supported by Corinthian pillars, under one of which we go up eight-and-forty steps ten foot broad, each step of one entire Portland stone: these stairs, by the help of two resting places, are so very easy, there is no need of leaning on the iron baluster. The walls are painted with the story of Dido; whom though the poet was obliged to despatch away mournfully, in order to make room for Lavinia, the better natured painter has brought no farther than to that fatal cave, where the lovers appear just entering, and languishing with desire.

The roof of this staircase, which is fifty-five foot from the ground, is of forty foot by thirty-six, filled with the figures of gods and goddesses: the midst is Juno, condescending to beg assistance from Venus, to bring about a marriage, which the Fates intended should be the ruin of her own darling queen and people. By which that sublime poet wisely intimates, that we should never be over eager for any thing, either in our pursuits, or our

prayers; least what we endeavour to ask too violently for our interest, should be granted us by Providence, only in order to our ruin.

The bass-reliefs and little squares above, are all episodical paintings of the same story: and the largeness of the whole has admitted of a sure remedy against any decay of the colours from saltpetre in the wall, by making another of oak laths four inches within it, and so primed over like a picture.

From a wide landing-place on the stair's head, a great double door opens into an apartment of the same dimensions with that below, only three foot higher: notwithstanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher saloon had not been divided from it. The first room of this floor has within it a closet of original pictures, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful prospect from the windows. Out of the second room a pair of great doors give entrance into the saloon, which is thirty-five foot high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of its roof a round picture of Gentileschi, eighteen foot in diameter, represents the muses playing in consort to Apollo, lying along on a cloud to hear them. The rest of the room is adorned with paintings relating to arts and sciences; and underneath divers original pictures hang all in good lights, by the help of an upper row of windows, which drown the glaring.

Much of this seems appertaining to parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest,

which is all for conveniency. As first, a covered passage from the kitchen without doors; and another down to the cellars, and all the offices within. Near this a large and lightsome back-stairs leads up to such an entry above, as secures our private bed-chambers both from noise and cold. Here we have necessary dressing-rooms, servants' rooms, and closets, from which are the pleasantest views of all the house, with a little door for communication betwixt this private apartment and the great one.

These stairs, and those of the same kind at the other end of the house, carry us up to the highest story, fitted for the women and children, with the floors so contrived, as to prevent all noise over my wife's head, during the mysteries of Lucina.

In mentioning the court at first, I forgot the two wings in it, built on stone arches, which join the house by corridors, supported on Ionic pillars. In one of these wings is a large kitchen, thirty foot high, with an open cupola on the top: near it a larder, brewhouse, and laundry, with rooms over them for servants: the upper sort of servants are lodged in the other wing, which has also two wardrobes, and a store room for fruit. On the top of all a leaden cistern, holding fifty tons of water, driven up by an engine from the Thames, supplies all the water-works in the courts and gardens, which lie quite round the house; through one of which a grass walk conducts to the stables, built round a court, with six coach-houses and forty stalls.

I will add but one thing before I carry you into the garden, and that is about walking too, but it is on the top of all the house, which being covered with smooth milled lead, and defended by a parapet of balusters from apprehension as well as danger, entertains the eye with a far distant prospect of hills and dales, and a near one of parks and gardens. To these gardens we go down from the house by seven steps, into a gravel walk that reaches cross the whole garden; with a covered arbour at each end of it. Another of thirty foot broad, leads from the front of the house, and lies between two groves of tall lime trees, planted in several equal ranks upon a carpet of grass: the outsides of these groves are bordered with tubs of bays and orange trees.

At the end of this broad walk you go up to a terrace four hundred paces long, with a large semicircle in the middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two parks, and a great part of Surrey; then going down a few steps, you walk on the bank of a canal six hundred yards long and seventeen broad, with two rows of limes on each side of it.

On one side of this terrace, a wall covered with roses and jessamines, is made low to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just under it; (no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city) and at each end a descent into parterres, with fountains and water-works.

From the biggest of these parterres we pass

into a little square garden, that has a fountain in the middle, and two green-houses on the sides, with a convenient bathing apartment in one of them, and near another part of it lies a flower garden. Below all this, a kitchen garden, full of the best sorts of fruit, has several walks in it fit for the coldest weather.

Thus I have done with a tedious description. Only one thing I forgot, though of more satisfaction to me than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and it is a little closet of books at the end of that green-house which joins the best apartment; which, besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a method, that by its mark a very Irish footman may fetch any book I want.

Under the windows of this closet and green-house is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the view of that fine canal in the Park.

MR. POPE TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head; nay, two houses, as appears by two of his Epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as those of Fleet-street: but it is dangerous to let creditors

into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all:* he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit totâ*——an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habita-

* But Virgil, afterwards, possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples. And Horace, says Swift, I am sure kept his coach. Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite statues of Greece. Of modern poets, Trissino and Voltaire seem to have had the most superb houses. The former, who was a skilful architect as well as poet, was rich enough to build a palace from a design of his own, under the direction of the celebrated Palladio. And the château of Voltaire, at Ferney, has been visited by so many Englishmen, as to render a description of it superfluous. Mr. Harte related to me, that Pope, in one of their usual walks together, desired him to go with him to a house in the Hay-market, where he would shew him a curiosity. On being admitted by an old woman who kept a little shop, and going up three pair of stairs into a small room: "In this garret," said Pope, "Addison wrote his Campaign." *Warton.*

tion* for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season, without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours, but, finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.†

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through

* Buckingham-House.

† It is not easy to determine whether Pope had any particular place in view, the peculiarities of which he has exaggerated; or whether the whole is the work of his own imagination. If we had not reason to believe that he held the Duke of Buckingham in great respect, we might be inclined to believe, from the comparison between the domestic accommodations of authors in ancient and modern times, as well as from some parts of the description, that he intended to ridicule the very minute and particular manner in which the Duke had drawn up his account of Buckingham House.

the porch to be let into the hall: alas! nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty matchlock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window* beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a

* This letter contains a most lively and picturesque account of an old Gothic seat or castle.

> In Britain's isle, no matter where,
> An ancient pile of building stands:
> The Huntingdons, and Hattons there
> Employ'd the power of fairy hands,
>
> To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
> Each panel in achievements cloathing;
> Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing. GRAY.

Warton.

knight whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory? and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night, that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are carefully set at the further corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a

little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little further on the right the servants' hall, and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she prayed, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty-six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say,

those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the Library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched grey-headed steward,* who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogs-

* Old *Vellum*, so naturally painted by Addison, who, in truth, always painted naturally. *Warton.*

head of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master* of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a farthingale through the key-hole; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which

* Not master of this mansion, but of all this *drink!* The stone steps, and the haunted chamber, and arms on the bottles, are admirable. *Warton.*

itself must soon fall into dust; nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

You desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer:* and I think it ex-

* The mildness, civility, and politeness with which La Motte wrote against the opinions of Mad. Dacier, make his Discourse on Homer a model of controversy. The lady replied to him with acrimony and vehemence. If he had insinuated that she had wrinkles, or that she had weakened her eyes by poring over *Aldus's Aristophanes*, she could not have been more exasperated. La Motte, not understanding Greek, was certainly an incompetent judge; and his chief objections arise from the *manners* of Homer not being like the *French* manners. The prose of La Motte is fat

cusable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable, (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres,) both on account of the illustrious subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex for softness, gentleness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even

superior to his verse. His *Abridgment of Homer* is imperfect and uninteresting. He was one of the chief combatants in the great controversy concerning the respective merits of the ancients and moderns. He was honoured with the friendship of Fenelon; whose letters to him abound in good sterling judgment, and exquisite taste; particularly one, in which Fenelon makes objections to rhyme, that appear unanswerable. "La rime gêne plus qu'elle n'orne les vers. Elle les charge d'épithètes; elle rend souvent la diction forcée, et pleine d'une vaine parure; en allongeant les discours, elle les affoiblit. Souvent on a recours à un vers inutile, pour en amener un bon." La Motte was so great an enemy to rhyme, that he addressed an Ode to Cardinal Fleury in blank verse; in which measure also he wrote the Tragedy of Œdipus, and defended his practice in a spirited preface against some strong objections of Voltaire. His other tragedies in rhyme were, Romulus, the Maccabees, and Ines de Castro; a story on which the Elvira of Mallet is founded. *Warton.*

about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. Mad. Dacier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of: I believe indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right,)* she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if, in doing this, she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakably-charm-

* A thought of Cervantes. *Warburton.*

ing author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind (though but in that way of translation) as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse, which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to out-do Mad. Dacier, but endeavoured to out-do Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet, I must need say, his excellences are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was

about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding them any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition nobody has less occasion, than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himself; though no man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shows so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellences.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* since as good a poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to cen-

sure, that would have otherwise stood the test* of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it,) but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself,† as not the least to doubt his reader being so also. Like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable for being always so very movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objection about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute

* It is impossible and absurd to assent to this encomium on the *Frenchified* Homer of La Motte. *Warton.*

† An insufferable calumny against our divine old bard. There are more strokes of humanity than cruelty in the Iliad, notwithstanding these passages hinted at. The interview of Priam with Achilles, when he comes to beg the body of his son, is, in my apprehension, the finest description in any poet, ancient or modern, whatever. *Warton.*

about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

Mad. Dacier* might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Mad. Dacier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose, his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

* Menage wrote this Greek Distich on her celebrated translation:

Ἰλιὰς ἦδ' Ἄννης Δακηρίδος, ἢ μάλα δήτοι
Νῦν Πηληϊάδεω μῆνιν ἄειστε θεά.

But the Abbé Cartaud, in his Essay on Taste, has given a ridiculous representation of this learned lady, in the act of reciting the parting scene of Hector and Andromache: and adds, that it were to be wished that she had confined her occupations to such as employed the mind and hands of the amiable wife of Hector.

Warton.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER VII.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

September 1, 1718.

I AM much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace show more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's Art of Poetry more skill and

science, than any of hers on any author whatever.* In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are, besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true proprietor without observing upon it. If Madame Dacier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's epic poetry, but what he learned from Madame Dacier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la

* This is a just character of that excellent critic's writings; who seems not to have justice done him, either at home or abroad. *Warburton.*

Valterie;* so elegant that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque.† Your Grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults, in the one, and of confessing none in the other: but doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse, (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray,) I will venture to

* To which translation Pope himself was not a little obliged. *Warton.*

† That vain and haughty despot, Louis XIV. would never forgive Fenelon for the many sarcasms scattered up and down in his Telemachus, on pride, profusion, luxury, and arbitrary power. For these, much more than for the "Maxims of the Saints," was this virtuous and exemplary prelate banished from the court to his diocese. And Cardinal Fleury would not suffer Louis XV. to read Telemachus. As to La Motte, in addition to what has been said of his Odes being more philosophical than poetical, it may also be observed, that so were his Fables. In the latter also were introduced too many new and improper personifications; and Dom Jugement, Dame Memoire, and Demoiselle Imagination, Talent, and Reputation, seem to be strange actors in a fable. See Fable XIII. His Discourses on Fable, on Lyric Poetry, and on Homer, (though so vehemently proscribed by Mad. Dacier,) contain many acute and original remarks. The cheerfulness and equanimity with which he endured the calamity of blindness, for many years, does him more real honour than could be acquired by the best compositions of prose or verse. To the same good temper may be ascribed his cordial reconciliation with Mad. Dacier, after their severe combat, to whom he addressed an Ode full of delicate compliments. *Warton.*

say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, no disputants even in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the same interests go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shocked at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew myself a true commentator, if not a true critic,) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book. And to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I will shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at

least be so good, as to allow the second may. But, I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord Peterborough, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer: "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, (*August*, 1714.*)

If your mare could speak,† she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare,) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

* The date of this letter is sufficiently ascertained by the subject; the first visit of Pope to Oxford having been in August, 1714, from which he returned towards the latter end of that month.

† The account of this journey is given with the most exquisite humour. I know of nothing in our language that equals it, except, perhaps, Mr. Colman's description, in a *Terræ Filius*, of an expedition of his bookseller and his wife to Oxford. *Warton.*

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the newspaper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sus-

sex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are.—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude; "Nothing, (says he,) I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods." When we were alighted: "See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr

Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, Seven miles. "Z——ds, Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King* would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I,) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he,) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are

* Of the Commons, author of the Art of Cookery and other forgotten poetry. *Warton.*

you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S* for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir, said he, nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.——As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest: a lean

man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—he was going on, when my wife called to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book, I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in. My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent."

"Now, sir, (continued Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to.—"That may be," replied Mr. Lintot, "but by G——, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have

chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.*

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, *March* 7, 1731.

The clamour raised about my Epistle to you could not give me so much pain, as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserved this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the writer deserved more candour, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which,

* This Letter was occasioned by the clamour raised against Pope for his character of Timon, in the fourth of his Moral Epistles, on "The use of Riches," under which it was said he intended to satirize the Duke of Chandos, with whom he had lived on terms of friendship and intimacy. As that Epistle was addressed to Lord Burlington, Pope thought it most proper that this letter should also be addressed to him.

in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villanous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since malice and mistake are so long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself.*

However, my lord, I own that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay, half incline me to write no more: that would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander raised by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous, and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves,

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Chandos wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion. *Pope.*

and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.

I am, my Lord, your most affectionate, &c.

LETTER X.*

TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD.†

MY LORD, *October* 21, 1721.

YOUR lordship may be surprized at the liberty I take in writing to you; though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some

* This Letter was addressed to Lord Oxford, a short time before his liberation from the Tower, and was accompanied by the works of Parnelle, as published by Pope, and dedicated to Lord Oxford in the copy of beautiful verses prefixed to them.

† If he had not been released from his imprisonment in the Tower, and had been brought to a trial, he would have produced strong and undeniable proofs, that many of his persecutors, particularly the D. of M——h, were engaged in intrigues with the Pretender and his party. His friends had in their custody a letter that irrefragably would have proved this fact, which they shewed to the Duchess. Lord Oxford was released soon after this letter had been shewn to her. *Warton.*

This account seems to be contradicted by the well known fact that the Duke of Marlborough, though infirm, was present at every debate respecting the Earl of Oxford, and *voted in favour of the prosecution.*—Vide *Coxe's Life of the D. of Marl.*, vol. vi. p. 352.

others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant, but I own I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his. I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity, perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you); but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always, my Lord, Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

FROM ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD.

SIR, *Brampton Castle, Nov.* 6, 1721.

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings* I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

* "Recal the evenings of thy toilsome days;
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays."

LETTER XII.

TO EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.*

MY LORD, *September* 22, 1732.

IT was a great grief to me not to be able to snatch one day more to be happy with you, before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myself, within a week after, obliged to do that for business which I could not for pleasure, for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens.* I am extremely sensible, my lord, of the many great distinctions you have shewn me, the original of all which I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my respect was too sincere to be expressed in poetry: and if, from the continuance of your good opinion I may derive some imagination that you thought me not a worse man than a poet, it is a greater obligation to me personally,

* Son of the celebrated minister, and of whom Pope says in one of his letters to Swift: "I have the happiness to live near Lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father." He died in 1741, as appears by a letter from the Earl of Orrery to Swift, dated July 7, 1741, when he says: "Poor Lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased Earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money. His lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds; four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good nature, and want of worldly wisdom; and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, five thousand pounds a year for his widow. *Vide Swift's Works*, vol. xix. p. 331. *Sir W. Scott's Ed.*

than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men I no less esteem and love the son, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite displeasing. If any objection to the manner of it occur to your lordship, I depend on you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me so. Otherwise I will interpret your silence as a consent to let me acquaint every body that I am, (what I truly feel myself,) my lord, your ever affectionate and obliged humble servant.

My lady and lady Margaret do not know how much I am theirs, unless your lordship will tell them you believe it of me; and my poor old woman heartily (though feebly) expresses her service to you all.

LETTER XIII.

TO EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *October* 20, 1733.

I AM returned a week since from my Lord Peterborough, with whom I passed three weeks as agreeably and as healthfully as I ever did in my life. I was not a little disappointed to find your lordship in London, though, considering the fine weather, and how late in the season you enjoyed it, I ought not to lament an absence which must both give you health and pleasure. Your house I found totally at my service, and took up my choice (like a young

and ambitious man) in no room of it but lady Margaret's. How much might I say upon that subject, were I a poet! but the misfortune of being what seldom consists with that character, a bashful and backward man, keeps me silent. I shall be little in town (if at all) till your return, and, in truth, since I came home, I have had my health so ill, that I must in a manner live by myself; and think I must either lead such a life as I did at Southampton, which is inconsistent with a town life, or lock myself up from all conversible hours while I am in town. I beg to hear a line of your satisfactions and amusements, for of your state of health I am daily informed by your honest porter: but the other he knows not, and I am not quite contented without it. That all enjoyments may be yours, and all good things attend your whole worthy family, is the sincere prayer always of, my lord, your faithfullest servant.

LETTER XIV.

TO EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *December* 26, 1733.

I SINCERELY wish yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, the happiest New Years to come. I have so many things to tell you, that I can tell you none, and therefore I am inclined not to write at all. Whatever I can say of my zealous desires for your felicity, is short of the truth; and

as to the rest, it is too long a story to begin till I have the pleasure to meet your lordship, and can at the same time make an end of it.

This I writ a week ago, and having nothing more material to say, was ashamed to send it. But seeing they cannot tell me when you return to town, I was resolved not to let the season pass without sending you all this poor wish at least. I hope my Lady Oxford is perfectly well, though I heard she has not been so, notwithstanding your porter has often told me all was well at Wimpole. Believe me to be with the truest esteem and unalterable sincerity, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, affectionate, and obliged servant.

If Lord Duplin be with you, I hope he will accept my humble services.

LETTER XV.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.*

MY LORD, *August* 24, 1728.

I PRESUME you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many beauties,

* He was one of those men, says Mr. *Walpole*, of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand bon mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord: of an advantageous figure, and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said "to have seen more kings and more postillions than

animal and vegetable, in gardens; and possibly some rational, in ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliment to ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my lord, in being at least half

any man in Europe." His enmity to the Duke of Marlborough, and his friendship with Pope will preserve his name, when his genius, too romantic to have laid a solid foundation for fame, and his politics, too disinterested for his age and country, shall be equally forgotten. He was a man, as his friend said, "who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." Yet even particularities were becoming in him, as he had a natural ease that immediately adopted and saved from the air of affectation. He wrote

"La Muse de Cavalier, or an Apology for such Gentlemen as make Poetry their Diversion, not their Business," in a letter from a Scholar of Mars, to one of Apollo, printed in the Public Register, or Weekly Magazine, No. 3, p. 88, published by Dodsley, 1741.

"A severe Copy of Verses on the Duchess of Marlborough; addressed to Mr. Harley after his Removal from Court."

He was author too of those well-known lines which conclude,

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she!"

Four very genteel Letters of his are printed among Pope's.

The account of the Earl's conduct in Spain, taken from his original letters and papers, was drawn up by Dr. Friend, and published in 1707, octavo. *Warton.*

He married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer, a woman of irreproachable character. After his death she found his memoirs, written by himself, in which it is said he boasted he had committed three capital crimes before he was twenty. In consequence of which she committed them to the flames.

the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of in calling him labourer: *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said, by most modern nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the Great Turk! The two paradises are not ill connected, of gardens and gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Musselmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the court (nay perhaps at the court) as you at Southampton; and our ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and royal family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her majesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the great at home; and it is

some comfort, that if the men of the next age do not read of us, the women may.

From the time you have been absent, I have not been to wait on a certain great man,* through modesty, through idleness, and through respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

I MUST confess, that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen and what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fixed in my imagination by many descriptions, that nothing surprized me; immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.†

* Probably Sir Robert Walpole. *Bowles.*

† Alluding to Waller's Sacharissa and Amoret.

His little Amoret was Bevis Mount, overlooking Itchin Ferry, and the Southampton River, where Pope spent many days, and where a walk is still called by his name. It was purchased by W. Sotheby, Esq. when it became again the abode of the Muses, and

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer. I am sure the farmeress at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent,* would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hindered me shewing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieus and such folk have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy in our times, can make ten treaties in a year, and secure everlasting peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, though in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your

is now in possession of Mr. Horne. On the terrace, that commands a view of the sea, the woods of Netley Abbey, &c. there is a Cenotaph, with an appropriate inscription to Lord Peterborough. *Bowles.*

* The Countess of Peterborough, a Roman Catholic. *Warburton.*

contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your esteem of that most noble title loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a temple to laziness: no man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours. Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

You were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you, you did it (as all Polemics do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, reason, when beauty is uncontested. Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say that Lady P** is a reasonable woman; and I think she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of

toasting her like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's sake, what have you said about politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your lordship might as safely have spoken of heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puffed against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

> I'll give him flash for flash—
> I'll give him dash for dash—

But all now is safe; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection bring you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a royal work,* which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four wits into any hole in your garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eton and Westminster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our

* The Hermitage. *Warburton.*

heads too expensive: but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader season: it is all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, it is sometimes so just before an earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my lord, should be pricked on by any old-fashioned notions of honour and romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our fleets are in motion, meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned: and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigged out on such an occasion. Adieu, my lord, and may as many years attend you, as may be happy and honourable.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

You must receive my letters* with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birth-day, or a return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birth-day. Where you shewed one letter, you may shew the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or corporation, provided you do not join me to the charitable† rogues or to the

* In a curious and original letter, which I have read by the favour of the late Duchess *Dowager* of *Portland*, *Prior* speaks thus slightingly of the *veracity* of this celebrated Earl, to Lord *Oxford*, dated *February* 10, 1714.

" Lord *Peterborough*," says he, " is gone from *Genoa* in an open boat—that's *one;* 300 miles by sea—that's *two;* that he was forced ashore twenty times by tempests and Majorkeens to lie among the rocks—that's—*how many*, my Lord Treasurer?" *Warton.*

† The Members of the Charitable Corporation, and the pacific Administration of Sir Robert Walpole. The Charitable Corporation was established for the benefit, ostensibly, of widows, orphans, &c. but the public was made a dupe of by the projectors;

pacific politicians of the present age. I have read over Barclay* in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myself to is, to bear mortification from the fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

It is well the poets are preparing songs of joy: it is well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's. Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd, and as much out of the way, as himself. Yours.

and many, who had entrusted money to them, were defrauded and ruined. May 1732, Sir Robert Sutton, Baronet, Knight of the Bath, a Privy Counsellor, and Member for the county of Northampton, was expelled the House, on account of his connexion with this association. *Bowles.*

* Barclay's Apology for Quakers. *Pope.*

LETTER XIX.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

WHENEVER you apply as a good papist to your female mediatrix,* you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to mother church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

O how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our Shepherdess† in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before hand, because I take resolutions of

* Lady Peterborough, a rigid papist. *Warton.*

† The Shepherdess was Mrs. Howard, whom Swift, Gay, Pope, &c. used to think, from her connexion with the Court, something like a nightingale, among bats and owls. *Bowles.*

going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of corruption.

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount,* and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the

* This year Lord *Peterborough* and *Pope* paid a visit from Southampton to Winchester College, and gave prizes to the scholars for the best copy of verses that should be written, on a subject proposed to them by Mr. Pope himself—*The Campaign of Valentia.* The prizes were sets of *Pine*'s Horace. *Hampton*, the excellent translator of Polybius, at that time very young, gained one of these prizes; Mr. *Whitehead*, another. *Warton.*

whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms: nay, at worst, many good men hold that for a good end some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well; I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth,* and a saucy love for my country.

When a christian priest preached against the spirit of the Gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late parliamentary inquiry,† that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this

* As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warburton.*

† The parliamentary inquiry was concerning the Charitable Corporation already spoken of; and Sir Robert Sutton was expelled the House, in consequence. *Bowles.*

unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit, I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail. Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

FROM LORD PETERBOROUGH.

SIR,

If I can make a party with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Harcourt to dine at Parson's Green, you will give me leave to send my coach for you. Pray do me the favour to send me the breadth and depth of the marble field. You may have it measured by moonlight by a ten foot rod; or any body used to grounds will make a mere guess by passing it over. Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

DR. SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

I never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not

been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship.* She hath forced courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a general, because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate, under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did

* After his glorious successes in Spain, he was appointed ambassador extraordinary, with full powers for adjusting all matters of state, but was hastily recalled; when he appealed to parliament, and afterwards had the thanks of the House of Lords for "the many great and eminent services he had performed."

I suppose Swift calls him "an admiral," because he was appointed General of the marine forces by George I., and was continued in that commission by George II. *Bowles.*

not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think, you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

September 13.

I BELIEVE you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the Self-taught Philosopher.* I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations em-

* The title of an Arabic Treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan; written to explain and recommend the mystic theology of the Mahometans, in all respects the same with the mysticism of Christian fanatics. *Warburton.*

ploy you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies, I do not think it at all impossible that Mr. L. may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.* I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over gazettes in the morning, or over plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night, in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a vision in bed. But laying aside theory, I am told, you are going directly to practice. Alas, what a fall will that be? A new building is like a new church; when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the incon-

veniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this letter may be all of a piece, I will fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden. Several critics were of several opinions: one declared he would not have too much art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature:* another told them that gravel-walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of a loose sand: a third advised peremptorily there should not be one lime-tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to horse-chesnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees, but weeds: Dutch elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proscribed, contrary to the paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear ever-greens, and called them never-greens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of evergreen tailors; some who had no dislike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipped hedges, which they called green walls.† These, my

* An expression of Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Bowles.*

† Many of these observations are certainly very just: we must

lord, are our men of taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but heroics, another cannot relish tragedies, another hates pastorals; all little wits delight in epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in divinity; where many leading critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord * *, who is a zealous, yet a charitable planter, and has so bad a taste as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you. I am &c.

allow for Pope's *colouring*. The objection to limes and horse-chesnuts, is the very short duration of their beauty; they are the first trees that fade, and none are more mournful in their discolouration, and decay of leaves. The calling "ever-greens," "never-greens," is something like Mr. Knight's substitution of "lump," taking off the first letter, for "clump;" see his Poem, the "Landscape." The whole subject is most ably investigated on just principles, with accurate reasoning, picturesque description, and animated language, by Uvedale Price. *Bowles.*

LETTERS

TO

SEVERAL LADIES.

The class of Letters here given under the title of "Letters to several Ladies," contains but few of those included under that head in the former editions; it having been thought advisable to divide the others to the particular classes of correspondence to which they more properly belong. Of the thirty-three letters which composed that collection, not more than five are here retained; the rest will be found with the other letters of the person to whom they are addressed. Respecting these letters, Pope has himself admitted that "they have too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, and affectation of gaiety," for which he apologizes by observing, "that they were written when very young, and the folly was soon over." The same excuse which the author intended for the whole, may still be thought applicable to some of the letters that are here retained.

LETTERS

TO

SEVERAL LADIES.

LETTER I.*

TO MRS. * * *.

MADAM, *March* 1, 1705.

I SEND you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleased to command, and think myself obliged to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellences you possess without knowing of them. You are but too good a painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature should be drawn upon the most durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that

* From the date of this letter it appears to have been written before Pope was seventeen years of age, and the style of it may therefore be considered as a specimen of that of the times; which it was natural for him to imitate till his judgment was better formed. To whom this and the two following Letters were addressed, it is not perhaps now possible to discover; but it sufficiently appears that she was a young married woman, whom Pope thought he must compliment by all those topics of gallantry which had been introduced at the court of Charles II. and which still continued to infest the literature of the country.

would so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest face that ever was made, and to the liveliest image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your absence, to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long used to lose my judgment at the sight of you that it is past my power to correct it by the life. Your picture seems least like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set on the fairest light in the world. The painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finished piece about three and twenty years ago, (I beg your pardon, Madam; I protest, I meant but two and twenty,) that it is in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: it was a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I do not think it will ever come up to what your father made. However, I would not discourage you; it is certain you have a strange happiness, of making fine

things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. * * *.

It is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us: by this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answered me modestly; and if you should never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addressed to you rather than to Mrs. M——, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. First, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, because you are younger than your mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing yourself worse: it may save some honest neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon paper, Madam; there you may look innocently: men are seducing, books are dangerous; the amorous ones soften you, and the godly ones give you the spleen:

if you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love: the sun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say once more, cast your eyes upon paper, and read only such letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. Thank God, I am a hundred miles off from those eyes! I would sooner trust your hand than them for doing me mischief; and though I doubt not some part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sudden and unprepared, since I may have time while I break open your letter to cross myself and say a Pater-noster, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this distance. I am told you are at this hour as handsome as an angel; for my part, I have forgot your face since two winters. You may be grown to a giantess for all I know. I cannot tell in any respect what sort of creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one, whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Minister sends me word you have the small-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it in your parish church; which as soon as he shall inform me he has done, I will make you a visit without armour; I will eat any thing you give me without suspicion of poison, take you by the hand without gloves, nay, venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the

company. This, Madam, is the top of my wishes, but how differently are our desires inclined! You sigh out in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houses, parks, operas, assemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fish-ponds, arbours, Mrs. M——!

LETTER III.

TO MRS. ***.

All the pleasure or use of familiar letters, is to give us the assurance of a friend's welfare; at least it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and despiser of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promise you, it will always be a satisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a subject to display their fine sentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I do not like your style: it is very pretty, therefore I do not like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for such letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs. L** I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and sometimes better). You must allow me to say, you have not said a sensible word in all your letter, except where you speak of shewing

kindness and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the style of wit and abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I see it was absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to say, kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want I am not much concerned, because Judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make use of it rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what manner you may most agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H——, who will see by it what manner of letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his servant to put turns upon you instead of good wishes, so in return I would have nothing but honest plain Howd'ye's and Pray remember me's; which not being fit to be shewn to any body for wit, may be a proof we correspond only for ourselves, in mere friendliness; as doth, God is my witness, Your, &c.

LETTER IV.*

TO MRS. * * *.

It is with infinite satisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at last prove your relation, and has entertained such sentiments as became him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having several times received from Mrs. * * * that which is one of the greatest pleasures, the knowledge that others entered into my own sentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adversities, so I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the prospect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Though you modestly say the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as fast as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of merit when it is past its power to oppose it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But, if you are resolved in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I

* This Letter, which must have been written very early, is evidently addressed to the young Lady whose untimely fate Pope afterwards pathetically lamented, in "Verses to an Unfortunate Lady." This was perhaps Pope's earliest attachment, and it has been said the attachment was mutual, and that she was herself deformed. I do not think there are any grounds for believing either. *Bowles.*

believe your design will be vain; for even in a monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far toward the next world as to make this lose the sight of you; but you will be like a star, that, while it is fixed to heaven, shines over all the earth.

Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes, and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that, which you never yet knew to commit, an injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you should ever be more opposed and more deserted, I should only be so much the more your faithful, &c.

LETTER V.

MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.*

London, October——

MADAM, *Between day and night.*

Mrs. Whitworth (who as her epitaph on Twit'nam Highway assures us, had attained to as

* Relict of the Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun in the year 1712, which arose from a meeting concerning a lawsuit, that had long depended between them, when the Duke, speaking of one of Lord Mohun's witnesses, said, "he had neither truth nor justice in him;" to which Lord

much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited according to her own order between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the last resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honey-suckle and a rose-bush; where you are to continue as long as canvas can last. I suppose the painter by those emblems intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends; and, on the other, to shew you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland to deserve the same motto with regard to your enemies. *Nemo me impunè lacessit.*

Lord William will conster this Latine if you send it to Thistleworth.

Mohun replied, "that he had as much truth and justice as his Grace." Lord Mohun was mortally wounded, and while the Duke stood over him, he shortened his sword and stabbed him to the heart. Parnelle wrote some lines on his death.

——— Ah, sadly slain!
'Tis grief to name him when we mourn in vain.
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame.
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead,
To realms that weeping heard the loss, I'd tell
What courage, sense, and faith with Brandon fell!

The Duchess was a woman of wit and spirit, and corresponded with Swift, who took a great interest in her distress on the death of her husband. His account of her conduct on this occasion does not however represent her in the most amiable light. "I then went," says he, "to the Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper." A short letter from her to the Dean is given in Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 59.

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they cannot chuse but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without, as a good christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression. I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant, it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant: and you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace when you imitate my lady O——y. An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know, though from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you loved little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point. Remember the text which I'll preach upon, the

first day I am a parson. *Suffer little children to come to me:* and, *Despise not one of these little ones.*

No, Madam, despise great bears, such as Gay; who now goes by the dreadful name of, *The Beast of Blois,* where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis, to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice: if there be any that has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blondel may know, Dr. Logg has received ordination, and enters upon his function this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholic ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedec, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He will stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarum to sin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Christian Religion should be abolished (as indeed there is great reason to expect it from the wisdom of the legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bonfire, which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be desired from a heretic. I do not hope your Grace should be converted, but however I wish you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curiosity. To meet people one likes, is thought by

some the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you will like one another. They are extremely your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, Madam, send me yourself, that is, a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to town. I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, Madam,

Your Grace's most obedient, faithful,
and most humble servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am yours.
There is a short letter for you.

LETTER VI.

MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

MADAM, *Twitn'am, Jan.* 27, 1720.

I THINK myself obliged by your Grace's many condescensions of goodness to me, in parti-

* The duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter of King James II. (by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the Earl of Portmore): he dignified her with the name of the lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the place of a duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was, very young, left a widow by James, Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both Houses of Parliament, for the earl's ill-usage of her. *Bowles.*

cular your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch—'s * state of health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's,† but parting in haste, I had not his opinion at large; only he assures me, he thinks the figures will not be too small, considering that those which are nearest the eye, are, at least, as large as the life. I cannot but be of opinion that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's ought to be made portraits, and as like as possible; of which they have yet no resemblance. There being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile, it might be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the side-face from that busto that stands in the saloon.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you: and I ought to ask it, (now I think on it,) on another occasion, in which I have used too much freedom: having a great esteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a personal knowledge of his character; and this being increased by the ill-treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other persons of the first distinction, who subscribed

* Chamberlen's. *Bowles.*

† An Italian painter, who composed the duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are represented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the basis of the column, is seen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceased Children of the Duchess, whose effigies are represented in profile-bustos, supported by Cupids lamenting. *Bowles.*

to me for his composures, newly engraved, to set down the name of your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever since to tell you of it, until now, when the book's* coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuse this fault, I sincerely think I shall not err this way again, until such another great man as Bononcini arises, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the English will use him as scurvily,) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the sincerest respect, Madam,

Your Grace's most obliged,
most obedient servant,
A. Pope.

LETTER VII.

MR. POPE TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. HOWARD.†

June 20, (1726).

We cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the increase of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All knights errants' palfreys were distinguished by lofty names;

* His Cantatas. *Bowles.*

† Afterwards Lady Suffolk. In Lord Orford's Reminiscences, before quoted, is an interesting account of this lady, with whom his Lordship, on his residing at Strawberry-Hill, enjoyed a long intimacy. Marble-Hill, afterwards mentioned, was a present from the king to Mr. H. who had very little else. C. *Bowles.*

we see no reason why a pastoral lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sounds: we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill.* Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the world, except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the Court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Your, &c.

* Mrs. Howard's house. *Warburton.*

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR, ON HER MARRIAGE.

(1714.)

You are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities, which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion: but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity than a celebrater of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear, (whatever others may have spoken to you,) I mean truth: and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more

sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed, while he is living, Your, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

FROM 1714 TO 1725.

This correspondence between Pope and Mr. Blount is rather of a friendly than of a literary nature, and, like that with Mr. Bethell and others, shews that Pope was not led to form his connexions by the rank, talents, or celebrity of the parties; but that his nearest intimacies were chosen amongst those, whose chief qualifications were probity, good sense, and sincerity, whose tastes and opinions coincided with his own, and who to the endowments of the mind united the better qualities of the heart.

Mr. Blount was descended from a Catholic family at Maple-Durham, near Reading, in Berkshire, and was the brother of Teresa and Martha Blount. "Bating his high Tory principles," says Mr. Bowles, "he appears to have been a most amiable, good-natured, worthy man. His external appearance and open careless manner are well described by Gay, in his *Welcome from Greece:*

> Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
> In haste, but sauntering, careless in his ways."

That he was warmly attached to the exiled family sufficiently appears from this correspondence; and although he had no share in the rebellious commotion of 1715, which he condemns with apparent sincerity, yet he soon afterwards thought proper to leave his country, to which he did not return till the lapse of some years had restored it to greater tranquillity, (1723). Before his departure he endeavoured with great earnestness to prevail upon Pope to accompany him. But Pope, whose state of health was always an objection to his travelling, and who had already secured to himself the comforts and conveniences of life, wisely determined to close his days in his native land.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

August 27, 1714.

WHATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook,* though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the notes; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford. But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers† in their maps of old

* The translation of Homer's Iliad. *Pope.*

† The learned and entertaining Mr. *Wood*, in his discourse on the *original* genius of Homer, censures the inaccuracies of this map which Pope himself drew, to be prefixed to his Homer. Among other things, he says, " that so capital an error, for in-

Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistles intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raze another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance and no further.* In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice.† To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service; a hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and

stance, as that of discharging the *Scamander* into the *Ægean* sea, instead of the *Hellespont*, is a striking specimen of the careless and superficial manner in which this matter has been treated." And he adds, "the translator is as inconsistent, sometimes, with his own incorrect map, as both he and his map are with the real situation of the ground." These remarks are more valuable, because they were made by an accurate observer, on the spot, with Homer in his hand. *Warton.*

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad. *Pope.*

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the papists. *Warburton.*

they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as, they say, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a papist, and say to you who are a papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen,* moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man and universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself

* 1st August, 1714.

in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change; I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

It is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health, and in the midst of diversions: I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his heroes' kingdoms; it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians; who generally are ill understood

through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another.* You are going to set us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the

* It is a circumstance highly honourable to the character of the present times, that, amidst the glorious military successes of our arms in the East, which the sands of Egypt, and the plains of Acre, have witnessed, Science should have to boast her peculiar triumphs at the same time on the same field. I allude to the Travels of Clarke and Cripps, who were with Sir R. Abercrombie in Egypt, and to whose exertions we are indebted for the most valuable antiquities; and also to the geographical elucidations of the plain of Troy, at the same period, by Mr. Gell; published 1804, and dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire. May I mention, on this occasion, a circumstance which Mr. Clarke himself told me, that, among the stones on the plain of Troy, one was found, with the inscription in Greek, signifying—

"The women of Ilium, to their GOD ÆNEAS!" *Bowles.*

new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin such a word): I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady:

Tantum Religio potuit, *etc.*

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious king. My views carry me no further, than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who sit the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor papists; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we

can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confess, that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

It is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and I am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North!* what ruin have those

* The battle of Preston, in which it has been supposed Blount was engaged. This idea, however, I think, has but slender foundation; though may we not suppose that many overtures and promises were made to Blount, who, conscious of the implication of his character, uses the remarkable words, "*and perchance on many others too, who, upon no account, would be their followers.*"

Bowles.

unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus. I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing,

nay, I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner and with all sincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort

himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call Humour. Mr. Wycherley shewed his, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a playwright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn* entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast

* During this visit, it is said, that Pope desired him to write a Tragedy on the Death of Charles the First; which he declined, on account of the recency of the event, and the state of parties in this country. At the same time, also, Pope recommended to him, as another good subject for the Drama, the Story of Mary, Queen of Scots; "Which, if I undertake," said Rowe, "I will by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; for where she appears, all the Queens and Heroines upon earth will make but a little figure." He preferred, and I think injudiciously, his Tragedy of Tamerlane to all his other pieces. As *Bajazet* was intended to represent Louis XIV., this play was not permitted to be acted, during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, though constantly applauded and called for, till 1710. *Warton.*

a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a noble kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears, (though now and then they toss their heads as if

they were proud of them,) only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of Nature in her Variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world.* I am pretty sure you and I should no

* This was an opinion taken up by the old Philosophers, as the last support of Paganism against Christianity: and the Missionaries to both the Indies tell us, it is the first answer modern Bar-

more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable

barians give to the offer made them of the Gospel. But Christians might see that the notion is not only *improbable*, but impossible to be true, if the redemption of mankind was purchased by the death of Jesus, which is the gospel idea of his religion. Nor is there any need of this opinion to discredit persecution. For the iniquity of that practice does not arise from restraining what God permits or delights in, but from usurping a jurisdiction over conscience, which belongs only to his tribunal. *Warburton.*

and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being spirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly, as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruined thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroic thing we are left ca-

pable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half ruined estates, render unkind to each other: these at least may be softened in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces, which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend.

I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remains of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of —. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others' misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be rendered as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor-Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow-prisoners who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D*** with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to

come, from which he is just going to be removed himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

Your letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-Forest and you sustain of each other, but that methinks, one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the

same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have,* for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me; it is what I am resolved on, with my *Penates*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship, (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the

* The following Letter, relating to the sale of Pope's father's house and property in Windsor-Forest, is in the British Museum: *Bowles.*

" To John Vander Bempden.

" Sir, *Thursday.*

" Upon what you told me when I was last to wait on you, I deferred treating farther for the rent-charge, till you could be certain what sum you could conveniently raise at present towards the purchase. If there were three of the 400*l.* wanting, we would take your bond; for as to a mortgage on the rent-charge, my father is not qualified to take it, for by an act of parliament he cannot buy land, though he may sell it.

" However, if you desire to make the purchase soon, I believe I have a friend who will lend you the 1,000*l.* on the same security you offer us. If you have any other scruple, you will be pleased to tell me fairly; but if this purchase be convenient to you, we shall think of treating with no other, and be ready upon your answer; since I think what I here propose entirely accommodates all the difficulty you seem to be at. I am, Sir,

" Your very humble servant,

" A. Pope."

other is for almost every thing,) and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem,

which would have rendered this place more agreeable than ever else it could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely, Dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

June 22, 1717.

If a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers,* which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal than

* This was written in the year of the affair at Preston. *Pope.*

the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor-Forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand eras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical, or religious (whichsoever of those turns we chance to take); and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much must either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natured. So the most

politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and, in short, greater fools, than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor Papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I

heartily wish your Ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Geoffrey of Monmouth, (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden,) in the translation of a clergyman* in my neighbourhood. The poor man† is highly concerned to vindicate Geoffrey's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe those of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that

* Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon, (but his name does not occur either in the Oxford or Cambridge graduates,) published this work in 1718, 8vo. "cum præfatione," says Tanner, "satis longa." C. *Bowles.*

† Pope gave to this clergyman the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus, which ought to be preserved:

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er th' aërial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise? *Warton.*

he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Geoffrey is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks,* in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the emperor.

* "At which," says Dr. Warton, "General Oglethorpe was present, and of which I have heard him give a lively description." He appears to have given the same description in a company where Dr. Johnson was present, and at his request. Boswell erroneously has printed "the siege of Bender," instead of Belgrade. C.

Bowles.

LETTER X.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such a humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a

sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Rentcomb, in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancaster. I dare say your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces, the plantations, and slopes, which Nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you, and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

October 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, published by P. Coste,* giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to fear, for my life or death. It is the only reason I have to repent being a single man; now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop,

* Who gave the best edition of Montaigne in 4to. ever published. He was for some time a preceptor to the Earl of Shaftesbury. *Warton.*

and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards except the gout. Pray come and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres;* cast them to dirty people, such as in the scripture-phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton:

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane. The ounce,
> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks.

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses† of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did these creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

* Wishing him to dispose of the house and estate at Maple-Durham; which, however, amidst the vicissitudes of old and respectable families, is still in possession of its early inheritors. *Bowles.*

† Warton says, this is one of the few passages he has ever quoted with approbation from Milton: but there are other places, in which he speaks with approbation, and even warmth, of Milton, though he certainly does not seem to have appreciated Milton's high poetic character. *Bowles.*

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you. Let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, etc. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that, even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

June 27, 1723.

You may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

> They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
> And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world af-

fords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are banished from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You will wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim God of Hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example,* taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself,

* This evidently alludes to the earnestness and sincerity of Atterbury in his religious life; and it is sufficient to prove what Pope really thought him, notwithstanding the unsupported calumny of Lord Chesterfield, respecting his disbelief of the Bible. *Bowles.*

and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

You shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather. Let the young ladies* be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily

* His favourites. Gay gives us a faint touch of their portraits:

" I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown."

Welcome from Greece.
Bowles.

finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames,* you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open Temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto,† it be-

* I wish he had made a full description of his garden and grounds, as Horace has done in his sixteenth Epistle. The Abbé Cap. de Chaupy has written a long dissertation concerning the spot where the Villa of Horace stood, which he fixes in the Valley of Licenza, belonging to the Prince Borghese, fourteen miles from Tivoli and five from Vico Varo. *Warton.*

† Dr. Johnson, who had no taste for rural scenes, nor knowledge of laying out grounds, speaks with an unreasonable contempt of this romantic grotto, and of the pains taken to embellish it. This is a clear and picturesque description of this celebrated spot. Our Poet's good taste in gardening was unquestionable. "For the honour of this art," Lord Bacon says, "a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection." *Warton.*

The taste in gardening, like all other arts, must be progressive. The taste of Pope was perhaps the best of the age; but nothing can appear more puerile and affected at this time, than what Warton calls his "romantic grotto." Warton spoke of an art of which he knew very little, and which, as exemplified by Pope's *Camera Obscura*, Johnson's strong inherent sense taught him to despise. Since this was written, Pope's house and garden, being sold by auction, all these *wonders* have been levelled to the ground from whence they were raised, by the present possessor. *Bowles.*

comes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obscura;* on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tanges cava marmora, somnum
*Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.**

* The simplicity of this ancient inscription is indeed eminently beautiful; so also is the following imitation of it by a late writer† of true taste, and lover of the ancients:

SUB

† Thomas Warton.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description,* but it is pretty near the truth. I

SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

Hic stans vertice montium supremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

Our author wrote the following lines on a grotto adorned with shell-work, at Crux-Easton, Hants, which ought to be preserved:

Here shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters‡ raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court. *Warton.*

* I shall here insert two letters to Sir Hans Sloane, on the ornaments of this grotto: *Warton.*

To Sir HANS SLOANE.

SIR, *Twickenham, March* 30, 1742.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your intended kindness of furnishing my grotto with that surprizing natural curiosity, which

‡ These were the Misses Lisles, sisters of the well-known Dr. Lisle, who was Chaplain to the Factory at Smyrna; author of several humorous pieces in verse. He is buried in Dibdin church, near Southampton. The family-estate is now in possession of Lord Malmesbury. *Bowles.*

wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

indeed I have ardently sought some time. But I would much rather part with every thing of this sort, which I have collected, than deprive your most copious collection of one thing that may be wanting to it. If you can spare it, I shall be doubly pleased, in having it, and in owing it to you.

The further favour you offer me, of a review of your curiosities, deserves my acknowledgment. Could I hope that among the minerals and fossils which I have gathered, there was any thing you could like, it would be esteemed an obligation (if you have time as the season improves) to look upon them and command any. I shall take the first favourable opportunity to inquire when it may be least inconvenient to wait on you, which will be a true satisfaction to,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and most humble Servant,

A. Pope.

To Sir Hans Sloane.

Sir, *Twickenham, May* 22, 1742.

I have many true thanks to pay you, for the two joints of the giant's causeway, which I found yesterday at my return to Twitnam, perfectly safe and entire. They will be a great ornament to my grotto, which consists wholly of natural productions, owing nothing to the chisel or polish; and which it would be much my ambition to entice you one day to look upon. I will first wait on you at Chelsea, and embrace with great pleasure the satisfaction you can better than any man afford me, of so extensive a view of Nature, in her most curious works. I am, with all respect,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and most humble Servant,

A. Pope.

LETTER XV.

TO MR. BLOUNT.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie; for, being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded.* Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit are worn out, by which means I have read it forty times, and I find

* Pope was not always so particular, as I have a letter before me, to Blount's sister, with these remarkable words: "If you have seen a late advertisement, you will know that I have not told a lie, which we both abominate, but *equivocated, pretty genteelly.*"

Pope's definition of a "Lie guarded," cannot fail to recal the Clown's humorous description in "As you like it:"

"*Jaques.* But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel upon the seventh cause?

"*Clown.* Upon a *lie* seven times removed (bear your body more seeming, Audrey), as thus, Sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I speak not true: this is called *reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I *lied:* this is called the *counter-check quarrelsome;* and so the *lie circumstantial* and *lie direct.*" *Bowles.*

by so doing that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas-fire, and exercising all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B*** what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not, how-

ever, suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may rise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, and next in value.* *Minuisti eum paulo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us: discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the sons of the earth, your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

* So, in verse, he has:

"An honest Man's the noblest work of God." *Bowles.*

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726. *Pope.*

Blount died of the small-pox; and was attended, during his illness, with the greatest affection and sorrow, by the Lady whose name is so often mentioned in these volumes. Soon after his

death, Pope was much more *explicit* than he had ever been before, respecting the *nature* of his feelings towards Miss Martha. *Bowles.*

By "the lady whose name is so often mentioned in these volumes," Mr. Bowles means Martha Blount; who attended her brother through the illness which terminated in his death, although she had not herself had the disease. The assertion of Mr. Bowles that after the death of Mr. Blount, "Pope was much more *explicit* than he had ever been before, respecting the *nature* of his feelings towards Miss Martha," is only an additional proof of his earnestness to avail himself of every opportunity of attributing that attachment to an improper motive.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

LETTER I.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *May* 25, 1712.

At last I do myself the honour to send you the Rape of the Lock; which has been so long coming out, that the lady's charms might have been half decayed, while the poet was celebrating them, and the printer publishing them. But yourself and your fair sister must needs have been surfeited already with this trifle; and therefore you have no hopes of entertainment but from the rest of this book,* wherein (they tell me) are some things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you should blush for it, since blushing becomes you the best of any lady in England, and then the

* From this passage we learn, that this was the second impression of the Rape of the Lock, with the addition of the machinery; and that the Miss Blounts had already seen it as first published.

most dangerous thing to be looked upon is yourself. Indeed, Madam, not to flatter you, our virtue will be sooner overthrown by one glance of yours, than by all the wicked poets can write in an age, as has been too dearly experienced by the wickedest of them all, that is to say, by, Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

Bath, 1714.

You are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign Lady Sylvia. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your most serene majesty, in whose service I was listed some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your sister, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification

this month. Radcliffe commands her to the Bath, and she refuses! Indeed if I were in Berkshire I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we see of late) and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in the water. It is not here as in most other instances, for those ladies that would please extremely, must go out of their own element. She does not make half so good a figure on horseback as Christina, Queen of Sweden; but were she once seen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the best mermaid in Christendom. You know I have seen you often; I perfectly know* how you look in black and in white; I have experienced the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps, deserve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and easy behaviour in buckram: something between swimming and walking, free enough, and more modestly-half-naked than you can appear any where else. You have conquered enough already by land; show

* Such is the superior decency and propriety of public manners, that the strange circumstance of ladies appearing in the Bath, *pro bono publico*, seems, at this time, scarcely credible. These very Letters may further tend to prove the great superiority of the present period, in this respect. *Bowles.*

your ambition, and vanquish also by water. The buckram I mention is a dress peculiarly useful at this time, when, we are told they are bringing over the fashion of German ruffs: you ought to use yourself to some degrees of stiffness beforehand; and when our ladies' chins have been tickled awhile with starched muslin and wire, they may possibly bear the brush of a German beard and whisker.

I could tell you a delightful story of Dr. P., but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame; he tried this course in his passion, and kissed Mrs. E— at Mr. D—'s, but, he says, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever. Your, &c.

LETTER III.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MOST DIVINE! (1714.)

It is some proof of my sincerity towards you, that I write when I am prepared by drinking to speak truth; and sure a letter after twelve at night must abound with that noble ingredient. That heart must have abundance of flames, which is at once warmed by wine and you: wine awakens and refreshes the lurking passions of the mind, as

varnish does the colours that are sunk in a picture, and brings them out in all their natural glowings. My good qualities have been so frozen and locked up in a dull constitution at all my former sober hours, that it is very astonishing to me, now I am drunk, to find so much virtue in me. In these overflowings of my heart I pay you my thanks for those two obliging letters you favoured me with of the 18th and 24th instant. That which begins with "My charming Mr. Pope!" was a delight to me beyond all expression: you have at last entirely gained the conquest over your fair sister. It is true you are not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you are not: but this good-humour and tenderness for me has a charm that cannot be resisted. That face must needs be irresistible, which was adorned with smiles even when it could not see the coronation.* I do suppose you will not shew this epistle out of vanity, as I doubt not your sister does all I write to her. Indeed, to correspond with Mr. Pope, may make any one proud who lives under a dejection of heart in the country. Every one values Mr. Pope, but every one for a different reason; one for his adherence to the Catholic faith; another for his neglect of Popish superstition; one for his grave behaviour, another for his whimsicalness; Mr. Titcomb, for his pretty atheistical jests; Mr. Caryll, for his moral and Christian sentences; Mrs. Teresa, for his reflections on Mrs. Patty; and Mrs. Patty,

* Of George I. in September, 1714.

for his reflections on Mrs. Teresa. It was but the other day I heard of Mrs. Fermor's being actually and directly married. I wonder how the couple at —— look, stare, and simper, since that grand secret came out, which they so well concealed before. They concealed it as well as the barber does his utensils, when he goes to trim upon a Sunday, and his towels hang out all the way. You know your Doctor* is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy and splendidly unuseful to him. Dr. Shadwell lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wondered at it too, both because Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and because Dr. Shadwell was alive. I am

Your most faithful admirer,
friend, servant, any thing, &c.

I send you Gay's poem on the princess. She is very fat. God help her husband!

LETTER IV.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

(*Bath*, 1714.)

If you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by

* Dr. Radcliffe died in 1714.

ourselves. Mrs. Thomas has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she cannot entirely conquer, she would go and see the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy, (if you would not partake in our adventures,) would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleased to hear them by the fire-side. That would be better than reading romances, unless Lady M. would be our historian. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the Bath, and not see my Lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the best thing this country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you the truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your sister, as since I have been fourscore miles distant from you. In the Forest I looked upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In the same manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life till you were upon the point of dying. If Mr. —— and you will but fall very sick every season,

I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes; you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice could make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall always be thought by you what I always am, Your, &c.

LETTER V.

TO TERESA AND MARTHA BLOUNT.*

FAIR LADIES, 1714.

I RETURNED home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord retired from the Court and glory to his country-seat and wife, a week ago. I found here a dismal

* This Letter was addressed to the Miss Blounts jointly, and begins with, "Fair Ladies." The address on the outside is, "Aux Mademoiselles, Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham." C. *Bowles.*

desponding letter from the son of another great courtier who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a visit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen! Thus the unhappy, by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into verse, but in this age of ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. Patty to stay her stomach with these half hundred plays, till I can procure her a romance big enough to satisfy her great soul with adventures. As for novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but that of my life, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of the historian and the reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness expressed in these Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you do not think me a truer friend, than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their style could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and so long all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love

you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

(1714.)

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much less present than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather see such thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the world. They who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want; at least in the degree that I see others have it, who would at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more comfort to myself, and of more service to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my

own heart, if it had no better dispositions than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have seen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, fame is a thing I am much less covetous of than your friendship; for that I hope will last all my life; the other, I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I send you my *Temple of Fame,* which is just come out; but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram:

> What's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
> Is called in women only reputation;
> About them both why keep we such a pother?
> Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER VII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Bath, Oct. 6th,* (1714).

If I may ever be allowed to tell you the thoughts I have so often of you in your absence, it is at this time, when I neglect the company of a great number of ladies, to write this letter. From the window where I am seated I command the prospect of twenty or thirty, in one of the finest promenades in the world, every moment that I take my eye off from the paper. If variety of diversions and new objects be capable of driving our friends out of their minds, I have the best excuse imaginable for forgetting you: for I have slid, I cannot tell how, into all the amusements of this place: my whole day is shared by the pump-assemblies, the walks, the chocolate-houses, raffling-shops, plays, medleys, &c. We have no ladies who have the face, though some of them may have the impudence, to expect a lampoon. The prettiest is one I had the luck to travel with, who has found out so far as to tell me, that whatever pretences I make to gaiety, my heart is not at Bath. Mrs. Gage came hither the other day, and did me a double honour, in speaking to me, and asking publicly, when I saw you last? I endeavour (like all awkward fellows) to become agreeable by imitation; and observing who are most in favour with the fair, I sometimes copy the civil air of Gascoin,

sometimes the impudent one of Nash, and sometimes, for vanity, the silly one of a neighbour of yours, who has lost to the gamesters here that money, of which the ladies only deserve to rob a man of his age. This mistaken youth is so ignorant as to imagine himself as agreeable in the eyes of the sex to-day, as he was yesterday, when he was worth three or four hundred pounds more. Alas! he knows not, that just as much is left of a mistress's heart, as is emptied from one's own pocket! My chief acquaintance of my own sex are the aforesaid Mr. Gascoin and Mr. Nash, of the other, Dame Lindsey and Jenny Man. I am so much a rake as to be ashamed of being seen with Dr. Parnelle. I ask people abroad who that Parson is? We expect better company here next week; and then a certain Earl shall know what ladies drink his health every day since his disgrace, that you may be in the public pamphlets, as well as your humble servant. They say here are cabals held, under pretence of drinking waters; and this scandal, like others, refreshes me, and elevates my spirits. I think no man deserves a monument that could not be wrapped in a winding-sheet of papers writ against him. If women could digest scandal as well as I, there are two that might be the happiest creatures in the universe. I have in one week run through whatever they call diverting here; and I should be ashamed to pass two just in the same track. I will therefore take but a trip to Longleat, which is twelve miles hence, to visit my

Lord Lansdown, and return to London. I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your fair sister as since I have been fourscore miles distant from you. At Binfield I look upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, and here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In like manner, I never knew at what a rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. Teresa and you will but fall sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes: you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand fine qualities in them, by shewing me so many in a superior degree in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which can make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of; I mean, ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you not to resent any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover, by my common conduct towards you both, that this is true; and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that disposition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall be always thought by you, what I always am,

Your faithful, obliged humble servant.

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Friday, 3d of June* (1715).

I DARE not pretend to instruct a lady when to take any thing kindly. Their own hearts are always the best directors. But if I might, I would tell you, that if ever I could have any merit with you, it is in writing to you at a time when I am studying to forget every creature I ever loved or esteemed; when I am concerned for nothing in the world, but the life of one or two who are to be impeached, and the health of a lady that has been sick; when I am to be entertained only with that jade whom every body thinks I love as a mistress, but whom in reality I hate as a wife,—my Muse. Pity me, madam, who am to lie in of a poetical child for at least two months. As soon as I am up again, I will wait upon you; but in the mean time I beg to hear if you are quite recovered from your ague,—the only thing I desire to hear from any one in my present state of oblivion.

Not that I am so vain as to expect a favour from your hands, which I never yet received; I do not say, never merited to receive; for I know both how little, and how much I deserve at your hands, though it is impossible you should. But if you will send those books of mine, which you are weary of, by one of your servants, he may at the same time inform me of your health. He may add to

my satisfaction, by acquainting me of that of Mr. Blount, Mrs. Blount, and your fair sister. This letter may very possibly be the only thing that hinders you from a total forgetfulness of me. I would to God I could as easily forget Maple-Durham is within ten miles of me. I am just in the condition of the poor people in purgatory: Heaven is in sight, and the pain of loss the greatest I endure. I hope to be happy in a little time, and live in that hope.

Your's and Mrs. Teresa's
most obedient, faithful servant.

I desire Mr. Blount not to send for his first volume of Homer to London. I shall have one for him on a better paper than ordinary, by Thursday next.

LETTER IX.

TO THE MISS BLOUNTS.

DEAR LADIES, *Thursday.*

You have here all the fruit Mr. Dancastle's garden affords, that I could find in any degree of ripeness. They were on the trees at eleven o'clock this morning, and I hope will be with you before night. Pray return, sealed up, by the bearer, every single bit of paper that wraps them up; for they are the only copies of this part of Homer.* If the

* This letter is not otherwise worthy of publication, than as a curious example of that affected carelessness which Pope displayed

fruit is not so good as I wish, let the gallantry of this wrapping paper make up for it. I am yours.

LETTER X.*

You have put me into so much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a serious word in this day's letter. No more, you will say, there would, if I told you the whole serious business of the town. All last night I continued with you, though your unreasonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's conversation, and saw the little bed in spite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me so abruptly.——I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old beauty; she appeared at the table like a Death's head enamelled. The Egyptians, you know, had such things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the last of these objections was soon removed; for the lady had so violent an appetite for a salmon, that she quickly eat all the patches off her face.

on some occasions. It is well known, that his Homer was written on scraps of paper, backs of letters, &c. and here he sends the *only copies* he had, as wrappers to fruit, and to be carefully returned; although he must have known that nothing was more likely than their being destroyed in the carriage. C. *Bowles.*

* This and the two following letters appear to have been written by Pope as a specimen of fashionable correspondence for the amusement of the Miss Blounts.

She divided the fish into three parts; not equal, God knows; for she helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the rest much the largest part, took it herself, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great poet* and ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way). He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of) but having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broiled relics of a shoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade bone: he professed he never tasted so exquisite a thing; begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same for the future. And yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half a hundred heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

* It is said he meant Dr. Young; and that he laughed at his frequent absence of mind: to which, but not with affectation, he was subject. *Warton.*

LETTER XI.

THE ANSWER.*

You should have my day too, Sir, but indeed I slept it out, and so I will give you all that was left, my last night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would say I came in the nick). The lady coloured, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: nobody spoke to me, and I sat down disappointed; then affecting a careless air, gaped, and cried seven or eight times, *D'ye win or lose?* I could safely say at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the seven lively sins; and, in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me, if I had died! Moralizing sat I by the hazard table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the crash of worlds, with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! some ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my passions, which burst forth into a violent laughter: I rose from my seat, and not considering the just resentments of the losing gamesters, hurled a ball of paper across the table, which stopped the dice, and turned up seven instead of five. Cursed on all sides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myself into a chair, which I demolished, and never

* Probably written by Pope himself.

spoke a word after. We went to supper, and a lady said, *Miss G. looks prodigiously like a Tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curiosity to ask the meaning of that sprightly fancy: find it out, and let me know. Adieu, it is time to dress, and begin the business of the day.

LETTER XII.

IN THE STYLE OF A LADY.*

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate?* For I must confess I am one of those that believe in fate and predestination.—No, I cannot go so far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a sort of free-will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.

Do not you think they have got into the most preposterous fashion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you will allow it has an extreme clean, pretty look.

* In the style of a lady? read Lady Mt Montagu's Letters, and confess how little this nonsense is like. *Bowles.*

Did Mr. Bowles conceive that Pope ever intended it to be like? any more than the song by a person of quality was intended to be a serious composition?

Aye, so has my muslin apron; But I would not chuse to make it a winter suit of cloaths.

Well now I will swear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dress; let me die if I do not think a muslin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all things—Do you think there are any such things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any such place as the Elysian Fields; O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: but is one to meet there with what one has loved most in this world?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you will not tell me all? you know I abominate reserve.

LETTER XIII.*

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

(1715.)

You have asked me news a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from

* This was written in the year 1715, when great fears were entertained of a rebellion, which soon after happened: a camp was formed in Hyde-Park. *Bowles.*

my lips: and truly it is not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other. I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms?

This then shall be a letter of news; and sure, if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you would never imagine a poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above man, if he had not just now voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant sights of armies, encampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaimed against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed, upon those unfortunate women that *delight*

*in war.** But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs. Patty's and some others, whom, I have cause to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine show; those very female eyes, will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments, with new cloaths and furniture, far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery. The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war, yet undeformed by battles, those scenes which England has for many years only beheld on stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.†

By our latest account from Duke-street, West-

* Ayre, who wrote the life of Pope in 1745, says, in his usual manner of *simple admiration*, speaking of Martha Blount:

"Mrs. Blount had always a very *gallant spirit;* she would often wish to see such sights as *armies, encampments,* and *standards,* waving over her brother's grounds and fields, and would *talk* of *battles* and bloodshed, as familiar as if she was noways afraid of them, which some ladies used to call barbarity, and wonder how she could *talk,* or even *think,* of such things, without tears, or an aching heart? *Oh!* (she'd make answer) *it would be a glorious sight! So many fine officers, fine gentlemen, fine soldiers, fine colours, fine horses, it would be a prodigious pleasure to see!*" *Bowles.*

† The following articles of chit-chat intelligence are in the original. "My Lady Lansdown held her *last* assembly yesterday, where was *not* present the Earl of D—d.

"I met

minster, the conversion of T. G. Esq. is reported in a manner somewhat more particular. That upon the seizure of his Flanders mares, he seemed more than ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolved to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight the coaches and horses of several of the nobility passing by his window towards

"I met my lord Finch in red, trimmed with gold, correspondent to the gravity of the Nottingham family; so that he may be said (with Mrs. Patty's leave) to be as gay as a *gold-finch*.

"The prince's secretary M—x (Molineux) has been so employed in writing despatches, that his weary hand could hardly shake the box and dice the other day at Mr. Gage's. The ladies blamed his indolence, and he made that excuse.

"Mrs. Nelson expects the Pretender at her lodgings by Saturday se'nnight. She has bought a picture of Madam Maintenon to set her features by, against that time. Three priests of your acquaintance are very positive, by her interest, to be his father confessors.

"It is reported that the Honourable Thomas Gage, Esq. having renounced the errors of the Romish communion, is to be created groom-porter, and that Alexander Pope, gent. being ready to do the same, will be chosen city-poet.

"The Lord Viscount Dunbar is married to the daughter of the Lord Clifford. One of the agents in this affair was Mr. Edward Blount, who (it was thought) might have provided for that noble viscount much better out of his own family. The said Mr. Blount is this morning gone off for Devonshire, without daring to call at Maple-Durham in his way. Some people sigh, and say Mr. Holman stands fair.

"Sir Samuel Garth's journey into Italy is put off for three days; that of some others into Devonshire is neither off nor on, like most modern matches, though all the parties are agreed.

"I must stop here till further advices, which are expected from the Lady Mary Wortley this afternoon." C. *Bowles.*

Hyde-Park, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the oath of abjuration, and recovered his dear horses, which carried him in triumph to the ring. The poor distressed Roman Catholics, now unhorsed and unchariotted, cry out with the psalmist, *Some in chariots and some on horses, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.**

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *June* 22.

I PROMISED you an account of Sherborne before I had seen it, or knew what I undertook. I imagined it to be one of those fine old seats of which there are numbers scattered over England. But this is so peculiar, and its situation of so uncommon a kind, that it merits a more particular description.

The house is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Rawleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have since been joined to four wings, with a regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building.

* "There are several other advices from the Lady M. W. which you shall have in our next. So much for the present; and as for the future, I neither know what will become of myself, or of the nation." Orig. *Bowles.*

The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout; and one of the flat sides toward the garden has the wings of a newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the first Earl of Bristol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the old building, would be a noble front. The design of such an one I have been amusing myself with drawing; but it is a question whether my Lord Digby will not be better amused than to execute it. The finest room is a saloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with very excellent tapestry of Rubens, which was a present from the King of Spain to the Earl of Bristol, in his embassy there.

This stands in a park, finely crowned with very high woods on all the tops of the hills, which form a great amphitheatre sloping down to the house. On the garden sides the woods approach close, so that it appears there with a thick line and depth of groves on each hand, and so it shews from most parts of the park. The gardens are so irregular, that it is very hard to give an exact idea of them, but by a plan. Their beauty arises from this irregularity; for not only the several parts of the garden itself make the better contrast by these sudden rises, falls, and turns of ground; but the views about it are let in, and hang over the walls in very different figures and aspects. You come first out of the house into a green walk of standard limes, with a hedge behind them, that makes a colonnade; hence into a little triangular wilder-

ness, from whose centre you see the town of Sherborne, in a valley interspersed with trees. From the corner of this you issue at once upon a high green terrace, the whole breadth of the garden, which has five more green terraces hanging under each other, without hedges, only a few pyramid yews and large round honeysuckles between them The honeysuckles hereabouts are the largest and finest I ever saw. You will be pleased when I tell you the quarters of the above-mentioned little wilderness are filled with these, and with cherry-trees of the best kinds, all within reach of the hand At the ends of these terraces run two long walks, under the side walls of the garden, which communicate with the other terraces that front these, opposite. Between the valley is laid level, and divided into two irregular groves of horse-chesnuts, and a bowling-green in the middle of about one hundred and eighty feet. This is bounded behind with a canal, that runs quite across the groves, and also along one side, in the form of a T. Behind this is a semicircular *berceau*, and a thicket of mixed trees, that completes the crown of the amphitheatre, which is of equal extent with the bowling-green. Beyond that runs a natural river through green banks of turf, over which rises another row of terraces, the first supported by a slope wall planted with vines; so is also the wall that bounds the channel of the river. A second and third appeared above this; but they are to be turned into a line of wilderness, with wild winding walks, for the con-

venience of passing from one side to the other in shade, the heads of whose trees will lie below the uppermost terrace of all, which completes the garden, and overlooks both that and the country. Even above the wall of this the natural ground rises, and is crowned with several venerable ruins of an old castle, with arches and broken views, of which I must say more hereafter.

When you are at the left corner of the canal, and the chesnut groves in the bottom, you turn of a sudden, under very old trees, into the deepest shade. The walk winds you up a hill of venerable wood, over-arched by Nature, and of a vast height, into a circular grove, on one side of which is a close high arbour, on the other a sudden open seat, that overlooks the meadows and river with a large distant prospect. Another walk under this hill winds by the river side, quite covered with high trees on both banks, overhung with ivy; where falls a natural cascade, with never-ceasing murmurs. On the opposite hanging of the bank (which is a steep of fifty feet) is placed, with a very fine fancy, a rustic seat of stone, flagged and rough, with two urns in the same rude taste upon pedestals, on each side; from whence you lose your eyes upon the glimmering of the waters under the wood, and your ears in the constant dashing of the waves. In view of this is a bridge, that crosses this stream, built in the same ruinous taste: the wall of the garden hanging over it is humoured so as to appear the ruin of another arch or two above the bridge.

Hence you mount the hill, over the Hermit's seat (as they call it) described before, and so to the highest terrace again.

On the left, full behind these old trees, which makes this whole part inexpressibly awful and solemn, runs a little, old, low wall, beside a trench, covered with elder-trees and ivies; which being crossed by another bridge, brings you to the ruins, to complete the solemnity of the scene. You first see an old tower penetrated by a large arch, and others above it, through which the whole country appears in prospect, even when you are at the top of the other ruins; for they stand very high, and the ground slopes down on all sides. These venerable broken walls, some arches almost entire of thirty or forty feet deep, some open like porticoes with fragments of pillars, some circular or inclosed on three sides, but exposed at top, with steps, which time has made of disjointed stones, to climb to the highest points of the ruin; these, I say, might have a prodigious beauty, mixed with greens and parterres from part to part; and the whole heap standing as it does on a round hill, kept smooth in green turf, which makes a bold basement to show it. The open courts from building to building might be thrown into circles or octagons of grass or flowers; and even in the gaping rooms you have fine trees grown, that might be made a natural tapestry to the walls, and arch you over-head, where time has uncovered them to the sky. Little paths of earth or sand might be made

up the half-tumbled walls, to guide from one view to another on the higher parts; and seats placed here and there to enjoy those views, which are more romantic than imagination can form them. I could very much wish this were done, as well as a little temple built on a neighbouring round hill, that is seen from all points of the garden, and is extremely pretty. It would finish some walks, and particularly be a fine termination to the river, and be seen from the entrance into that deep scene I have described by the cascade, where it would appear as in the clouds, between the tops of some very lofty trees that form an arch before it, with a great slope downward to the end of the said river.

What should induce my Lord Digby the rather to cultivate these ruins, and do honour to them, is, that they do no small honour to his family; that castle, which was very ancient, being demolished in the civil wars, after it was nobly defended by one of his ancestors in the cause of the King. I would set up at the entrance of them an obelisk, with an inscription of the fact; which would be a monument erected to the very ruins; as the adorning and beautifying them in the manner I have been imagining, would not be unlike the Egyptian finery, of bestowing ornaments and curiosity on dead bodies. The present master of this place (and I verily believe I can engage the same for the next successors) needs not to fear the record,* or

* This is an allusion to the Sherborne Curse, which may be seen in Peck's Desiderata, vol. ii. b. xiv. No. 6. p. 5. Osmond, who

shun the remembrance of the actions of his forefathers. He will not disgrace them, as most modern progeny do, by an unworthy degeneracy of principle or of practice. When I have been describing his agreeable seat, I cannot make the reflection I have often done upon contemplating the beautiful villas of other noblemen, raised upon the spoils of plundered nations, or aggrandized by the wealth of the public. I cannot ask myself the question, "What else has this man to be liked? What else has he cultivated or improved? What good, or what desirable thing appears of him, without these walls?" I dare say his goodness and benevolence extend as far as his territories; that his peasants live almost as happy and contented as himself; and that not one of his children wishes to see this seat his own.

I have not looked much about since I was here. All I can tell you of my own knowledge is, that, going to see the cathedral* in the town hard by, I

from a Norman knight became a bishop, gave Sherborne Castle, with other lands, to the church of Salisbury, and laid a curse on all who should alienate or diminish his donation. In Peck may be found the instances in which it has been verified. C.

Mr. Crowe has most poetically introduced this circumstance in his "Lewesdon Hill." *Bowles.*

* Sherborne was formerly the see of a bishop. The bishops of Sherborne were so named till the year 1041, when they were intitled bishops of Salisbury, to which the see was removed. When Henry VIII. erected the see of Bristol, Sherborne was attached to it. The noble monument mentioned by Pope is that of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, who died in 1698. It is said to have cost 1,500*l.* C. *Bowles.*

took notice, as the finest things, of a noble monument, and a beautiful altar-piece of architecture; but if I had not inquired in particular, he nor his had never told me, that both the one and the other was erected by himself. The next pretty thing that catched my eye, was a neat chapel for the use of the towns-people, who are too numerous for the cathedral. My Lord modestly told me he was glad I liked it, because it was of his own architecture.

I hope this long letter will be some entertainment to you. I was pleased not a little in writing it; but do not let any lady from hence imagine that my head is so full of any gardens as to forget hers. The greatest proof I could give her to the contrary is, that I have spent many hours here in studying for hers, and in drawing new plans for her. I shall soon come home, and have nothing to say when we meet, having here told you all that has pleased me: but Wilton is in my way, and I depend upon that for new matter. Believe me ever yours, with a sincerity as old-fashioned, and as different from modern sincerity, as this house, this family, and these ruins, are from the Court, and all its neighbourhood. Dear Madam, adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Friday.*

I HAVE long been sensible of your foreknowledge of the will of heaven, which, (as I have often told you) I can attribute to nothing but a secret correspondence with your fellow-beauties, the angels of light. In very deed my rambling associates have deserted me. Jervas has ladies to paint, and Duke Disney must visit a bishop, in hopes of his conversion. The Duke is too sedate for me, notwithstanding he has so much mercury in him. Only Dr. Arbuthnot and I travel soberly and philosophically to Oxford, &c. inquiring into natural causes, and being sometimes wise, sometimes in the spleen. It is very hard, this world is a thing, which every unfortunate thinking creature must necessarily either laugh at, or be angry at: and if we laugh at it, people will say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they will say we are ill-humoured. I beg your pardon for my spleen, to which you shewed so much indulgence, and desire yourself and your fair sister to accept of these fans* as a part of my penalty. I desired Mr. Jervas to choose two of the best he had; but if these do not chance to hit your fancy, you will oblige me by taking your own

* These were the fans on which the verses were written, "To a Lady, with a present of a Fan," &c.

"Come, gentle air, &c. *Bowles.*

choice out of twenty, when you go to London. What little discomposure they may receive by rumpling, will be recovered if you keep them laid up smooth (as modest women do their petticoats).

I cannot tell to whom I am obliged for two bottles of the white elder wine, which were given to our boy, unknown to me. But it looks like the good-natured trick of a kind, hearty, motherly gentlewoman; and therefore I believe I owe it to Mrs. Blount, whom I entreat to think me her most faithful servant. Mr. Blount may esteem me so too, if he knows I cannot heartily wish him married. What to wish for Mrs. Teresa and you I know not, but that I wish as sincerely as I do for myself, and that I am in love with you both, as I am with myself, and find myself most so with all three when I least suspect it. I am, Madam, &c.

LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

(1716).

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds

above: the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the

world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's square.*

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s,† I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T——‡ as a credit to the Maker of angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire.§ It

* "Go to contemplate this wretched person in the abject condition of lying at a lady's feet in Bolton-street." Orig. The Miss Blounts at this time resided in Bolton-street. C.

† Harcourt's.

‡ "Mrs. Jennings." Orig. C. *Bowles.*

§ This last paragraph is considerably altered from the original,

would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, (*Oxford*, 1716.)

I AM here studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The Epistle of Eloisa grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it.*

I am to pass three or four days in high luxury, with some company, at my Lord Burlington's. We are to walk, ride, ramble, dine, drink, and lie together. His gardens are delightful, his music ravishing; yet I shall now and then cast a thought on Charles-street.

but it is not worth transcription. The affair here mentioned in which he promises to do his utmost, was the purchase of an annuity for his fair correspondent. C.

* In vol. ii. p. 56-7, Mr. Bowles has a conjecture on the nature of Pope's "personal feelings," when he wrote the Epistle of Sappho, and his Eloisa. Perhaps the hint in this letter may afford a farther illustration. C. *Bowles.*

May you have all possible success both in your devotions this week, and your masquerade the next. Whether you repent or sin, may you do all you wish; and when you think of me, either laugh at me, or pray for me, which you please.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, (1716.)

I SEND you your book, and have not forgot to give commission about the lavender. I find I shall stay a little longer than I intended, my mother being so much mended by change of air, both as to her cough and her spirits, that she will meet me at Oxford, where she will see the place, and return with me.

I could be glad to know certainly, whether you will have the coach I bought, or not? that I may either dispose of it, or keep it accordingly. If your objection be to the standing, or care of it, this summer, you shall not be troubled with any thought of it till winter. Upon this, and all other such occasions, I can say but just this,—either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuse any service I can do you? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?

I have nothing to add, but to wish you all happiness, and to assure you I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE MISS BLOUNTS.

(*Oxford*, 1716.)

If my memory had not deceived me, this was the volume of Clarendon which you commanded. It is accompanied with a book which I think a very pretty one, and I believe you have never read. I cannot express the desire I have of being happy with you a few days (or nights, if you would give me leave) at Maple-Durham; where, I dare say, you relish the delights of solitude and shades, much better than I can be able to do till I see you. For, in very deed, ladies, I love you both, very sincerely and passionately, though not so romantically (perhaps) as such as you may expect, who have been used to receive more complimental letters and high flights from your own sex, than ever I am like to reach to. In earnest, I know no two things I would change you for, this hot weather, except two good melons.

I have hitherto been detained here by a doctor of Divinity,* whom I am labouring to convert from the Protestant religion; and in two days I must be at Hampton-Court, and (for all I know) at London. Upon my return, Mr. Harcourt has promised me to be here; after which, I will try if you will admit me. I am without any more non-

* Dr. Clarke.

sense than I was born to; that is to say, without any ceremony, I am (I say) before the Lord, ladies,

Your most faithful,

insignificant, humble servant.

LETTER XX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

I WILL not describe Blenheim* in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it. I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to

* As the following remarks on this palace occur only in that edition of Lord Orford's Anecdotes of Painters, which is in his works, 5 vols. 4to. 1798, and were given as his lordship's *last* opinion, they will probably be new to many of our readers:—"Two very good judges, and men of excellent taste, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Gilpin, have declared their admiration of the stupendous piles of Blenheim and Castle-Howard;—and no doubt vastness is very imposing at a distance; but if the design and details are defective, the merit of grandeur remains with the person who is at the expense of the fabric, not with the architect who executes his commands. St. Peter's, St. Paul's, each strikes as a magnificent whole; but they charm too when the parts are examined, nor have any superfluous weight. Large edifices might be erected from unnecessary excrescences of stone, that load the palaces above-mentioned; and, however admirable Vanburgh's structures may be in their present state of *perfection*, I will venture to guess that their ruins will have far greater effect, not only from their massive fragments, but from the additional piles which conjecture will supply, in order to give a meaning to the whole." C. *Bowles.*

the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress, below; and but two apartments above (very much inferior to them) in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you would think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject, and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vistas through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoiled by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary staircases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupolas and little turrets, that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: and, as if it were fatal, that some trifling littleness should every

where destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semicircles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great quarry of stones above ground.

We paid a visit to the Spring where Rosamond bathed herself; on a hill, where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude, Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Aug.* 7, 1716.

I HAVE so much esteem for you, and so much of the other thing, that, were I a handsome fellow, I should do you a vast deal of good: but as it is, all I am good for, is to write a civil letter, or to make a fine speech. The truth is, that considering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am astonished (and a little affronted) that you have not forbid my correspondence, and directly said, *See my face no more.*

It is not enough, Madam, for your reputation, that you have your hands pure from the stain of such ink as might be shed to gratify a male correspondent: alas! while your heart consents to encourage him in this lewd liberty of writing, you are not (indeed you are not) what you would so fain have me think you,—a prude! I am vain enough to conclude (like most young fellows), that a fine lady's silence is consent, and so I write on.

But, in order to be as innocent as possible in this epistle, I will tell you news. You have asked me news a thousand times, at the first word you spoke to me; which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly it is not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms.

But to my news.—My Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September. Mr. Gay has had a fall from his horse, and broken his fine snuff-box. Your humble servant has lost his blue cloak. Mr. Edmund Curll has been exercised in a blanket, and whipped at Westminster school by the boys, whereof the common prints have given some account.* If you have seen a

* This circumstance fixes the date of the year which we have given to this Letter. Curll's well-earned whipping took place in

late advertisement, you will know that I have not told a lie (which we both abominate), but equivocated pretty genteelly: you may be confident it was not done without leave from my spiritual director. My next news is a trifle. I will wait upon you at Whiteknight's in a fortnight or three weeks, unless you send me word to the contrary; which I beg you to do if I shall not find you there. Would to God you could go to Grinstead or the Bath, I would attend you to either.

As I always am impertinent in my questions concerning you, to every body that has seen or heard from you, so I have lately received much gladness, in the belief that you might do so, from the late entertainments of the Lord Cadogan in your neighbourhood. I heartily wish many times you led the same course of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret; for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not dined but at great entertainments these ten days, in pleasant villas about the Thames, whose banks are now more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton-Court——

[*A part of this letter torn off.*]

——Upon the whole, I am melancholy, which, to say truth, is (*all one*) gets by pleasures themselves. Yet as I believe melancholy (*hurts*) me as little as any one, so I sincerely wish much (*rather to*) be so

the beginning of August, 1716, as appears by a humorous letter, copied by Mr. Nichols in "Atterbury's Correspondence," from the St. James's Chronicle, and dated Aug. 3. C. *Bowles.*

myself, than that those I value should partake (*of it*). In particular, your ease and happiness would be a great part (*of my*) study, were I your guardian angel: as I am, a poor * * * *, it is one of my most earnest wishes. Believe me, dear Madam,

Your most faithful humble servant, &c.

Pray tell Miss Patty, that, though she will not write to me, I hear she writes for me, which I ought to take as kindly: this I was informed of by Mr. Caryll.

LETTER XXII.

TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES, *Oakley Bower, Oct.* 8, (1716).

NOTHING but your having bid me write to you often, would make me do it again without an apology. I do not know where you are, or whether you have received my letters; but conclude this cannot be disagreeable to you, unless you have altered your minds,—a thing which in women I take to be impossible. It will serve, if for nothing else, to give my services to Mr. Caryl, supposing you with him; if not, keep them yourselves: for services (you know) are of that nature, that, like certain other common things, they will fit every body.

I am with Lord Bathurst, at my bower;* in

* Pope's seat at Cirencester is still shewn. *Bowles.*

whose groves we had yesterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy; and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months: it does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I look upon it, as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay; and as we should look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleased us once, though now declined from his gay and flourishing condition.

I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the Downs, eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with Lord B., or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works, all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at commerce, and play pretty high: I do more, I bett too; for I am really rich, and must throw away my money if no deserving friend will use it. I like this course of life so well, that I am resolved to stay here till I hear of somebody's being in town that is worth coming after.

Since you are so silent in the country, I cannot expect a word from you when you get to London. The first week must needs be wholly employed in making new gowns, the second in shewing them, the third in seeing other people's, and fourth, fifth, and so on, in balls, plays, assemblies, operas, &c. How can a poor translator and hare-hunter hope

for a minute's memory? Yet he comforts himself, to reflect that he shall be remembered when people have forgot what colours you wore, and when those at whom you dress shall be dust! This is the pride of a poet: let me see if you dare own what is the pride of a woman; perhaps one article of it may be, to despise those who think themselves of some value, and to shew your friends you can live without thinking of them at all. Do keep your own secrets, that such fellows as I may laugh at ye in the valley of Jehoshaphat, where cunning will be the foolishest thing in nature. But I forget myself. I am talking as to women things that walk in the country, when possibly by this time you are got to London, and are goddesses. For how should ye be less when you are in your heaven? If so, most adorable deities! most celestial beauties! hear the often-repeated invocation of a poet expecting immortality! So may no complaints of unhappy mortals ever more disturb your eternal diversions! Maintain your dignity, blessed saints! and scorn to reveal yourselves to fools (though it be but fair play, for they reveal themselves to every body). Goddesses must be all-sufficient; they can neither want a friend, nor a correspondent. How arrogant a wretch am I then, who resolve to be one of these (if not both) to you, as long as I have a day to live!

LETTER XXIII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

October 30.

You must needs know, dearest Madam, how kindly, how very kindly I take your letter. I am sure there is scarce an hour in which I am not thinking of you, and of every thing relating to you; and therefore every least notice given me of you, is to me the most important news in the world. I am truly concerned for your head-ach, and for your finding the town disagreeable: but I hope both of these uneasinesses will be transitory, and that you will soon (even the very next day after your complaint) find both yourself and the town mighty well again. I do sincerely, and from my soul, wish you every pleasure and contentment the world can give; and do assure you at the same time, the greatest I can receive will always be in hearing of yours, and in finding, by your communicating it to me, that you know how much I partake of it. This will satisfy my conscience better, than if I continued to trouble you daily; though there is really no day of my life that I do not long to see you.

As to my health, I am in a very odd course for the pain in my side: I mean a course of brickbats and tiles, which they apply to me piping hot, morning and night; and sure it is very satisfactory to one who loves architecture at his heart, to

be built round in his very bed. My body may properly at this time be called a human structure. My mother too is fallen ill of her rheumatism, but was not the worse, but better, for your stay the other night. You left her in high humour with you. Pray give hers and my faithful services to your mother and sister.

Shall I congratulate or condole with you on my Lady Kildare's account? I heartily wish her very happy with any able Divine, whenever you have no mind to her company. I thank you for your kind admonition to consult the doctor, and faithfully promise to take care of myself at your desire, whenever you will take the least care of yourself at mine. You may be confident the master-builder will come to survey your house the first day he is able: if he does not soon recover, I will send to another, whom I believe I can find at Kensington.

Pray, have you heard farther of Bertie? I have not. I writ yesterday to Cleveland-Court, to deliver you what letters came from the lottery-office. God give you good fortune (the best thing he can give in this world to those who can be happy). You know I have no palate to taste it, and therefore am in no concern or haste to hear whether I gain or lose. But I will not release you from your engagement of sending me word of the tickets, because every word of yours is unfeignedly a great satisfaction to Yours, &c.

If I am not able to come soon to London, I will epistolize your sister speedily.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

London, Tuesday.

I AM very glad I did not defer seeing Mr. Bethel. I found him last night so bad, and panting for breath, that I can scarce imagine he ever will recover. Yet this morning he is quite another man, and so much mended, that it is scarce conceivable he is the same person. So it seems it is with him, but much worse in town than on the road. It was impossible to get him to Twitnam: he stays but one day more, and sets out on Thursday morning. I wish to God you could borrow Lady A——'s chariot to-morrow, just to look at him in the morning, and return to her to dinner. He lodges next door to Lord Shelburne's. He does not expect this; but I think it would be a satisfaction to your own mind, and perhaps we shall never see him more. God's will must be obeyed; but I am excessively wounded by it. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

I WONDER you should imagine I thought you had done any thing amiss; when the letter I sent you last so fully explained my meaning. I think that shews you it is unreasonable I should trouble you so frequently; and I cannot think you so much a woman, as to expect I should continue to act unreasonably, only because I have done so too long already.

I will wait upon you before noon; and am very truly and honestly what I profess myself, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,
and sincere humble servant.

LETTER XXVI.

TO TERESA AND MARTHA BLOUNT.

YOU cannot be surprized to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And though I am pretty sensible, that if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I will content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderness of this world, &c.*

First then I went by water to Hampton-Court,

unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, concealed: for I met the prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B.* and Mrs. L.* took me into protection, (contrary to the laws against harbouring papists,) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H.* We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable: and wished that every woman who envied it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold, in the princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakespear has it) to *dinner, with what appetite they may*—— and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof

* Mary Bellenden, Mary Lepell, Maids of Honour to the Princess; Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk. It is well known that at the time this was written, unmarried ladies were called generally Mrs's. Miss Bellenden and Lepell have been before spoken of. *Bowles.*

of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L. walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to —— park: there we had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S*** was mentioned with honour. Lady *** walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head. I arrived in the forest by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Moses, who dined in the midway thither. I passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.*

* " All hail! once pleasing, once inspiring shade,
Scene of my youthful loves, and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me, as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said, Be ours.
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
At court thou may'st be lik'd, but nothing gain:
Stocks thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose;
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.

" On

Your doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir Samuel Garth says, that for Radcliffe to leave a library,* was as if a eunuch should found a seraglio. Dr. S*** lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wondered at it for two reasons, because Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and because Dr. S*** was living. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SIR, *Sunday Morning.*

My sister and I shall be at home all day. If any company come that you do not like, I'll go

" On Thursday I went to Stonor, which I have long had a mind to see since the romantic description you gave me of it. The melancholy which my wood and this place have spread over me, will go near to cast a cloud upon the rest of my letter, if I do not make haste to conclude it here. I know you wish my happiness so much, that I would not have you think I have any other reason to be melancholy: and after all, he must be a beast that is so, with two such fine women for his friends. It is enough to make any creature easy, even such an one as your humble Servant." What follows in the printed Letter, appears to have been added by Pope for publication. C. *Bowles.*

* Because it was notorious that he had little learning; but he possessed what was better, wonderful sagacity and penetration in judging of diseases. Dr. Young has the same simile in his second satire:

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As Eunuchs are the guardians of the Fair. *Warton.*

up into any room with you. I hope we shall see you.* Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE MISS BLOUNTS.

LADIES, *Thursday Morn.*†

PRAY think me sensible of your civility and good meaning, in asking me to come to you.

You will please to consider, that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me with respect to one of you.

I scarce ever come but one of two things hap-

* This letter, *it has been observed*, is *short, but very much to the purpose. Bowles.*

In the foregoing note Mr. Bowles has ventured to throw out an insinuation which will be rejected by every candid mind. But what shall we say when we find in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope, vol. vii. p. 200, the same letter thus referred to:

"In a note signed *Teresa* and *Martha*, Pope is invited to meet *them*; and *they* say, if there is any company he disliked, *they* will retire with him into any room. Pope, in answer, requests *they* will write their surnames, as he says *Teresa* and *Martha* may be *two saints* for what he knows to the contrary."

The note from Miss Blount yet exists in the British Museum, written on by Pope in his translation of Homer. Of the existence of any other note of a similar tenor, signed *Teresa* and *Martha*, I am not aware, but if there be such a one, it certainly is not so much to the purpose so *significantly* pointed out by Mr. Bowles as he would have us believe.

† From the date of this letter, it can scarcely be an answer to the preceding one of Sunday; but, if not, it refers at least to some invitation of a similar nature.

pens, which equally afflicts me to the soul: either I make her uneasy, or I see her unkind.

If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound me to death.

It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

My continuing to see you will, by turns, teaze all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

And if one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all three agreed who shall be the person.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

This is a day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes, I wish some things more for my friends, and some things less for myself. Yet were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose, what I told you last year in rhyme (so sincere is my poetry): I can only add, that as I then wished you a friend,* I now wish that friend were Mrs. ———

* *To Mrs. Blount on her birth-day.*

"O be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasures, and a *friend*."
Warburton.

Absence is a short kind of death; and in either, one can only wish, that the friends we are separated from, may be happy with those that are left them. I am therefore very solicitous that you may pass much agreeable time together. I am sorry to say I envy you no other companion; though I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleased in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both,* just as I fancied we should begin to live together in the country. It was a little like dying the moment one had got all one desired in this world. Yet I go away with one generous sort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleased to hear some certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions through which he travelled, described; and, upon the whole, to know that he is as happy where he now is, as while he lived among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepared soul) have seen nothing I like so well as what I left: no scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one

* In a note signed, Teresa and Martha, Pope is invited to meet them; and they say, if there is any company he disliked, they will retire with him into any room.

Pope in answer requests they will write their surnames, as he says, Teresa and Martha may be *two saints*, for what he knows to the contrary. The conclusion of the note is too gross to be published. *Bowles.*

reflection strikes me: I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tie as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pulled back (in such a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well since I set out: but do not tell my mother so; it will trouble her too much: and as probably the same reason may prevent her sending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but do not flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better satisfied when you say you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

Chiswick, 4 o'clock, Tuesday, Dec. 31.

DEAR MADAM,

It is really a great concern to me, that you mistook me so much this morning. I have sincerely an extreme esteem for you; and, as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God's sake do not judge and try me by the methods of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I meant no disrespect to you. I have been ever since so troubled

at it, that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own,

Yours.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

I TAKE it kindly whenever you command any thing of me: I shall not want the horses all day, being to have our party with Mrs. Lepell. I wish to God I were as fit to keep you company as those who love you far less. Nothing could be so bitter to a tender mind, as to displease most, where he would (and ought in gratitude) to please best. I am faithfully yours: unhappy enough to want a great deal of indulgence; but sensible I deserve it less and less from my disagreeable carriage. I am truly grateful to you for pardoning it so often, not able to know when I can overcome it, and only able to wish you could bear me better.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES, *Sept.* 17.

I AM in the case which many a man is in with your sex, not knowing where to have you: so I direct this with great respect to the most dis-

creet of servitors, whom I dare hardly call George,* even within the folds of this letter. I hope, if you are in London, that you find company; if you are in the country, that you do not want it. I heartily wish you luck at cards; not only as it is said to be a token of luck in better things, but as it doth really and effectually save money, and sometimes get it. I also wish you good husbands, and think Mr. Caryll, who has the interest of our Catholic religion at heart, ought, if possible, to strengthen it, by allying to some of the supports thereof two such lovely branches as yourselves. Pray tell him so from me, and let me advise you in your ear. It is full as well to marry in the country as in the town, provided you can bring your husbands up with you afterwards, and make them stay as long as you will. These two considerations every wise virgin should have in her head, not forgetting the third, which is,—a separate allowance. O Pin-money! dear, desirable Pin-money! in thee are included all the blessings of woman! In thee are comprised fine clothes, fine lodgings, fine operas, fine masquerades, fine fellows. Foh! says Mrs. Teresa, at this last article ——and so I hold my tongue.

Are you really of opinion you are an inconvenient part at present of my friend's family? Do ye fancy the best man in England is so very good,

* Perhaps George Arbuthnot, the solicitor, who was much in the confidence of Pope and M. Blount. C. *Bowles.*

as not to be fond of ye? Why, St. Austin himself would have kissed ye—St. Jerome would have shaved against your coming—St. Peter would have dried his eyes at the sight of you—and St. Thomas would have been for touching and trying you. If you fancy yourselves troublesome at Grinstead,* you are too humble indeed; you need not talk of wanting to be humbled! Every place will be proud of you; except Gotham, and the wise men of Gotham. May the Devil take every one that thinks you should be humbled! For me, I sincerely wish to see you exalted, when it shall please heaven, above the cherubims; but first, upon earth, above six horses in a handsome coach.

After all, if it be wholesome for you both to be humbled, ladies, let me try to do it. I will freely tell you two or three of your faults.

First, if you are handsome, you know it. This people have unluckily given you to understand, by praising you every day of your lives. The world has abundance of those indiscreet persons who admire you; and the mischief of it is, you can go no where but you meet with them.

Secondly, you are the greatest self-lovers alive. For ever since you were children, it was preached to you, that you should know yourselves. You have complied with this idle advice, and, upon examining, find a great many qualities, which

* West-Grinstead in Sussex: Mr. Caryll's residence was here. C. *Bowles.*

those who possess cannot but like themselves the better for: and it is your misfortune to have them all!

Thirdly, it is insupportable impudence and lying in you, to pretend, as you do, to have no passion or tendency to love and good-nature. For can any thing be so preposterous, as to say you care for nobody, at the same time that you oblige and please every body?

For these, and all other your grievous offences, the Lord afford you his mercy, as I do heartily absolve you. *In nomine*, &c.

Mr. Gay was your servant yesterday: I believe to-day he may be Mrs. Lepell's.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES, (1716.)

The minute I find there is no hope of you, I fly to the wood. It is as fit for me to leave the world, as for you to stay in it; and to prefer a wood to any acquaintance or company, as for you to prefer any cousin, even the gravest relation you have, to a wood. Perhaps you may think your visit as melancholy as my retirement: if you have not as much time to think as I shall have, you will have more to pray, which some think as

melancholy. What I shall gather from thence I know not, except nuts, which I believe Gay and I shall oftener crack, than jokes. But you shall hear more of our life there, when we have experienced it longer.

I send this letter to answer a few friendly questions you have made. My mother is, and has been, in as good health as I have known her these many years. She is mighty well acquainted with all Lord Harcourt's family—children and all. I shall not leave her seven days together, whatever excursions I make. I have felt my arm more within these three days than I did when I left you. I have gone a good way in Homer every day I was at Stanton-Harcourt. I will shortly send you a particular description of that place. It was no small grief to me that the fine nectarines there were not ripe enough by a fortnight to send you. Should any thing keep you longer in town than a week, or bring you back in three, I could accommodate you with very good ones upon the least hint. I have not forgot the strong beer. I writ to Mr. Caryll some posts ago, and told him he ought to treat you like the husbandman in the Scripture,—give you as much as those who came earliest, since you had borne the sweat and labour of the whole summer for his sake. I write very dully. I must send a better letter next; but I snatch a quarter of an hour for this, just while our horses bait before our journey. It was time for me to get away a-while, for all Oxford was

coming upon me, with Duke Hamilton at the head of them. I had done a whole book of Homer before any creature knew I was here.

I once more thank you both for your letters. Pray continue to oblige me as often as ever you can. Those I send shall come free to London; but may not I as well send sometimes directly to Grinstead with franks? Yours, if given by George to Jervas's, cannot fail of being sent right. Mr. Gay is much yours, I always so.

God bless you, or I must be an ill Christian.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. POPE TO THE MISS BLOUNTS.

Nov. 1717.

My poor Father died last night.—Believe, since I do not forget you this moment, I never shall.

A. Pope.*

LETTER XXXV.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

As the weather proves very blustering and uncertain, we would by no means give you all the

* This letter may serve to shew "the *nature* of Pope's *feelings*," better than all that Mr. Bowles has been able to allege against them. It breathes a sentiment perfectly consistent with the purest friendship; but could not possibly, at such a time, have been addressed to two women, for either one or both of whom he entertained a criminal passion.

trouble or the ceremony of taking leave of us. But my mother will wait upon you in a chariot soon after dinner, if you are not otherwise engaged. I am engaged to be with Mr. Craggs till five or six; after which I shall be very glad to pass the evening with you, if you have nothing to do. But if you prefer coming hither, the same chariot may carry you back. I beg you to do just what is most convenient to yourselves; for ceremony is to no purpose, I think, either with those that are friends, or with those that are not. We are very much your humble servants.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Dec.* 11, 1720.

I SEND you this Christmas present, which I hope you will like, though it is not so properly brawn as I wish, for want of horn. I cannot be positive that it will be any recommendation to your goût, to say it has the pure country taste. I cannot tell but you may prefer even town brawn to country brawn.

I found our house exactly like Noah's ark, in every thing, except that there is no propagation of the species in it. As to the waters, we ride safe above them as yet. The prospect is prodigiously fine. It is just like an arm of the sea; and the flood over my grass-plot, embraced between the

two walls whose tops are only seen, looks like an open bay to the terrace. The opposite meadow, where you so often walked, is covered with sails; and, not to flatter you, I believe the flowers in it next spring will be rather attributed to the production of the waters, than of your footsteps, which will be very unpoetical after all. We see a new river behind Kingston, which was never beheld before; and that our own house may not be void of wonders, we pump up gudgeons, through the pipe in the kitchen, with our water. Having finished my description, I conclude, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

THIS is purely to give you the satisfaction of knowing, that I have not been unmindful of your affairs, and that I shall omit no occasion of doing what you order me. I find, from those whose judgment I myself most depend upon, that it is thought the South Sea will rather fall than rise, toward the sitting of the parliament; and upon this belief I have myself kept a thousand five hundred pounds lying by me, to buy at such a juncture. The general opinion is, that the parliament will tax the funds; and if so, one may certainly make advantages of money then in one's hands, which will more than answer its lying dead these two months.

However, I have given orders to buy 500*l.* for myself, as soon as South Sea falls to 103, which you shall have if you have a mind to it. It will amount to near six per cent.: and my broker tells me he thinks it will fall to that.

But if you order me to do otherwise, with part or all of the sum I have of yours, I will obey you. Hitherto I have only acted in your affair as I have done in my own.

I hope you had the Grand Cyrus by the Reading coach, above a week ago. I am in London almost constantly, and every hour in company; have renewed all my idle and evil haunts; am not very well; sit up very late, &c. I have lately been told, my person is in some danger; and (in any such case) the sum of 1,121*l.* will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter secure against accidents.

Gay is well at court, and more in the way of being served than ever. However, not to trust too much to hopes, he will have a play acted in four or five weeks, which we have driven a bargain for.

I long to see you both: and love you so very well, that I wish I were the handsomest fellow in England for your sakes. I dined yesterday with Jacky Campbell, at the Duke of Argyle's. Gay dines daily with the Maids of Honour. Adieu. I am melancholy,—and drunk.

Tuesday night.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Sunday.*

THIS is just to let you know, that being again in the city yesterday, I was obliged to stay so late, that I could not go home: so that, if you have any thing to say to me, here I am; and here shall stay, till the matter of your annuities is decided, on purpose to do as you commission me. I expected some answer to my last.

Your other business is at last brought about. I have borrowed money upon ours and Mr. Eckershal's* orders, and bought 500*l.* stock S. Sea, at 180. It is since risen to 184. I wish us all good luck in it, and am very glad to have done what you seemed so desirous of. I am, &c.

My faithful services to your mother and sister.

* The Eckershals probably mentioned in Gay's Poems, vol. ii. p. 404.

"Lo! Tooker, *Eckershal*, Sykes, Rawlinson." C. *Bowles.*

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM,

I FIND, upon coming to town, that Mrs. Robinson's* tickets are not given out till to-morrow. I hope this notice will arrive in time, before you are engaged otherwise.

If you will give this bearer your Exchequer orders for 500*l.* I will get them registered, and the interest received; this being a proper time to send them to the Exchequer.

I heartily wish you all the amusements and pleasures I must be (for a time at least) deprived of. I beg you to think me not the worst of your friends, who, after so many mistakes, and so many misfortunes, am resolved to continue unalterably, Madam, Yours.

LETTER XL.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Feb.* 21.

I AM too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter. But I desire to know what is your meaning, to resent my complying with your request, and endeavouring to serve you in the way you proposed, as if I had done you some great in-

* Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer, afterwards Lady Peterborough. C. *Bowles.*

jury? You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity, as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned, it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.

You express yourself desirous of increasing your present income upon life. I proposed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it. When it was done, you received it as if it were an affront; since, when I find the very thing in the very manner you wished, and mention it to you, you do not think it worth an answer.

If your meaning be, that the very things you ask, and wish, become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them, or bring them about, pray own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought, but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm and sincere to be trifled with: therefore, if you have any meaning, tell it me, or you must allow me to take away that which perhaps you do not care to keep. Your humble servant.

I shall speedily obey you, in sending the papers you ordered; which, when I do, be pleased to sign the inclosed receipt, and return it by the bearer of them.

LETTER XLI.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

YOUR letter gives me a concern, which none, but one who (in spite of all accidents) is still a friend, can feel. I am pleased, however, that any thing I said explains my past actions or words in a better sense than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witness), that I was constantly the thing I professed myself to be, to you; that was, something better, I will venture to say, than most people were capable to be, to you, or any body else.

As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to that time and condition, in which every body ought to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you; and beg pardon also for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me so resenting.

We are too apt to resent things too highly, till we come to know, by some great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure: and as for me, you need not suspect of resentment a soul which can feel nothing but grief.

I desire extremely to see you both again: yet I believe I shall see you no more; and I sincerely hope, as well as think, both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wish you may each of you find all you desired I could be, in some one whom you

may like better to see. In the mean time, I bear testimony of both of you to each other, that I have certainly known you truly and tenderly each other's friend, and wish you a long enjoyment of each other's love and affectionate offices. I am piqued at your brother, as much as I have spirits left to be piqued at any one: and I promise you I will prove it, by doing every thing I can in your service. I am sincerely.

LETTER XLII.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

The chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your sister's state of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered alarms upon alarms on her account.* No one can be more sensibly touched at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with

* A passage in the original, which is omitted here, may perhaps serve to illustrate, if any thing can, the nature of Pope's attachment to Martha Blount. "A month ago I should have laughed at any one, who had told me my heart would be perpetually beating for a lady that was thirty miles off from me: and indeed I never imagined my concern could be half so great for any young woman whom I have been no more obliged to than to so innocent an one as she. But, madam, it is with the utmost seriousness I assure you, no relation you have can be, &c." C.

Bowles.

more uneasiness. I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing to resign my own happiness here, for hers in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herself may desire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wish: may her beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and compliments dare to do: she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shewn upon this occasion.*

Your, &c.

* The following lines in the original, which conclude the letter, seem to allude to a correspondence of which we have no other information: "I beg Mrs. Blount and Mr. Blount to believe me very faithfully their servant, and that your good mother will accept of a thousand thanks for the favour of her *Maids'*† *Letters*, and oblige me with the continuance of them every post." C.

† *Quære*, whether Pope does not mean her daughters? *Bowles*.

LETTER XLIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

*Twitenham Garret.**

MADAM PATT, *Thursday Morn. at Nine,* (1726).

You are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the inclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to-day, after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours;* but I, with the greatest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

LETTER XLIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR PATTY, *Dublin, Feb.* 29, 1727-8.

I am told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of

* Written when Swift was on a visit to Pope at Twickenham.

looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger, and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and spunge once a week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come, but we will leave Mr. Gay to his Beggars and his Operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer, for want of a squire to Ham-Common and Walpole's Lodge; for as to Richmond Lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as Sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give you so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the Dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a cast-away, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the court, and out of his jurisdic-

tion, where you will be teased with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up a hundred pounds of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady, in the prime of life and gaiety, must take up with an antiquated Dean, an old gentlewoman of fourscore, and a sickly poet. I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Teresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the Deanery, and being denied, without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your Opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed, that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you,

threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland, he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a week, and a whole half dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu, again, dear Patty.

LETTER XLV.*

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 7, 1726.

I AM very much pleased with your letter: but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclination, but to an information that I had a mind to

* We have but few specimens of Miss Blount's letters. This is here reprinted as one of the most favourable: it was first published by Dean Swift, Esq. in 1775. C. *Bowles.*

hear from you; and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merit some remembrance, without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you; for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning,* has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks: and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire that I had last year. I am very unwilling to change: and, moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at

* General mourning for the death of George I. C. *Bowles.*

Court, I will tell you where the Royal Family design to pass their summer: two months at Richmond Lodge, the same time at Hampton-Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.*

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to the Bath. I wish you were ordered there; for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at Court, I would soon convince you that I am, very sincerely,

Your faithful friend, and very humble servant,

M. B.

* This shameful intrigue is minutely detailed by Lord Orford, in his "Reminiscences;" and the event alluded to in this Letter is, that "during the summer a negociation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour, and the possession of his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a year." C. *Bowles.*

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

(1727.)

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it (which by the way I do not like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty). I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven: as, on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive that stroke which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think of with less pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall

be, that state must be right: but I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or pursued here: for else what a torment would it be to a spirit, still to love those creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that in a more exalted life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I am sensible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to show this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think *quite so far* as I am now led to do: but to think *a little towards it,* is what will make you the happier and the easier at all times.

There are no pleasures or amusements that I do not wish you, and therefore it is no small grief to me that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence; I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and pity from my soul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. Gay's condition in this last respect of dependence. He has merit, good-nature, and integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often lost upon great men; or at least are not all three a match for one which is opposed to them, flattery. I wish it may not soon or late displace him from the favour he now possesses, and seems to like. I am sure his late action deserves eternal favour and esteem:* Lord Bathurst was charmed with it, who came hither to see me before his journey. He asked and spoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Fortescue comes to me from London about B——'s suit *in formâ pauperis.* That poor man looks starved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed it is wanted; the poor creature can scarce stir or speak; and I apprehend he will die, just as he gets something to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, *Bath, Sept.* 4.

I THANK you for many things, and particularly for your letters. That which gave me an account of my mother's tolerable health, told me no more than three others told me; yet it satisfied me much more, as being from you. To think

* His refusing the appointment of Usher to the Princess Louisa in 1727.

that a person whom we wish so much our friend as to take a concern in all that concerns us, should be cordially affected with things, is a greater and more tender pleasure than any of the same cares or testimonies from others. I left Lord Cobham's, as I told you, not without a wish that yourself and Mrs. Howard had seen it with me. I passed by the door of my Lord Deloraine's, which is a neat stone house, with a view to the Downs, but low situated. I cannot help telling you one circumstance, that, as I travelled all alone, made me contemplative. I was drawn by a horse now employed by Lord C. in rolling the gardens, which was the same in former days on which the Earl of Derwentwater rid at Preston. It made me reflect, that man himself is as blind and unknowing of his fate, as the beast he bestrides: equally proud and prancing in his glory, and equally ignorant whither or to what he is running. I lay one night at Rousham,* which is the prettiest place for water-falls, jetts, ponds inclosed with beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood, that ever I saw. I lay next at Mr. Howe's, in Gloucestershire; a fine thing of another kind, where Nature has done every thing, and luckily, for the master has ten children. But it might be made very grand, merely by taking away part of what is there already.

* Near Oxford, the seat of Col. Cotterell, to whom he addressed the second Epistle of the second book of Horace:

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your Country's friend!

I called at Sir William Codrington's,* designing but for half a day, and it not being a mile out of the way; but found it impossible (without more violence than ought ever to be offered to good nature) to get from thence till just now. My reception there will furnish matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in his spirit: all his sisters, in the first place, insisted I should take physic, preparatory to the waters, and truly I made use of the time, place, and persons, to that end. My Lady Cox, the first night I lay there, mixed my electuary, Lady Codrington pounded sulphur, Mrs. Bridges Bethel ordered broth. Lady Cox marched first up-stairs with the physic in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next, with the vial of oil; Mrs. Bridget third, with pills; the fourth sister, with spoons and tea-cups. It would have rejoiced the ghost of Dr. Woodward† to have beheld this procession; and I should be inclined to think it might bring Mr. Bethel this way two hundred miles about, if I would promise but to do the same thing on my return home. By this means I have an opportunity of astonishing Dr. Arbuthnot, to see me begin the waters without any physic, and to set him and Mr. Gay in an uproar about me, and my wilfulness: I may even hope to be as famous as yourself. I was much pleased with what happened on Mr. B.'s sisters all taking physic

* A beautiful seat at Durhams, eight miles from Bath, on the Oxford road. *Bowles.*

† Dr. Woodward died April 25, 1728. C. *Bowles.*

some days together (which I was told there, and gives a perfect character of the great taste of the family to it). A country wench in the house thanked God heartily, that she was not born a gentlewoman, and declared she would not be one for the world. Their house is pretty enough, the situation romantic, covered with woody hill stumbling upon one another confusedly, and the garden makes a valley betwixt them, with some mounts and waterfalls.

I have experienced the fate of many promises, and many friends. Before I came hither, it was matter of contention who should carry me the journey! and at last, when it came to the point, I travelled every step of the way all alone. However, it was some comfort to me, that I really amused myself, and found not the length of the journey: it is a satisfaction to find that power in oneself, which one would not always owe to other helps and contingencies. I think I never passed a pleasanter, abating a few thoughts, with which I will not trouble you or any other friend; and which sit too near me to be totally banished by any company, amusement, or distance whatever.

When you say Mrs. Howard is well, I fear you do not (speak) of the pain in her face, but in general. I cannot but think that Bath might give her blood a new turn, of which the doctors here, I believe, will not despair. But I have yet seen none of them, nor any other creature. The first thing I have done is to sit down to write this.

My next shall tell you who is here, &c. and what I find in the place. I am ever Yours, &c.

Wednesday. Lord Peterborough is just arrived. I have writ you two letters before this.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

Tuesday the ——

I HOPE this will find you both settled in peace and joy at Bath; that your court is numerous enough to keep a court and town lady in spirits, and yet not so importunate as to deprive you of rest. Your health, nevertheless, is my chief concern; which to ladies or gentlewomen, young, or advancing into wisdom (but never above pleasures), is a most comfortable and necessary thing, with or without admirers, even from Lady W——y, to her great granddaughter born last week.

I saw Dr. Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I passed a whole day with him at Hampstead; he is at the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell, and Mrs. Saggioni the singer, and his son and his two daughters, are all with him. He told me he had given the best directions he could to yourself, and to Lady Suffolk separately; that she ought to bleed, and you not; that it is his opinion the wa-

ters will not be of service to you, and that there can be no ill consequence if they should heat you; it could only bring out the rash * at worst, which he says might be the means to free your blood from it a long time.

I hope by this time the pink-coloured riband in your hat is pulled off, and the pink-coloured gown put on. I will not joke upon that, though I did upon the riband, because, when people begin to sin, there may be hopes of amendment; but when the whole woman is become red as scarlet, there is no good to be done.

Lady Suffolk has a strange power over me. She would not stir a day's journey either east or west for me, though she had dying or languishing friends on each quarter, who wanted and wished to see her. But I am following her chariot-wheels three days through rocks and waters, and shall be at her feet on Sunday night. I suppose she will be at cards, and receive me as coldly as if I were archdeacon of the place. I hope I shall be better with you, who will doubtless have been at mass (whither Mr. Nash at my request shall carry you constantly when I come), and in a meek and christian-like way. I have no more to say to either of you, but that which we are all obliged to say even to our enemies. The Lord have

* As the mention of this disorder occurs in Dean Swift's Letter to Miss Blount, it seems to fix the date of this Letter in 1727, or 1728. C. *Bowles.*

mercy on you! and have you in his *keeping*. Adieu.

I intended you this by the last post, but it was too late; so that you will hardly receive it sooner than we shall come. I was willing just to have told Lady Suffolk before, that one of my chief motives was to see her in a place of liberty and health, and to advertise you, Madam, not to be discouraged if the waters did heat you, but to lose no time in them.

LETTER XLIX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Cirencester.

It is a true saying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendship; they shew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tendernesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season: for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my mother's death, (especially should it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains me, that I have never,

since I knew you, been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me. This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disordered me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long; I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friend so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them: for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: and if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former or present. My uneasinesses of body

I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world,) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L*** to live out of a court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *humour*, nor your own *sense*.

You cannot conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you would once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you. Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.*

* This obscure letter seems to imply a wish, that she would throw off the *restraints* of her family, &c. and live with him.

Bowles.

This is another of those insinuations, which Mr. Bowles omits

LETTER L.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Nov. (1732.)

YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater.* Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her master† had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing;

no opportunity of throwing out against the motives of Pope's conduct with regard to Martha Blount; but for which the letter affords not, in any unprejudiced mind, the slightest ground. That some dissatisfaction subsisted between her and the family with whom she resided is apparent, and Pope earnestly advises her to consult her own happiness and live independent; *not* by residing *with him*, but in a situation where "*she found and felt herself her own.*" This perpetual reference of every sentiment to an improper motive, without any allowance for the occasional wit and levity of the writer, the familiarity of friendship, and the manners of the times, seems intended to throw an air of licentiousness over this correspondence, which exists rather in the imagination of the commentator, than in the mind of the author.

* Mr. Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46. *Pope.*

† George II.

not performing any one promise it makes us for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it

would comfort you to see me so equal-tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be assured I love you both, and be farther assured, that friendship will increase as I live on.

LETTER LI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

(Cirencester,) Sept. 7, 1733.

You cannot think how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend, who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham, whenever I pass my mother's room.

I have not yet writ to Mrs.**: I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cause of it,) I will put them out for nobody but a friend: and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest

pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. It is but in a very narrow circle that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: the rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy whenever the night shall overtake us.

I dreamed all last night of ——. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits. I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments,

the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself; whether before or after I leave you, (the only way I ever shall leave you,) you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, *Tuesday, Aug.* 25, 1735.

I FOUND my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of

mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations,* but (since the person who had married them was dead) to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve,

* Lord Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer, of whom Dr. Burney has given a very interesting account in vol. iv. of his History of Music. The marriage was long kept secret, and, we learn from this Letter, divulged only about this time. His Lordship did not survive this interview with his old correspondent many weeks. He persisted in going to Lisbon, but died in the passage, Oct. 15. He was born about the year 1658, and was in his seventy-seventh year when he died. At the time of his connexion with Mrs. Robinson, he must have been considerably beyond his prime. She survived him fifteen years, residing in an exalted station, partly at Bevis Mount, near Southampton (whence Mr. Pope's interesting Letter is dated), and partly at Fulham, or perhaps at Peterborough-House on Parson's Green (Lysons' Environs of London, vol. ii.). The only Life extant of Lord Peterborough is that by Dr. Birch, which accompanies the Earl's portrait in Houbraken's Heads. He had written his own Memoirs, which his Lady destroyed, from a regard to his reputation. Tradition says, that in these Memoirs he confessed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. Such Memoirs may be spared. C. *Bowles.*

into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake, and his teeth chatter; and for some time he lay cold as death. His wound was dressed (which is done constantly four times a day), and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the workmen, talked again of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail, but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who is to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he must be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will.

He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites

them to stay and dine or sup, &c. Sir Wilfred Lawson and his Lady, Mrs. Mordaunt and Colonel Mordaunt, are here: to-morrow come Mr. Poyntz, &c. for two days only, and they all go away together. He says he will go at the month's end, if he is alive. I believe I shall get home on Wednesday night. I hope Lady Suffolk will not go sooner for Stowe, and, if not, I will go with her willingly. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure, had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them.* I am ever yours, &c.

LETTER LIII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

December 27.

I AM sorry you are so engaged and dissipated, as you say. If your friends would but do as most other people's, invite you once to dinner, and then not care if you were hanged, it would be better. But to be all day, first dressing one's body, then dragging it abroad, then stuffing the guts, then washing them with tea, then wagging one's tongue,

* A few other particulars of Lord Peterborough's death are given in a Letter to Swift. C. *Bowles.*

and so to bed; it is the life of an animal, that may, for all that I know, have reason in it (as the country girl said a fiddle had a tune in it), but wanted somebody to fetch it out: and ladies indeed so seldom learn to play this way, or shew what is in them at all, till they meet with some clever fellow, to wind them well up, and fret their fiddlestrings. But as next to action is contemplation, so women unmarried betake themselves wisely to thinking; as I doubt not you do sometimes, when, after the fatigues of the day, you get to bed, and then how must every considerate woman be struck, when she hears the watchman every hour telling how *time is past!* If you think I write a little extravagantly, you are mistaken; for this is philosophy: I am just come from hearing Dr. Cheyne; and besides I have the head-ach, which heats my brain, and he assures me I might be inspired, if it had but one turn more. I must just say a word or two in the usual form, to let you know I have been once at Bath, and dined with Mrs. Arbuthnot, who sends you many services. I will not fail to speak of what you desire to Lady Peterborough. Mrs. Arbuthnot tells me she is very great with Mrs. Nugent, and so am I (to be) with Mrs. P. but I have not seen her, and she has no coach, and cannot get at me. I thank God for all his benefits. Pray tell me of any thing that pleases you, or any thing that vexes you: and give Lady Gerard my humble service; and take care of your health, and finish the picture

when you go into the city, or to Judge Fortescue's, and do not mind Mr. Price.*

You tell me very few of my friends in town remember to ask about me. You shall see how I remember them, and how I ask about them. Pray tell my Lady Suffolk, in the first place, that I think of her every night constantly, as the greatest comforter I have, under her eider-down quilt: I wish Mr. Berkley lay as easy, who, I hear (and am sorry for it), has had the gout. Pray ask the Duchess of Queensbury, (if you can contrive to ask her without seeing her,) what she means by forgetting you are as good a dancer as some she invites? and ask my Lady Marchmont to carry you to see how well her Lord performs. Pray tell Mr. Lyttelton to tell a friend of his, that of all the princes in Europe, I admire the King of Prussia, because he never tells any body any thing he intends to do. Pray tell Mrs. Price how kindly I take her remembrance of me, and desire her to tell my Lord Cornbury† so. And those who love writing letters, and those who can write a-bed, should write, for the

* Grandfather of the present Uvedale Price, Esq. See Letter to Mrs. Price at Spa, in this Collection, communicated by Mr. Price, p. 489. *Bowles.*

† Lord Cornbury was grandson of the great Lord Clarendon, and of course nearly related to Mary, consort of William III. and sister to Queen Anne. He was, notwithstanding, a Nonjuror, and for that reason was, no doubt, more respected by Pope; but he was a most amiable man, and well merited the elegant compliment paid him in verse:

"Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains." *Bowles.*

same reason that those who hate writing letters, and those that cannot lie or sit still, should not write: and tell Mr. Nugent that I will sit for my picture for him, as I once did for his lady; and that I believe it will be a very excellent picture, because I am very much altered for the better. Pray assure Mr. Cleland that I am reading Don Quixote; and assure Lady Fanny that I have writ no verses this year at Bath. I wish Lord Chesterfield knew that a very scandalous paper is handed about in his name upon Lady Thanet, which I am glad of, because he gave copies of an incorrect libel of mine against pride and covetousness.

Among the rest of my friends, I wish you had told me what is become of Moratt. Is it not for him that your sister has cried out her eyes?

LETTER LIV.

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. PRICE.

DEAR MADAM, *Sept.* 8, 1740.

CONSIDERING how long I have been without writing to you, you will think I have no fair pretence to take ill your not writing to me: but the case is very different. You could give me great pleasure in telling me you had a good journey, that the waters did you good, &c. this is the chief: I could add, you do and can write agreeable letters; you know I cannot: I can only repeat what I have often told you, in a very dull but very

sincere way, that nobody has more regard for you, nor is more interested in all that concerns your health and happiness, and wish you both with all my heart. I am told you do not come back this winter, which I grieve at, till you convince me it is for your advantage. I am also told Mrs. Pitt has left you much better in health, and that your liking and opinion of each other is just what I foretold. I hope my dear Miss Greville is in good health; pray assure her of my affectionate services. I have been ten days at Richmond, and confined ever since I came with a violent cold. I rejoice at Lord Cornbury's good health, and am his very faithful servant. The princess lies in in the beginning of December. Lady Charlotte Edwine is gone to Bristol, I fear far gone in a consumption. Mrs. Greville * was extremely kind and obliging to me when I was last at the Grove: I think all that country excessively fine. Miss Longs were there all the time: we played at quadrille; and every thing was so agreeable, that instead of staying as I proposed, a week, I stayed five.

I was just going to give you and Lord Corn-

* Mrs. Greville was sister to Mrs. Price, grandmother to Uvedale Price, Esq. and I believe she was the

" Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain."

They were daughters of Lord Arthur Somerset, and of course interested in the divorce of the Duchess of Beaufort, who is mentioned in the latter postscript, and who, after her divorce, was married to Colonel Fitzroy, and had by him the present Duchess of Norfolk. *Bowles.*

bury an account of Mr. Pope; but he is come to see me, and will do it himself. I have also desired him to say something for me; for I can say so little for myself, that by all I can say, you will not believe me half so much as I sincerely am, my dear Mrs. Price,

Your most faithful and affectionate
humble servant,
M. Blount.

I cannot quite forgive your writing to all your acquaintance, some of which, I think, deserved that favour less than I did, before you gave me that pleasure.

They have given over talking of the Duchess of B. I do not hear her named now: I was sensible of the grief that affair gave you. Adieu. I hope your son is well.

LETTER LV.

MR. POPE TO MRS. PRICE, AT SPA.*

Pray, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury, I am not worse than he left me, though I have endured some uneasiness since, besides that which his indisposition, when I parted, gave me. I am amply rewarded by his very kind letter, and the good news it brought me of his amendment. I have had a correspondence with my Lord Clarendon, who has

* Communicated by Uvedale Price, Esq. *Bowles.*

in the most obliging manner imputed his journey to Spa to the encouragement I gave him to travel, and to the experience that he was abler to do so than he imagined himself. I earnestly wish his return, but not till he can bring himself whole to us, who want honest and able men too much to part from him: I hope, therefore, to see him this sessions in full health and spirit. Madam, as to yourself, it would be some compliment in me to put any lady in the same line with him; but as I know he likes your company, and as I know you deserve he should, I make no apology either to you or to him. *Sint tales animæ concordes!* (as you very well understand) is the best wish I can form for you both: and I leave it to his lordship to translate, if you pretend you cannot. Sure I am you have already translated it into your life and manners, if not into your language. I desired Mrs. Blount to write this sentence to you, and with it her service to Lord Cornbury, but she would not trust herself with so much Latin: I know some ladies that would. If you do not come home, it imports you to be extremely the better for being abroad, for we shall be extremely the worse for it: so pray mend as fast as you can, the only way you can be mended. I am, Madam,

Your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER LVI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Bristol, Monday, (1742).

I AM glad I sent you my last letter on Saturday, without expecting yours, which did not come till the day after the post, by passing first through Mr. Allen's hands at Bath. I thank you for it, and must now give you some account of this place. I rise at seven, drink at the well at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at two, go to bed at ten, or sooner. I find the water very cold on my stomach, and have no comfort but in the asses' milk I drink constantly with it, according to Dr. Mead's order. The three days I was at Mr. Allen's, I went for two or three hours to Bath, but saw no public place, nor any persons, but the four or five I writ you word of. It grieved me to miss twice of Lady Cox in that time. I had a line from Mr. Slingsby Bethel, to acquaint me his brother was well; and I will write to him from hence, as soon as I can give him a physical account of myself.

I hardly knew what I undertook when I said I would give you some account of this place. Nothing can do it but a picture, it is so unlike any scene you ever saw. But I will begin at least, and reserve the rest to my next letter. From Bath you go along the river, or its side, the road lying generally in sight of it: on each bank are steep rising hills clothed with wood at top, and sloping toward

the stream in green meadows, intermixed with white houses, mills, and bridges; this for seven or eight miles: then you come in sight of Bristol (the river winding at the bottom of steeper banks to the town), where you see twenty odd pyramids smoking over the town (which are glass-houses), and a vast extent of houses red and white. You come first to Old Wells, and over a bridge built on both sides like London bridge, and as much crowded with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses, and sledges with goods, dragging along all together, without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a key along the old wall, with houses on both sides, and, in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprizing sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only, the water rises to carry them out; so that, at other times, a long street, full of ships in the middle, and houses on both sides, looks like a dream. Passing still along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one side, overlooking green hills on the other: on that rocky way rise several white houses, and over them red rocks, and, as you go further, more rocks above rocks, mixed with green bushes, and of different-coloured stone. This, at a mile's end, terminates in the house of the Hot Well, whereabouts lie several pretty lodging-houses open to the river, with

walks of trees. When you have seen the hills seem to shut upon you, and to stop any further way, you go into the house, and looking out at the back door, a vast rock of an hundred feet high, of red, white, green, blue, and yellowish marbles, all blotched and variegated, strikes you quite in the face; and turning on the left, there opens the river at a vast depth below, winding in and out, and accompanied on both sides with a continued range of rocks up to the clouds, of an hundred colours, one behind another, and so to the end of the prospect, quite to the sea. But the sea nor the Severn you do not see: the rocks and river fill the eye, and terminate the view, much like the broken scenes behind one another in a playhouse. From the room where I write, I see the tide rising, and filling all the bottom between these scenes of rocks; on the sides of which, on one hand, are buildings, some white, some red, every where up and down like the steepest side of Richmond to the Thames, mixed with trees and shrubs, but much wilder; and huge, shaggy marbles, some in points, some in caverns, hanging all over and under them in a thousand shapes. I have no more room, but to give Lady Gerard my hearty services, and to wish you would see, next summer or spring, what I am sure would charm you, and fright most other ladies. I expect Mr. Allen here in four or five days. I am always desiring to hear of you. Adieu. Remember me to Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Cleland.

LETTER LVII.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, *Saturday the 24th*, (1742).

I HAVE just received yours, for which I most kindly thank and love you. You will have this a post the sooner, by Mr. Allen's messenger coming hither. I have had a kind letter from the judge,* with very friendly mention of you, and concern that he could not see you. As he expects a particular account of myself, I inclose it, to save the trouble of writing it over again to you, who I know desire as much or more to know it: and I proceed in my description.

Upon the top of those high rocks by the Hot Well, which I have described to you, there runs on one side a large down of fine turf, for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river; but in many parts of this down, the valleys descend gently, and you see all along the windings of the stream, and the opening of the rocks, which turn and close in upon you from space to space, for several miles on toward the sea. There is first near Bristol a little village upon this down, called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging-houses, overlooking all the woody hills; and steep cliffs and very green valleys within half a mile of the Wells; where in the summer it must be delicious walking and riding, for the

* Mr. Baron Fortescue.

plain extends one way many miles: particularly, there is a tower that stands close at the edge of the highest rock, and sees the stream turn quite round it; and all the banks one way are wooded, in a gentle slope for near a mile high, quite green; the other bank, all inaccessible rock, of a hundred colours and odd shapes, some hundred feet perpendicular.

I am told that one may ride ten miles further on an even turf, on a ridge that on one side views the river Severn, and the banks steeper and steeper quite to the open sea; and, on the other side, a vast woody vale, as far as the eye can stretch; and all before you, the opposite coast of Wales beyond the Severn again. But this I have not been able to see; nor would one but in better weather, when one may dine, or lie there, or cross a narrow part of the stream to the nearest point in Wales, where Mr. Allen and Mr. Hook last summer lay some nights in the cleanest and best cottage in the world, with excellent provisions, under a hill on the margin of the Severn. Let him describe it to you; and pray tell him we are much in fear for his health, not having had a line since he left us.

The city of Bristol itself is very unpleasant, and no civilized company in it: only the collector of the customs would have brought me acquainted with merchants, of whom I hear no great character. The streets are as crowded as London; but the best image I can give you of it is, it is as

if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as *big*, or all their people ran into London. Nothing is fine in it but the Square, which is larger than Grosvenor-square, and well builded, with a very fine brass statue in the middle, of king William on horseback; and the key, which is full of ships, and goes round half the Square. The College Green is pretty, and (like the Square) set with trees, with a very fine old cross of Gothic curious work in the middle, but spoiled with the folly of new gilding it, that takes away all the venerable antiquity. There is a cathedral, very neat, and nineteen parish churches.

Once more my services to Lady Gerard. I write scarce to any body, therefore pray tell any body you judge deserves it, that I inquire of, and remember myself to, them. I shall be at Bath soon; and if Dr. Mead approves of what I asked him of the Bath water mixed, I will not return to Bristol; otherwise I fear I must: for indeed my complaint seems only intermitted, while I take larger quantities than I used of water, and no wine; and it must require time to know, whether I might not just as well do so at home. Not but that I am satisfied the water at the Well is very different from what it is any where else; for it is full as warm as new milk from the cow; but there is no living at the Wells without more conveniences in the winter. Adieu. I write so much that I have no room to tell you what my heart holds of esteem and affection. Pray write to me

every Thursday's post, and I shall answer on Saturday; for it comes and goes out the same day, and I can answer no sooner what you write on Tuesday.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT.

Stowe, July 4, (1742).

THE post after I writ to you, I received, with great pleasure, one from you; and it increased that pleasure to hope you would be in a little time in the country, which you love so well, and when the weather is so good. I hope it will not be your fate, though it commonly proves that of others, to be deserted by *all* your friends at court. I direct to your own house, supposing this will be sent after you, and having no surer way. For the same reason, I have directed a haunch of venison to be sent Mrs. Dryden, in case you are out of town. It will arrive next Monday early at Lord Cobham's in Hanover-square; but if you are in town, and would have it otherwise disposed of, you may prevent it, by sending thither over night a new direction to the porter. I will send you another from Hagley, if you appoint beforehand where it shall be left. Your next direction is to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, at Hagley near Stowerbridge, Worcestershire, where I hope to be on the tenth, or sooner, if Mr. Lyttleton come. Mr. Grenville was here, and told me he expected him in two or

three days; so I think we may travel on the eighth or ninth. Though I never saw this place in half the beauty and perfection it now has, I want to leave it, to hasten my return towards you; or otherwise I could pass three months in agreeable rambles and slow journeys. I dread that to Worcester and back; for every one tells me it is perpetual rock, and the worst of rugged roads: which really not only hurt me at present, but leave consequences very uneasy to me. The Duke of Argyle was here yesterday, and assures me what Mr. Lyttleton talks of as one day's journey must be two, or an intolerable fatigue. He is the happiest man he ever was in his life. This garden is beyond all description in the new part of it. I am every hour in it, but dinner and night, and every hour envying myself the delight of it, because not partaken by you, who would *see* it better, and consequently enjoy it more. Lady Cobham and Mrs. Speed, who (except two days) have been the sole inhabitants, wish you were here, as much at least as they wished for their gowns, which are not yet all recovered, and therefore I fear yours is not. You might be more at your own disposal than usually; for every one takes a different way, and wanders about, till we meet at noon. All the mornings we breakfast and dispute; after dinner, and at night, music and harmony; in the garden, fishing; no politics and no cards, nor much reading. This agrees exactly with me; for the want of cards sends us early to bed. I have

no complaints, but that I wish for you and cannot have you. I will say no more—but that I think *of* and *for* you, as I ever did and ever shall, present or absent. I can really forget every thing besides.

I do not see that any thing can be done as to Mr. Russel, except having the lease carried to Mr. Arbuthnot, and the alterations added. He will correct the draft; and if it be ready for signing, so much the better: for else I fear the lawyers will be all out of town before she returns.

I desire you will write a post-letter to my man John,* at what time you would have the pine-apples to send Lady Gerard, and whither he is to send them in town? I have had none yet; but I bade him send you the *very first* that ripened,—I mean, for *yourself*. But if you are out of town, pray tell him to whom he shall send it? I have also ordered him, as soon as *several of them* ripen, to inquire of you where and when you would have any, which I need not say are wholly at your service.

The post comes in crossly here, and after I have written for the most part: but I keep this to the last, in case I have any letter to-night, that I may add to it, as I sincerely shall, my thanks, whenever you oblige me by writing, but still more by thinking me, and all I say, sincere; as you *safely* may, and *always* may.—

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

* John Searle, of whom in his will. C. *Bowles.*

Adieu. I am going to the Elysian fields, where I shall meet your idea.

The post is come in without any letters which I need answer; which is a pleasure to me, except with regard to yours. I did not expect another from you, but as you said in your first that you might send one; and I thank you for the intention. I hope the more, that you are out of town for it, and shall rejoice the more when I have one. Pray take care of yourself. Mr. Bethel is got well home.

Adieu, once more. I am going to dream of you.

Nine at night.

LETTER LIX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, *Stowe, Saturday.*

I THINK you will not complain again that I do not write often enough; but as to long letters, it is hard to say much, when one has nothing to tell you but what you should believe of course, and upon long experience. All is repetition of one great truth, which is lessened, when it really is so, by too frequent professions. And then the other things are of places and persons that little or not at all affect you, or interest you. You have often rebuked me for talking too much of myself and my own motions; and it is surely more trifling and

absurd to write them, than to talk them; considering too that the clerks of the post-office read these letters. But I am not at all ashamed, that they and all the world know how much I esteem you, or see that I am one who continue to live with men out of favour at court, with the same regard as if they were in power. Mrs. Blount's friend, and Lord Cobham's friend, and Mr. Lyttleton's friend, does not envy them, nor their master's best friends; and has more honour, and less impertinent curiosity, than to open any of their letters, did they fall in his way. Nor does he think they have any secrets more worth inquiry than what they will find in this letter. So I go on to tell you, that I am extremely well, as well as ever I expect to be in every thing, or desire to be, except my constitution be mended, or you made happier. Yet I think we have both of us the ingredients about us to make us happy. Your natural moderation is greater than mine; yet I have no sort of ambition nor vanity, that costs me an uneasy moment. Your temper is much more cheerful; and that temper joined with innocence, and a consciousness of not the least inclination to hurt, or disposition to envy another, is a lasting security of that calm state of mind, which nothing can take from you, not sickness nor age itself. But the *skill* of your *conduct* would be, to avoid and fly as far as possible from all occasions of ruffling it; or such vexations, which, though they cannot destroy it, can and will cloud it, and render you the

more liable to be uneasy for being more *tender*, and *less inclined* to make or see others uneasy. *That way* they will get your very temper into their power, and you will grow, in appearance, the worse woman, for being really at your heart the better. *Unkindnesses* and *ungrateful returns* are therefore the things you should get out of the way of, and, by so doing, you will preserve *all* your good-will for them, which though they do not merit, yet you would preserve; and avoid *seeing* what they cannot but wish you did not *see*, though they cannot help shewing. It is certain, both they and you would be easier, were you quite removed from them. However, while you stay with them, I am glad you can find any circumstance of satisfaction, and particularly that you like so well the situation of the house, fields, &c.; but do not be like the swallow, and, because it is pleasant in the summer, lie still and be frozen to death in the winter; for you will certainly find it no winter habitation, and would do well to provide a better against that season.

I wonder you have not heard from Mr. Fortescue. I wrote to him just after, and mentioned the same thing, and to me he has yet returned no answer, at least John has sent me no letter. I think he is more to be depended on than a direct courtier, though a judge. I was disappointed in not finding you gone with Mr. Schutz. As a German, I think it possible he may be dull enough not to care for you: but be that as it will, as a courtier, if

his duty to Madam V** comes in the way, he must prefer it to any other request whatsoever. I had directed the venison beforehand just as you wished, I see, and that was a pleasure to me. I had sent also two lines to Mrs. Dr***, to tell her it came by your order, in case you had been out of town. As to the pine-apple, I wish I had had it myself, or that you had sent it to any better friend,—Mrs. Price, or any honest body.

Mr. Lyttleton is just arrived, and I set forward on Monday. On Tuesday I hope to get to his house; and, if able, to get to General Dormer's in ten days (including journey and all).

I thank you for what you told Lord Cornbury. He writ to me very warmly, and talks of finding me wherever I am. I have given him the best account I can of my return to General Dormer's, about the 20th, I believe. I wish you would go with Mrs. Greville to Astrop (it is but fifteen miles off), and stay with Lady Cobham till Lady Gerard returned from Lancashire, and called you. She and Mrs. Speed wish extremely for any honest company at present, and you would be quite easy. But this I know is a dream; and almost every thing I wish, in relation to you, is so always! Adieu. I hope you take Spa waters, though you mention it not. God keep you! and let me hear from you.*

* This letter seems to contain the first indication of the quarrel of Pope and Miss Martha Blount, with Mr. and Mrs. Allen; of which some account will be found in the Life of Pope, prefixed to the present edition, chap. x.

LETTER LX.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, (1742.)

WRITING is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or sitting, it hurts my breast; and in the afternoon I can do nothing, still less by candle-light. I would else tell you every thing that passed between Mr. Allen and me. He proposed to have stayed only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he said he would take a bed here, and fast with me. The next morning I desired him to come into my room before I rose, and opened myself very freely upon the subject, requiring the same unreserve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkindness or coolness, and protested his utmost desire, and answered for hers, to have pleased you; laid it all upon the *mutual dissatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him by any *misrepresentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him you never made any such; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. I told him I did not im-

pute the unkindness shewn me, in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he denied this utterly too. I pressed then, that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all easy in; and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment. I said much more, being opener than I intended at first; but finding him own nothing, but stick to this, I turned to make slighter of it, and told him he should not see my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen so much as hers had been to me (which he declared he did not see); and that I could answer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, so far from misrepresenting any particular.

There were some other particulars, which I may recollect, or tell when we meet. I thought his behaviour a little shy; but in mine, I did my very best to shew I was quite unconcerned what it was. He parted, inviting himself to come again at his return in a fortnight. He has been very ill, and looks so. I do not intend to see them in town. But God knows whether I can see any body there;

for Cheselden is going to Bath next Monday, with whom at Chelsea I thought to lodge, and so get to you in a morning.

My own condition is much at one: and to save writing to you the particulars, which I know you desire to be apprized of, I inclose my letter to the Doctor.

I assure you I do not think half so much what will become of me, as of you; and when I grow worst, I find the anxiety for you doubled. Would to God you would quicken your haste to settle,* by reflecting what a pleasure it would be to me just to see it, and to see you at ease; and then I could contentedly leave you to the providence of God in this life, and resign myself to it in the other! I have little to say to you when we meet, but I love you upon unalterable principles, which makes me feel my heart the same to you as if I saw you every hour. Adieu.

Easter day.

Pray give my services to Lady Gerard; and pray get me some answer to Dr. King, or else it

* Pope breathes a similar wish in another Letter. "I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you," &c. He had much trouble in adjusting Miss Blount's affairs, and seldom had the satisfaction to please her. C. *Bowles.*

The above passages in Pope's Letters, and some others of the same nature, which have been so much misinterpreted, shew only the disinterestedness of Pope's attachment to Miss Blount, and his anxiety to see her permanently and comfortably established.

will cost me a letter of excuse to have delayed it so long.

I do not understand by your note, nor by Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whether you think of coming hither to-morrow, or when. Mr. Murray's depends on his recovery, which is uncertain; and Lord Bolingbroke, the end of the week.

LETTER LXI.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.*

(1742.)

So strange a disappointment as I met with, the extreme sensibility which I know is in your nature, of such monstrous treatment, and the bitter reflection that I was wholly the unhappy cause of it, did really so distract me, while with you, that I could neither speak, nor move, nor act, nor think. I was like a man stunned or stabbed, where he expected an embrace: and I was dejected to death, seeing I could do or say nothing to comfort, but every thing rather to hurt you. But for God's sake know that I understood it was goodness and generosity you shewed me, under the appearance of anger itself. When you bid me first go to Lord B.'s from them, and then hasten thither, I was sen-

* This letter is addressed to Miss Blount, who remained on her visit to Mr. Allen's, after Pope had left Prior Park, and seems intended to persuade her to follow his example and quit the house.

sible it was in resentment of their conduct to me, and to remove me from such treatment, though you stayed alone to suffer it yourself. But I depended you would not have been a *day* longer in the house after I left you last; and of all I have endured, nothing gave me so much pain of heart, as to find by your letters you were still under their roof. I dread their provoking you to any expression unworthy of you. Even *laughter* would be taking too much notice; but I more dread your spirits, and falling under such a dejection as renders you incapable of resolving on the means of getting out of all this. You frighten yourself more than, were you in any other house, you would be sensible you need do. If you would go directly to London, you may, without the least danger, go in a coach and six of King's horses (with a servant on horseback as far as Marlborough, writing to John to meet you there), for 6 or 7*l.* as safe, no doubt, as in any nobleman or gentleman's coach. If you would stay a few days at Lady Cox's, you might, as many do, be carried in a chair to Lincomb, and be all day among people who either love you, or have civility and humanity. Or if you cared to pass that time at Holt, where Lady Cox and Lady Bp. are; and as soon as the Duchess of Qu *(eensberry)* comes, you may depend upon it, if you write, she will send her coach for you thither. Lady Archibald (I cannot doubt) would lend you her coach to go, if they have not sent back their horses, which I do not suppose from your letter. Another

easy way of going to Amesbury is to Sandy Lane, in a morning, to which place the Duchess can easily send, and you will be there before night. Or, lastly, Mr. Arbuthnot and I will come in a very good coach from hence any day you name, take you up at Lincomb, or Lady Cox's, by nine in the morning, and carry you and your maid safe, either to London or Amesbury. He has a friend who lives by Salisbury, with whom he and I would gladly pass a day or two, Sir Edward Deboovery; and then carry you on to London from Amesbury, which is within six miles of him.

All I beg is, that you will not stay a moment at the only place in England (I am satisfied) where you can be so used; and where, for your sake and for my own too, I never will set foot more. However well I might wish the man, the woman is a minx, and an impertinent one, and he will do what she would have him. I do not wonder they do not speak a word of me; *(but)* some words I have spoken to him. I shall not write till *(I)* get home, if then; but show my resentment without lessening myself. For God's sake do the same. Leave them without a word, and send for your things.

But I hope you have, I am sure you have, surely you must have done this already. In any other house you will breathe, and recover yourself. The Bethels are good. The ladies are well-bred, and you will be in a state both of body and mind not to intimidate your poor soul to death, but consult on the easiest means either to stay or go. All I

insist upon is, that you do not directly go to London, without a servant who may come back to give an account how you got that part of the way, and that John may be with you the rest, unless (which I think best, if you do not except to it) you write to him to come quite to you. I have drawn up an order, which you may fill up as you like for either purpose, and date and fix the day and place.

Pray make me easy, with the news that you have left their house. I fully hoped it when I writ to you last post (for your letter I did not receive till night, by the postmaster's great care, who, instead of letting it be at the post-house where we ordered our letters to be left, had found out our lodgings, and sent them while we were abroad thither). I hope you had a little box, with some wine; and Lord Chest (*erfield*) did as he promised me, as to franks. Sir John Swinburn and his lady, and Mr. Southwell, asked much of you. I have not been at the Long Room or Wells, and seen no company more; so I cannot say any thing about the venison; but I doubt not they had it, or will have the other. I think it best still to enclose to Mr. Edwyn. I should not wonder if listeners at doors should open letters. W. is a sneaking parson,* and I told him he flattered.

* Can this be Warburton? Warburton, whom he constituted his perpetual editor, and in whose hands he left his fame? C. *Bowles.*

LETTER LXII.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, *Ambresbury, July* 23, 1752.

As I am not the first, nor, I fear, the last person, who has occasionally neglected their best friend for the sake of a glut of racketing passengers, I shall be less ashamed to own to you I might have answered yours sooner; and I wish this unnatural delay would provoke you to come directly hither, to ask why I am so tardy; whereas no answer is worth receiving unless it comes glibly, and I find mine does not occur currently, and, besides, (*is*) very much clogged with Buts.

Dear Mrs. Blunt* has formerly honoured little Petersham, which fitted her as a glove; but now comes my But: but how can I accommodate her sister? for my own apartment must remain empty absolutely, though the king himself were to borrow our little habitation at Petersham; and the number of residers are considerably increased since Mrs. Blunt was last there under the care of Kaites and Price Lambert.

I wish you and I were sitting *tête à tête,* for that would be every way best of all; and I think, supposing I could not prevail on you to continue with me, I could in talk, better than by writing, mumble

* So spelt by her Grace, and by other correspondents. C. *Bowles.*

over that I have no mind to make a compliment to a lady I have never been acquainted with; and yet am very sorry to differ from any proposal made to me by an acquaintance I really love and honour sincerely, and very sincerely invited to do herself good in our nut-shell, which she herself is still heartily welcome to. Though she inquires after all our health, without saying one word of her own, which we all wish good, with all our hearts; we are extremely well, and much obliged to dear Mrs. Blunt for her kind remembrance. I am really and truly, very faithfully and affectionately,

Your, &c. &c.

CATHERINE, QUEENSBERRY and DOVER.

I have no gilt paper at hand: pray excuse this unadorned letter. Pray let the bearer know when you intend being at Petersham, because he will write to the family there to get your bed well aired.

LETTER LXIII.

LADY TEMPLE TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. Blunt, if I have no sooner performed my promise of writing to you: but I need not beg pardon, since you will easily excuse it; for I fear my letters will have nothing in them entertaining, and I cannot flatter myself that I have any share in your friendship, since happy Mrs. Moore is my rival. With this melan-

choly reflection, I had once resolved never to write; but when I considered, that perhaps you would sometimes make me happy by your letters, I was no longer in suspense what to do, but resolved to write till your silence forbids me. I do not hear much news yet; the town is going into mourning for six months for the prince's sister, in cloth and Norwich stuff. I suppose you hear that pretty Mrs. Foresthur (qu. *Forrester*) is the new Maid of Honour, and that my Lord Dorset is married to Jenny Roach, a common woman he has kept. They say she is ugly, but has a great deal of wit. We have a new play-house a-building, and a new actor, which people like mightily. I wish any thing could bring you to town. Dear Madam,

Your very humble servant,

C. Temple.

My very humble service to Mrs. Blount. If you do me the favour to write, direct for me at Mama's, in Golden Square, London.

November 7th, 1704.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. JERVAS, SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AND

MR. JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

THE early taste of Pope for the productions of the fine arts, and particularly of painting, induced him to form an acquaintance with the most celebrated professors of the times, with whom he lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy, and maintained an occasional epistolary intercourse. As the letters that passed between Pope and them bear a sort of relation to a common subject, it has been thought proper to separate them from the miscellaneous classes in which they were dispersed in the preceding editions, and to unite them under one head. Warburton informs us, that Pope used to say, "he had an acquaintance with three eminent painters, all men of ingenuity, but without common sense. Instead of valuing themselves on their performances in their own art, where they had merit, the one was deep in military architecture, without mathematics; the other in the doctrine of fate, without philosophy; and the third in the translation of Don Quixote, without Spanish." The first of these was Sir Godfrey Kneller, the second Richardson, and the third Jervas.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. JERVAS, SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AND

MR. JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

LETTER I.

TO MR. JERVAS.*

July 25, 1714.

I HAVE no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom, I almost fear, I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs, that very much affect my sight, and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce passed an hour agreeably, except that

* Although the acquaintance between Pope and Jervas probably commenced with the former taking instructions from the latter in painting, yet it soon increased to a friendly intimacy, insomuch that there were few persons to whom Pope wrote with greater confidence or with greater pleasure. In fact Jervas appears to have been no less estimable as a man than as an artist; and the memory of the friend of Addison and Pope will live, when the works of the painter will probably be forgotten.

in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when you profess yourself my friend; there are some Tories who will take you for a Whig, some Whigs who will take you for a Tory, some Protestants who will esteem you a rank Papist, and some Papists who will account you a heretic.

I find, by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strained, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that, I am satisfied, but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know. While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigoted may say; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily bear that the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows,

ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of public persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being looked upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally as if his whole design were to prejudice the state or ruin the public. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obstinacy and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind: so that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them only because they succeed.——Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MR. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM just entered upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my epistle to you, if it were a dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praise but what one only in the world is witness to, your particular good-natured offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common discourse: the first you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: so, in short, the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talked these five days? Who is withdrawing his thoughts, as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorbed in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin,

God of the silver bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my translation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I do not? and whether Lintot be not yet broke? I am, &c.

LETTER III.

TO MR. JERVAS.

August 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in like a modest modern author:

> Picture in the front,
> With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had

an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you; the next, I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseïs.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a staid man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing

hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

August 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intel-

ligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head,* shadowed and heightened carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be. Your, &c.†

* The head prefixed to the first edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad.

† Sufficient justice does not seem to be done to Jervas, all whose letters evince the man of sense, kindness, benevolence, and sincerity. *Bowles.*

LETTER V.

TO MR. JERVAS.

August 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his Letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better

opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man: nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who mis-informed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship, whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him, were such as the actual services he had done me in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty.——A curse on the word party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign* may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man

* Unfortunately it did not put an end to party-distinctions; but, by proscribing the Tories, heightened and continued the animosity of both parties. *Warton.*

of sense: these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. JERVAS.

(1715.)

I BEG you to let me know if you have any thoughts of your Devonshire journey this summer. If you have, I will stay for you, and let Mr. Fortescue and Gay travel together. This resolution must be made with some haste, because they go next week, and I shall want time to prepare. I thought Mrs. Cecil had receipts* before. The names of Lady Ranelagh and Lady Cavendish were inserted long since in the list.

You may tell Mr. Rollinson, that Gay was not sure he should go to Lord Bolingbroke's when he came hither; or help him to some excuse; for his neglect was scandalous, and has given him much vexation of spirit.

I should have been glad to have had the report of the Committee, and have since writ to Lintot for it. If the Whigs now say that B. is the hero of my preface, the Tories said (you may remember) three years ago, that Cato was the hero of my poetry. It looks generous enough to be always

* Receipts for subscriptions to the Iliad.

on the side of the distressed, and my patrons of the other party may expect great panegyrics from me when they come to be impeached by the future party-rage of their opponents. To compliment those who are *dead in law*, is as much above the imputation of flattery, as Tickell says it is, to compliment those who are really *dead*, and perhaps too there is as much *vanity* in my praising Bolingbroke, as in his praising Halifax. No people in this world are so apt to give themselves airs as authors.

I have received the report, but have not yet had time to read any of it. I have gone through the 5th, 6th, and 7th books, except a small part of the latter end of the 6th. Pray tell me if you hear any thing said about Mr. Tickell's, or my translation, if the town be not too much taken up with great affairs, to take any notice of either.

I hold the resolution I told you in my last, of seeing you if you cannot take a trip hither before I go; but I would fain flatter myself so far as to fancy we might travel together. Pray give me a line by Saturday's post. I am at all times, and in all reigns, whatever be the fate of the world, or of myself, sincerely and affectionately, dear Mr. Jervas, Yours, &c.

All here most truly your servants.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

DEAR MR POPE, *August* 12, 1715.

I WOULD not have failed by Tuesday's post, but that the Doctor* could not be near positive as to the time; but yesterday we met on horseback, and took two or three turns near the camp, partly to see my new horse's going, and partly to name something like the day of setting forth, and the manner thereof, viz. that on Thursday next (God willing) Doctor A——, D. Disney, and C. Jervas, rendezvous at Hyde Park corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's, at Egham, to lodge there on Friday, to meet with Mr. Pope upon the road, to proceed together to Lord Stowell's, and there also to lodge. The next day, Saturday, to Sir William Wyndham's, and to rest there the Lord's Day. On Monday, forward again towards Bath or Wilton, or as we shall then agree. The Doctor proposes that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage to be sent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The Doctor says he will allow none of his friends so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road, so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to make room for that. You shall have a shorter and

* Arbuthnot.

less bridle sent down on Saturday, and the other shall be returned in due time. The tailor shall be chastised if it is really negligence in his art, but if it is only vapours, you must beg pardon. The linen and stockings out of your portmanteau may go with the bridle. I forgot to tell you that the third day is to be Oxford University, and the Monday following to Sir W. Wyndham's.

The French king has been indisposed, and methinks he is in an ill way, &c.—Service to every body. Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

DEAR MR. P. *Tuesday*, 2.

THOUGH I have not a syllable to say of more certainty than the last post, yet I write.—I hold myself in readiness, in spite of a demand for pictures.

The Counsellor Bick—— has purchased a nag for his equipage, and waits our motions. He was here yesterday, and to-morrow, Wednesday evening, we are to taste Devonshire cyder with Mr. Applestone at his lodgings.

The Court opiniate it that the P——* is coming. They have no account of Ormond's arrival in France, though they have certain intelligence

* Pretender.

that he went off at Shoreham, in Sussex, ten days ago. I design to know Arbuthnot's determination to-morrow.—Service to every body. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

Wednesday, 11 *o'Clock at Noon.*

Lady Mary W——y ordered me by an express this Wednesday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuvio,* to send you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening. Gay designed to have been with you to-day, and I would have had him delivered this welcome message, but he durst not venture to answer for your coming upon his asseverations, you having interchangeably so accustomed yourselves to lying, that you cannot believe one another, though upon never so serious an occasion. He will be ready to go back with you. Fortescue's service and mine to all.

We are yours, &c.*

* It appears from this letter, that Pope wished to be thought a particular favourite with Lady Wortley. That he *presumed* too far, and was *repulsed,* I think there is reason to believe; and that this was the cause of his lasting hate. *Bowles.*

This groundless insinuation has been strongly and properly animadverted upon by Mr. Gilchrist, in his Letters to Mr. Bowles; and is also noticed in the Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. iv.

LETTER X.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

DEAR MR. POPE, (1715.)

I INTENDED to have breakfasted with James Eckershal at Drayton, but heard by the way of his being in London, so I jogged to Hammersmith in five hours and a half without drawing bit. Yesterday I gave a printed proposal to Lord Halifax, and spoke to the Duke of Devonshire to join my Lord Wharton's interest, and move your affair, that we may set them a going about the counties.

I have not yet seen the dear Archdeacon,* who is at his old lodgings in St. James's place, nor the Dean; but have just read a thing intitled a Prefatory Epistle, concerning some remarks to be published on Homer's Iliad, occasioned by the proposals of Mr. Pope towards a new English Version of that poem—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's—by Richard Fiddes, B.D. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.—Ἁμαρτημ' εὐγενές—Long.—To Mr. Pope from the author, in manuscript.—All the foregoing elegances at proper distances, and Italianized according to form. It came too late for the coach, and is too big for my privileges of frank—8vo. 120 pages—marbled paper.

I find so many party strokes in it, that I am

* Dr. Parnelle.

afraid it may do your proposals more harm than good.

My Lord Halifax talked of a design to send for you to Bushy-Park, I believe with a coach-and-six, or light chaise, but did not name the precise time. I publish your having done the first book and begun—I received the cloak-bag safe—I hope you did not pay carriage. I cannot yet guess when I shall be ready for Sir William's service.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

DEAR MR. POPE, (1716.)

I HAD your last in due time.

Shall I send you the 100*l.* in bills or cash? and when?

Gay had a copy of the Farewell, with your injunctions. No other extant.

Lord Harvey had the Homer and letter, and bids me thank the author.

I hear nothing of the Sermon. The generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him.

Gay will be with you on Saturday next. He also works hard.

Your old sword went with the carrier, and was tied to the other things with a cord, and my folks say, very fast. You must make the carrier responsible. Mine will swear to the delivery, &c.

No books for you from Lintot.

Mrs. Raines, a young lady in the city, and one of my shepherdesses, takes one of the volumes, has paid her two guineas, and is to be a subscriber in your next list.

I also got two guineas from the Marquis of Dorchester.

Philip* sent me a note for receipts to be conveyed to the eleven members of the late Hanover club. Pray let me have their names by the first. I sent to Mr. Merril's to-day, &c.

Lintot sent me Tickell's Homer for your government. I could not forbear comparing, and do not know what the devil is got into my head, but I fancy I could make a more poetical translation in a fortnight (excepting a very few lines).

It seems it is published merely to show as a specimen of his ability for the Odyssey. Fortescue would have Gay publish a version of the first book of the Odyssey, and tell the world it is only to bespeak their approbation and favour for a translation of Statius, or any other poet. In short, we are merry, whether we are wise or no.—My respects to dear Sir William, and his good lady and son,† and am concerned for any deficiency in his countenance, but I am in no pain for the paltry Basso Relievo. Yours, &c.

* Probably Philips, secretary to the Hanover club.

† Charles Wyndham, afterwards Earl of Egremont. There are in the Egremont collection of papers, communicated to me by Mr. Coxe, many curious letters to him from Bolingbroke, when abroad. *Bowles.*

LETTER XII.

FROM MR. JERVAS.

DEAR SIR, *Saturday Night.*

I REALLY intended to have been with you to-day; but having been disappointed yesterday of meeting Mr. Selwyn, and going to the Exchequer about my salary to-day, and to Mrs. Howard's to meet him, made it too late; so that I made a visit this morning to Mr. Congreve, where I found Lord Cobham. They both inquired kindly for you, and wished to see you soon. Mr. Fortescue could not have come with me, but intends the latter end of next week to see you at Twickenham. I have seen our friend Dean Berkeley, who was very solicitous about your health and welfare. He is now so full of his Bermudas project, that he hath printed his proposal, and hath been with the Bishop of London about it. Mrs. Howard desired me to tell you that she had a present of beech-mast, which this year hath been particularly good. When it is wanted she would have you send to her. I writ to you yesterday, and am in hopes that Mrs. Pope will soon be so well that you may be able to come to town for a day or so about your business. I really am this evening very much out of order with the cholic, but I hope a night's rest will relieve me. I wish Mrs. Pope and you all health and happiness. Pray give my service to her.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. JERVAS IN IRELAND.

June 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror)* that politeness is gone over the water; but others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with Frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum.* It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither, especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man

* The Non-juror was written by Colley Cibber, on the idea of the Tartuffe; and nothing ever gave so much offence to the Tories and Catholics. *Bowles.*

should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet, than a tailor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than antichrist; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends, ought to be put into the gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair)* cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family-piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them); see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence; and with what sneaking city-attitudes our most ce-

* These were domestic servants of Jervas. *Bowles.*

lebrated personages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours: Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: of whom I, the meanest (next to some Italian fiddlers, and English bricklayers) am a living instance. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. JERVAS IN IRELAND.

November 14, 1716.

If I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena:* else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who (you know) though he drinks a glass

as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will, I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more unless Parnelle sends me his Zoïlus and Book-worm (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*——I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* ossa *quidem habeas.*

LETTER XV.

TO MR. JERVAS IN IRELAND.

November 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke:* he entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and reverenced some of your first pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil, and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs?† *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which

* Of All Souls College in Oxford; a virtuoso and man of taste. The drawings here mentioned he bequeathed to the Library of Worcester College in Oxford. *Warton.*

† He translated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed amongst his poems. *Warburton.*

so seldom happens to prophets and poets; but in this you have the advantage of poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stayed long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was when he translated the Batrachomyomachia) to come into England, to copy the frogs, and such other vermin as were never seen in that land since the time of the Confessor.

I long to see you a history painter.* You have already done enough for the private; do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The ancients too expect you should do them right: those statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As to your inquiry about your house,† when I

* The partiality of friendship must excuse this wish.—*Jervas* had no pretensions, nor any thing like genius, for history-painting. *Warton.*

† Pope resided in Jervas's house on his occasional visits to London, during Jervas's absence in Ireland.

come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish Caravanserah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained. Every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger.*

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. JERVAS.

December 21, 1718.

The old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even

* Alluding to the story of the Irishman. *Warburton.*

that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardoned the other madmen who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and, at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprize (as Bays says); the next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many draughts,* elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c., of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At

* These in his own drawing, at the back of various notes and letters, are in the British Museum. *Bowles.*

last, the Gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: it is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? So much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

> Tristi palus inamabilis undâ
> Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coërcet!

and I cannot express how I long to renew our old

intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not?—This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-Abbey. After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.* Your, &c.

* Dr. Garth died Jan. 1718, and was buried on the 22d of the same month, in the church of Harrow-on-the Hill. *Bowles.*

LETTER XVII.

FROM SIR GODFREY KNELLER* TO MR. POPE.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE your genus dos and will know myn is with the most acceptable and most accomplished

* Sir Godfrey is well known to have been a man of superlative vanity, which he displayed on all occasions. No flattery was too gross for him, and when it was not voluntarily given he did not scruple to solicit it. When Pope was sitting by him one day whilst he was painting he suddenly stopped, and said: "I can't do so well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little; pray flatter me, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered." On another occasion, Pope, being willing to try how far his vanity would carry him, after considering a picture which he had just finished, very attentively, said to him, in French: "On lit dans les écritures saintes, que le bon Dieu faisoit l'homme après son image; mais, je crois, que s'il voudroit faire un autre à présent, qu'il le feroit après l'image que voilà." Sir Godfrey turned round and said very gravely: "Vous avez *raison, Mons. Pope*: par Dieu, je le crois aussi."

"By G— I love you, Mr. Cock, (said Sir Godfrey, to Cock the auctioneer) and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another."

Secretary Craggs brought Dick Estcourt once to Sir Godfrey Kneller's, where he mimicked several persons whom he knew—as Lords Godolphin, Somers, Halifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily. They then gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself; who cried: "Nay, now you are out, man; by G— that is not me."

Mr. Spence has recorded the following anecdote in the words of Pope: "I paid Sir Godfrey a visit but two days before he died; and I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He

company to-morrow; for my body is in no condition to stirr out of my bed as jet, and has had no rest these two nights but what it snatches and gets in the daytimes by fits; and I believe my left lag* will be out of order a good wyle. Pray give my hearty good will to the compa. for the deeds, and my most humble servis, being ever yours.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

DEAR FRIEND,

I FIND them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and ought to be near a fier several days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend. It would be pitty they should take dust. Jenny stays here eight or ten days, and will not fail of sending them when reddy; and I am, giving my hearty and humble servis to your dear mother, dear Mr. Pope, Your, &c.

He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life." *Spence's Anec.* 165, *Singer's Edition.*

* Who can help smiling at honest Sir Godfrey's account of his left "lag." Walpole thinks such letters need not be published. Certainly not, as *fine* letters; but they are entertaining and characteristic. It should be remembered, that Sir Godfrey, being a foreigner, was not of course acquainted with the English language. *Bowles.*

LETTER XIX.

FROM SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I BELIEVE this will be card playrs evning, and we may do how we please. If you come about four o'clock, you may see me paint. To-morrow I am engaged to goe to Harrow the Hill with company, being ever, dear friend, Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

FROM SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

From Great Queen Street,
June 16, 1719.

SIR,

I AM in towne, and have *louck'd for beds* and bedsteads, which must cost ten pounds a year. When I promised to provide them you had maid no mention of the towne rates, which I am to pay, and will be 5 pounds a year at least, and which would be 15 pounds *per annum* whit the beds; and that house did let for 45 a year when I bought it; so that all I have laid out being near 400 pound, would be done for nothing, of which you will consider and let me know your mind. The stables are fitted as you gentlemen ordered them to be, and all the painting will be done to-morrow or Thursday, with whenscoating in the quickest manner and best; and if you can stay till Saturday let

me know your pleasure about the beds and bedsteads, for them I cannot provide. You may have 6, of which two are to have courtins, for 10 pounds a year: and am, giving my most humble respects to my Lady Mery Whortly, Your, &c.

I thought one might have such beds and bedsteads for 4 or 5 pounds a-year; and which I would have done if no rates prop.

LETTER XXI.

MR. POPE TO MR. RICHARDSON.*

January 13, 1732.

I HAVE at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days.

* As an artist it was allowed, that "no one drew a head better than Richardson," and he was moreover a very excellent and worthy man. His essays "on the art of criticism in painting," and "on the science of a connoisseur," abound with judicious and solid observations, and are well calculated to inspire a knowledge and love of art; qualities which he possessed himself in an eminent degree, as was shewn by his fine collection of drawings by the ancient masters, which was sold after his death in 1748, and produced upwards of 2,000*l.* a large sum for that period, although greatly below their value. These drawings he had carefully mounted, and wrote the name of the artist frequently with his own observations in a neat and correct hand at the back, in which state we frequently meet with them in collections. In the use of the needle Richardson particularly excelled. Of Pope he has etched many striking and characteristic likenesses in different attitudes; some of them with verses testifying his admiration of, and respect for him. He also etched those of several of

As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once.* Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and you know we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the sabbath; which though it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human ass to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family, (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine,) Your, &c.

their common friends, and particularly of Swift and of Bolingbroke. Hudson, the son-in-law and successor to Richardson as an artist, was the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, if he was not indebted to his instructor for the superior style which he adopted, obtained at least in this school of art that predilection for his profession and knowledge of the works of the early painters, which opened to him the path to excellence, and induced him to form a large collection of pictures and drawings, amongst the latter of which were a great number of those which had formerly been in the collection of Richardson.

* Probably in painting or etching his portrait.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hope that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead.* I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew:† and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me.‡ I am sure, if there be no very preva-

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93. *Warburton.*

† One of the best of Richardson's portraits is that of our author, formerly in Dr. Mead's collection; who wrote under it the two following indifferent, harsh lines:

Popius, ingenio, doctrinâ et carminis arte,
Non habet, Invidia hoc nec neget ipsa, parem.

The only piece of our author's own painting, is the head of Betterton, in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield. *Warton.*

Not the only piece; there is a portrait of him at Arundel Castle, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. *Bowles.*

‡ A drawing was accordingly made, and a print has been engraved from it; in which she is called by mistake, "daughter of Samuel Cooper, painter."

lent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily! Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

It is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me in giving me another friend, so much the same! and which (alas, for mortality!) will outlast the other.* Posterity will, through your means, see the man whom *it will for ages* honour, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the Essay to which you are so partial)

The sons shall blush the fathers were his foes.

That Essay has many faults, but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I am glad you publish your Milton.† Bentley will be angry at you, and at

* This probably refers to the etching of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson.

† This was the joint production of Richardson and his son, and

me too shortly for what I could not help, a Satirical Poem on Verbal Criticism by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me; but the poem itself is good* (another cause of anger to any critic.) As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or woman's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue.† Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *November* 21.

EVERY thing was welcome to me in your kind letter, except the occasion of it, the confinement you are under. I am glad you count the days when I do not see you: but it was but half an one that I was in town upon business with Dr. Mead, and returned to render an account of it.

I shall in the course of the winter probably be

was published in 1734, under the title of "Explanatory Notes and Remarks on Milton's Paradise Lost; with the Life of the Author, and a Discourse on the Poem, 8vo." Dr. Warton observes that it contains "many judicious and curious remarks, adulterated with some that are trifling enough."

* The Poem was a very fulsome piece of flattery to Pope, and a pretty exact imitation of his manner, and contained much contemptible and illiberal abuse of many useful and illustrious critics, with whom Mallet was little acquainted. Mallet's Life of Lord Bacon was too highly commended by Chesterfield and his friends. He once intended to write the History of the Exclusion Bill. *Warton.*

† He hints probably at Lord Harvey and Lady Mary. *Bowles.*

an evening visitant to you, if you sit at home, though I hope it will not be by compulsion or lameness. We may take a cup of sack together, and chatter like two parrots, which are at least more reputable and manlike animals than the grasshoppers, to which Homer likens old men.

I am glad you sleep better. I sleep in company, and wake at night, which is vexatious: if you did so, you at your age, would make verses. As to my health, it will never mend; but I will complain less of it, when I find it incorrigible.

But for the news of my quitting Twit'nam for Bath, inquire into my years, if they are past the bounds of dotage? Ask my eyes, if they can see, and my nostrils, if they can smell? To prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and silver Thames, and brimstone and fogs to roses and sunshine. When I arrive at these sensations, I may settle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt, further than to live just out of the sulphurous pit, and at the edge of the fogs at Mr. Allen's, for a month or so. I like the place so little, that health itself should not draw me thither, though friendship has twice or thrice.

Having answered your questions, I desire to hear if you have any commands. If the first be to come to you, it is probable I shall, before you can send them so round about as to Twit'nam, for I have lived of late at Battersea.* Adieu.

Yours, &c.

* With Lord Bolingbroke, who resided there.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

The celebrity of Pope has induced his later Editors to bring before the public several pieces which have no other merit than the relation which they bear to him; and even his private notes to the individuals of his own family. Mr. Bowles has also published a Letter to Pope from his Mother; chiefly, it would seem, to shew that "*if* she was of gentle blood," as Pope had asserted, "her education must have been very defective." "Although," says he, "the education of females was then very inferior to what it is at present, yet it is difficult to imagine, that a lady of *very gentle blood* could be the writer of such an epistle."—How far this mode of trying gentility of blood by ability in letter writing, would be advisable even in the present day, I leave to others to judge, and am glad to agree with Mr. Bowles in the remark which he has subjoined to the letter; that "no man of liberal mind would too rigidly examine a plain and unaffected letter from an affectionate parent."

Under the head of *Miscellaneous Letters* are here included a few letters and notes, which could not have been elsewhere given without interfering with the arrangement adopted in the present edition. Some of them are curious and useful as tending to ascertain dates and circumstances connected with the author and his writings, and others may serve to shew the readiness with which he complied with the wishes of those who resorted to him for his advice or opinion respecting their works.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO POPE FROM HIS MOTHER.

MY DEARE,

A LETTER from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charles Racket, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to coll here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster; he will dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street: but the day will be unsirton, soe I think you had better send itt to me. He will not fail to coll here, that is Mr. Mannock.

LETTER II.

POPE TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is to beg you would inquire of Mrs. Clark, if she will board a family for the summer in her house, and at what rate? Be pleased also to ask at the house over-against ours, Mr. Gascoin's sister, if she will board, &c. and how many beds

there are to be let there, and the lowest rate? and send word by the first post you can to me. I am very well, and beg you both to believe me most affectionately, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

POPE TO HIS BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER, *Saturday.*

I HOPE to be with you on Monday next: if you do not see me that night, I desire you to send a man and horse (such a one as I may ride safely) on Tuesday morning to the Toy by Hampton-Court gate by ten o'clock, and I will not fail to wait upon you; which being all the business of this letter, I shall add no more, than that I am my sister's and Yours most affectionately.

LETTER IV.

POPE TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR SISTER, *Twickenham, August* 1.

THE business of this is to acquaint you with my intentions of sending for you with the chariot on Thursday or Friday next, in order to get you hither. I have named the latest day that I could possibly allow you to stay from us, being obliged to lend the chariot upon a journey on Saturday. We will take no denial, and therefore ex-

pect no excuse, or answer to the contrary, from you. If I hear nothing (as I hope I shall not) it shall certainly come one of the days aforesaid: so pray be in readiness. My hearty love to you both, and my mother's kindest remembrances. I am always, dear sister, Your, &c.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. TONSON.

SIR, *Gray's-Inn-Gate, April* 20, 1706.

I HAVE lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. TONSON.

SIR, *December* 23, 1724.

I CANNOT possibly see you at Twitnam myself. I have therefore sent you the preface from Lord Cobham, and a proof of the Monument with the draft. I request the favour of you to settle

the inscription as you would have it, and return it to me; then the plate may be worked. I do assure you I shall always be very glad to oblige and serve you all in my power, and am, Your, &c.

I was with the Speaker yesterday; he told me you had promised to dine with him at Chiswick in the holidays, and bring your preface (with some alterations) with you. After that, I beg to have it, for I am impatient to publish.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. TONSON.

You have enclosed the account of the profit of —— works. For the books sold I have allowed you all the money I have received, and the binding, &c. I have charged at the price it cost me. You will please to call and bring with you the agreement between us, which may be executed.—I will give you my note to deliver the books left when required. I wish you would send me the Merchant of Venice by the waterman. Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, eleven at night.*

I have just now received yours, and indeed it is not my fault I have not seen you, having been

hindered by business I could not help minding; but I will not fail seeing you on Sunday morning early, but must return to dinner, having a little company to dine with me that day. Do but excuse me till I see you, and I will satisfy you that I have not neglected you. As for Shakespear, Watts's brother died lately, which has hindered his business a little; but now things will go on better.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. LINTOT.

SIR,

PRAY send Mr. Broome the sheets of all the notes that are printed, that he may avoid the repetitions, &c. but I would not have the poetry sent, knowing the consequences of its being shown about to every body before it is published, which I will not have done; nor, I suppose, would you.

I am your, &c.

LETTER X.

FROM MR. LINTOT.

SIR, *June* 10, 1715.

YOU have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics.

Sir John Germain has his book.

All your books are delivered pursuant to the directions, the middle of the week after you left us.

The princess is extremely pleased with her book.

You shall have your folios preserved.

Mr. Broome I have not heard from.

Pray detain me not from publishing my own book, having delivered the greatest part of the subscribers already upwards of four hundred.

I designed to publish Monday sevennight. Pray interrupt me not with an errata.

I doubt not the sale of Homer, if you do not disappoint me by delaying publication. Your, &c.

Service to Mr. Gay.

Lord Bolingbroke is impeached this night.

The noise the report makes does me some present damage.

LETTER XI.

FROM MR. LINTOT.

SIR, *June* 22, 1715.

THE hurry I have been in by the report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it published, has prevented the publication of Homer for the present, till the noise be over; and those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation, are buried in politics.

Mr. Thornhill sent to me for his own book, which

he paid for to you, as he says, and paid me eight guineas of the subscriptions of

Sarah, Countess of Winchelsea.
Mrs. Seymour.
Berkeley Seymour, Esq.
Charles Frotherby, Esq.

Mr. Harcourt and Lord Harcourt have had thirteen books to their house, ten of which were of the finest paper.

I will observe your directions about Mr. Broome. The second volume of Homer shall be sent in a day or two.

The project for printing the first book of Homer, with Mr. Dryden's, and Mr. Tickel's, and Mr. Manwarring's, together, is well thought of. I proposed it to Mr. Tonson, but it will not do. I will consider further of it.

The Duke of Ormond is to be impeached for high-treason, and Earl of Stafford for high crimes and misdemeanors.

May success attend your studies, is the hearty prayer of Yours, to command.

LETTER XII.

MR. STEELE TO MR. LINTOT.

MR. LINTOT, *August* 4, 1712.

Mr. Addison desired me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's

account.* When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings,† he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers abovementioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it. I am your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

MR. FENTON TO MR. LINTOT.

MR. LINTOT, *September* 14, 1719.

PRAY give my most humble service to Mr. Pope, and tell him, I beg the favour of him to let me know when he comes to town, what morning I shall wait on him at his lodging; for *I walk out in* a morning so often, that I may otherwise lose an opportunity of seeing him.

Lib. xxii. ver. 132. The first part of Dacier's note is taken from Eustathius; but instead of Aurelius Victor and Dion, he quotes Herodotus, without mentioning the book he takes it from.

Ver. 467. I cannot find that Eustathius assigns the same reasons that Mm. does, why Apollo and Neptune do not fight with one another.

Your, &c.

* Of the frenzy of Mr. John Den—, written by Ms. Pope. See his letter to Mr. Addison of July 30, 1714. *Bowles.*

† Remarks upon Cato.

will endeavour to find out the passage above-mentioned in Herodotus.

LETTER XIV.

MR. FENTON TO MR. POPE.

I HAVE received a specimen of the extracts from Eustathius but this week. The first gentleman who undertook the affair, grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jesus, has recommended another to me with a very great character.* I think, indeed, at first sight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a book every month till Christmas, and the remaining books in a month more, if you require them. The last time I saw Mr. Lintot, he told me that Mr. Broome had offered his service again to you; if you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the rest. I am, &c.

I have here inclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your orders. I have desired the gentleman

* Dr. Jortin.—Jortin, who never heartily forgave Pope, has given an account of this transaction. *Bowles.*

to write the rest in folio, with half the page left blank.

LETTER XV.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM MR. EVANS.*

DEAR SIR, *St. John's, Oxon, May* 13, 1719.

It is not that I forget you or disrespect you, but knowing you to be a man of true business I thought it too impertinent to trouble you with any of mine; but now I understand you are at leisure, have at you as far as this half sheet will hold. In the first place I am very well satisfied you have done for me what you are able, and I heartily thank you, and beg your pardon, and very much blush for having given you any trouble of this kind with a sort of men you know as much what to make of as I. I do not know how they are in your church, but in ours, to tell you the truth, all the clergymen I ever yet saw are a sort of ecclesiastical *quelques choses*, that between common honesty and common sense I know not what to make of. They preach indeed passive obedience, but their practice is active insolence and impudent injustice; and when the laity use them as they use one another, there will be an end of them. *Cætera desunt.*

* Dr. Evans of St. John's College, Oxford. See letters to and from the Hon. Robert Digby, *Letter I. note.*

LETTER XVI.

FROM MR. EVANS.

DEAR SIR, *St. John's, Oxon, July 26, 1719.*

I SHOULD much sooner have sent you my acknowledgment and thanks for the very kind reception I met with from you at your pleasant house at Twickenham, but in troth it has been so very hot, that I could neither write, read, nor think, but only lie still, swim, or sleep; and am still so monstrously lazy, that you must expect but a dry short letter from me; no gallantry or gaiety, but only a little downright good breeding and civility. I hope this will find your good mother settled in her health, and also yourself, as much as her age and your constitution will permit. If wishes had any power in medicine, I could soon make you both immortal; for she very well deserves it for furnishing the world with you; and you have yourself made your name immortal enough. I wish only that your body might come in for a small share of that noble blessing, if it were only for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I wish the same to your good friend the Duchess; that she might live to teach people of quality all the good qualities in the world. I write as I talk, and I speak as I think; and am, with great sincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

MR. POPE TO MR. DENNIS.

SIR, *May* 3, 1721.

I CALLED to receive the two books of your letters from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I am in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the "omissions you have been pleased to make in those letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire, that not the least traces may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am sorry for." You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falseness, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. POPE TO MR. HUGHES.

SIR, *April* 19, 1714.

I MAKE use of the freedom you so obligingly allowed me, of sending you a paper of proposals for "Homer," and of entreating your assistance in promoting the subscription. I have added another for Mr. Pate, if he thinks fit to oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might.

I have left receipts signed with Mr. Jervas, who will give them for any subscriptions you may procure, and be (I am sure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what

paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his most humble service; and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer esteem than I, dear Sir, Your, &c.

Pray make my most humble service acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore.*

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, *Binfield, Oct.* 7, 1715.

Ever since I had the pleasure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of authors, who are undesigning men and sincere friends; and who, when they commend another, have not any view of being praised themselves. I should be therefore ashamed to offer at saying any of those civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my translations of "Homer," only I have too great a value for

* It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical Knight were then upon terms of friendship, which were first broken by Sir Richard's accusing Mr. Pope of profaneness and immorality, (see his "Essays," vol. ii. p. 27) on a report from Curll that he was author of a "Travestie on the first Psalm." Had it not been for this, all the Knight's bad poetry would scarcely have procured him a place in the "Dunciad," as in that poem the author "professed to attack no man living who had not before printed or published against him;" and, on this principle, having ridiculed "Dr. Watts's Psalms," in the first edition of that satire, those lines were, at the instance of Mr. Richardson, the painter, a friend to both, in all the subsequent editions, omitted. *Warton.*

you, not to be pleased with them; and yet, I assure you, I receive praises from you with less pleasure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and shall (I doubt not) have frequent occasions of doing again, from those useful pieces you are still obliging us with. If you was pleased with my preface, you have paid me for that pleasure, in the same kind, by your entertaining and judicious essays* on Spenser. The present you make me is of the most agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenser has been ever a favourite poet to me: he is like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all.

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home and found your kind letter but yesterday. A testimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary estimate of letters will amount to. I shall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendship I so truly esteem, and hope very shortly to tell you in town, how much I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

Since you desire to hear of my progress in the translation, I must tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the second volume.

* "An Essay on allegorical Poetry," "Remarks on the Fairy Queen," "On the Shepherd's Calender," &c. prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of Spenser's Works, 1715. *Warton.*

LETTER XX.

TO MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you the play sooner than I am willing to part with what I like so extremely well, because you press it. Upon my word, I think it every way worthy of you, and make not the least doubt but the world will do you the justice you deserve in the acceptation of it. I continue very much out of order, but must be forced to be in town (well or ill) some days this week, upon indispensable affairs; when I will wait upon you and tell you my sincere thoughts, none of which is more sincere than that I am truly, Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. HUGHES.

Red Lion Street, Holborn, against East Street, Jan. 22, 1719.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very sorry to hear of your ill health, and that my message came so unseasonable as to give you so much trouble to answer it. I hope by your mentioning your coming to town, that you are on the mending hand, and that the spring coming on will be favourable to you. If you should not come in a day or two, I must beg your return of the copy,* which is much wanted, the

* The Siege of Damascus.

time of acting drawing very near. Your not being in a condition to supply me with a Prologue is a great disappointment to me, but I should much rather chuse my Play should want that advantage, than put you to any trouble at present which may be prejudicial; being with a true respect, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, Feb.* 18, 1719-20.

I HAVE been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I designed, since you obliged me with your play. I am since much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illness. Would to God you might live as long as, *I am* sure, the reputation of your tragedy must! I am a fellow-sufferer with you, in not being able to see it played, having been, and still being, too much indisposed to go to any public place. But I could be extremely glad some particular friends of mine had that pleasure I cannot enjoy. You would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a side-box, who have sent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are disposed of by you. I am sorry to give you this trouble,

* Mr. Hughes died the night before this letter was written, aged 42; and, what is more remarkable, on the very night his Play was acted. *Bowles.*

when, perhaps, for your health's sake, you should not have a moment's disturbance, and I could not send sooner at this distance.

Pray think I wish you all the success you deserve, and all the health you want. I am, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. POPE TO MR. JABEZ HUGHES.*

SIR, *February* 26, 1719-20.

I CANNOT omit the acknowledgment I really think I owe your great civility, especially at so melancholy and affecting a moment, as that of your worthy brother's death must have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance must have known enough of him to regret his loss; and I most heartily condole with you upon it. I believe I am further obliged to you for his play;

* Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the Muses, and an excellent scholar. He published, in 1714, a translation of "The Rape of Proserpine," from Claudian; and the story of Sextus and Erictho, from Lucan's Pharsalia, b. vi. in 8vo. These translations, with notes, were reprinted in 12mo. in 1723. He also published, in 1717, a translation of Suetonius's "Lives of the twelve Cæsars," and translated several novels "from the Spanish of Cervantes," which are inserted in "The select Collection of Novels and Histories," printed for Watts, 1729. He died January 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age: a volume of his Miscellanies, in prose and verse, was published in 1737. His widow accompanied the Lady of Governor Byng to Madras, and died there. *Warton.*

which I received yesterday, and read over again with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt at reading any tragedy. The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever. I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. JABEZ HUGHES.

SIR,

I HAVE read over again your brother's play, with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever.

I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author.* I am, &c.

* This letter to Mr. Hughes, with the excellent character of his deceased brother, being so contradictory to one addressed to Dean Swift, in which he says, " The author of the Siege of Da-

LETTER XXV.

MR. POPE TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, *Twickenham, Oct.* 20, 1734.

I AM obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes sent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modesty, and softness of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his

mascus was of the class of the *mediocribus* in prose and verse," made it necessary to sink the first. *Warton.*

Dr. Warton thinks much higher of Pope's opinion of Hughes, than can be justified by a perusal of this letter, which appears to me to be equivocal. The letter, however, as here given, is but a part of what Pope wrote to Mr. Jabez Hughes, and was probably taken from Mr. Duncombe's Preface to Hughes's Works, 2 vols. 1735. In Hughes's Correspondence, published by Mr. Duncombe in 1772, we have the entire letter, which is dated Feb. 26, 1719-20. (This letter is before given.) The other part of Dr. Warton's note appears to be founded on two mistakes, which are rather singular in him, who was the editor of Pope, and added or left out what he pleased. In the first place there is *no letter sunk* at all: the one he alludes to appeared in vol. ix. and is numbered 76, as in the present edition; and secondly, the opinion that Hughes should be ranked among the *mediocribus* was not Pope's, but Swift's. It is true, that Pope assented to it, but in a manner which does not appear to me to contrast *very strongly* with his former sentiments. After fifteen years, the sensations occasioned by the singular circumstance of Hughes having expired on the first night his tragedy was acted, may be supposed to yield to a calm examination of his whole Works then published, some of which, it is probable, Pope had never before seen, or known to be his. It may be necessary to attempt to vindicate Pope's sincerity in this instance. C. *Bowles.*

play of the "Siege of Damascus," which is the only letter I can meet with.

I thank you for the part you are pleased to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank God, been as good as usual) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which I resign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the least thought of stealing applause, by suppressing my name to that Essay.* I wanted only to hear truth, and was more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Besides, I really was humble and diffident enough to distrust my own performance. All I can say of it is, that I know it to be an honest one. I am, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, *Twickenham, May* 6, 1735.

MANY thanks for your kind present, in which I find several pleasing and very correct pieces of his (Mr. Hughes's), which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things, just printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Dodsley, the author of the *Toy-shop*, who has just set up (as) a bookseller; and I doubt not, as he has more sense, so will have more honesty, than most of his profession. I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

* Essay on Man, published without a name. *Bowles.*

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, *Twickenham, Nov.* 5, 1734.

I AM extremely willing to bear any testimony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother, after his death, will be a greater instance of the sincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your service. I thank you for the tenderness with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I esteem you for that which you shew to the memory of your kinsman. I doubt not but you will discharge it in a becoming manner; and am, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, *Saturday, Nov.* 23, 1734.

MY absence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would else have read your tragedy willingly; and I beg you not to take amiss that I return your presents of the tickets, since it is not in my power to be there next week, through indispensable obligations in the country at some distance. I think your prologue* a good one; and I think of players as I

* This prologue (which was afterwards spoken by Mr. Milward

always thought of players, and of the son as I thought of the father. I sincerely wish you success, and am, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM MR. PITT, THE TRANSLATOR OF VIRGIL, TO MR. SPENCE.

DEAR JO, *July* 18, *Blandford*, 1726.

I AM entering into proposals with a bookseller for printing a little miscellany of my own performances, consisting of some originals and select translations. I beg you to be altogether silent in the matter. Mr. Pope has used so little of the 23rd Odyssey that I gave Dr. Young, that if I put it in among the rest I shall hardly incur any danger of the penalty concerning *the patent.* However I will not presume to publish a single line of it after Mr. Pope's Translation, if you advise me (as I desire you to do sincerely) to the contrary. I shall send you a small specimen of my translation, which if you approve of, I can assure you the remainder of the book is not inferior to it.

THE nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim,
Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then to the room with speed impatient borne,
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.

---

with applause) had been just returned to the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus Cibber. *Warton.*

There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries:
" Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses, thy long-absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire, and lord of all thy vows:
Tho' late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train."

" Ah Euryclea," she replies, " you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?
A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curs'd Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—some other had provok'd my rage,
And you but owe your pardon to your age."

" No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
All but thy son's—and long has he suppress'd
The well-concerted secret in his breast;
Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge complete."

Swift as the word the queen transported sprung,
And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
Then as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.

" If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?

" Nought I beheld, but heard their cries," she said,
" When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene, I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

This is enough in conscience for this time; besides I am desired by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I do not know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair.

LETTER XXX.

MR. POPE TO THE REV. MR. PITT,

TRANSLATOR OF VIDA AND VIRGIL.

Twickenham, near Hampton-Court,
July 23, 1726.

SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter from you with satisfaction, having long been desirous of any occasion of testifying my regard for you, and particularly of acknowledging the pleasure your Version of Vida's Poetic had afforded me. I had it not indeed from your bookseller, but read it with eagerness, and think it both a correct and a spirited translation. I am pleased to have been (as you tell me) the occasion of your undertaking that work: that is some sort of merit; and, if I have any in me, it really consists in an earnest desire to promote and produce, as far as I can, that of others. But as to

my being the publisher, or any way concerned in reviewing or recommending of Lintot's Miscellany, it is what I never did in my life, though he (like the rest of his tribe) makes a very free use of my name. He has often reprinted my things, and so scurvily, that, finding he was doing so again, I corrected the sheets as far as they went, of my own only. And, being told by him that he had two or three copies of yours, which you also had formerly sent me (as he said) through his hands, I obliged him to write for your consent, before he made use of them. This was all: your second book he has just now delivered to me, the inscription of which to myself I will take care he shall leave out; and either return the rest of your verses to him, or not, as you shall like best.

I am obliged to you, Sir, for expressing a much higher opinion of me than I know I deserve: the freedom with which you write is yet what obliges and pleases me more; and it is with sincerity that I say, I would rather be thought by every ingenuous man in the world, his servant, than his rival.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. SPENCE TO THE REV. MR. PITT,

RECTOR OF PIMPERNE, NEAR BLANDFORD, DORSETSHIRE.

Twickenham, Aug. 2, 1728.

I AM here, my dear Rector, in as delightful a situation for the world about me, and books, and conversation, as mortal man can wish to be. I can think of nothing at present that could add to it, except the hearing that you are very well, and entirely free from your old enemy the gout. I should not know how to leave this place, had not I the hopes of waiting upon you in a few weeks: but first I can assure you, I have a world of drudgery to go through. I had almost forgot one particular: when I was with our old friend, Mr. Pescod, *the* other day, he confirmed me in a thought I had, that the verses on an Old Beauty (she, you know, "who blooms in the winter of her days like Glastonbury Thorn") were written by you at New College. If they are yours, as I am very much persuaded they are, I beg you would be so good as to send me a copy of them in your answer: which I beg may be as soon as possible, because, as you may easily imagine, I do not love to be many days without hearing from you. I desire this copy the rather, because I have been asked for it since I have been in town, and have none but a very incorrect copy at present. If you have any com-

mands here, I beg you would favour me with them, as your most affectionate friend and servant,

JO. SPENCE.

SIR,

I take this opportunity of assuring you, you have, at the place from whence this letter is dated, a friend and servant, A. POPE.

N. B. In a letter from Mr. Spence to Mr. Pitt, dated New College, November 12, 1728, are the following words, containing Mr. Pope's opinion of *Pitt's Virgil.*

"Before this I gave you Mr. Pope's real sentiment on your first book; I dare say it was his real sentiment, because, as I told you, I took care to ask him the question before I had mentioned my being acquainted with you; and it was literally what I told you."

LETTER XXXII.

MR. POPE TO MR. HOLDSWORTH.*

SIR, *Twitenham, Dec.* 1737.

As I am not so happy (though I have long desired it) to be known to you otherwise than in my poetical capacity, so you will see, it is in the merit of that only that I take the liberty of applying to you, in what I think the cause of poetry. I understand that the poetry-professorship in Oxford

* Author of Muscipula.

will be vacant, and that Mr. Harte, of St. Mary Hall, is willing to succeed in it. I think it a condescension in one who practises the art of poetry so well, to stoop to be a critic, and hope the University will do itself the credit to accept of him. Your interest is what I would beg for him as a favour to myself. You, who have used the Muses so ill as to cast them off when they were so kind to you, ought some way to atone, by promoting such good and faithful servants to them in your stead. But if Mr. Harte were not as virtuous and as blameless, as he is capable and learned, I should recommend him with an ill grace to one whose morals only have hindered his fortune, and whose modesty only prevented his fame. If ever you visit these seats of corruption in and about London, I hope you would favour me with a day or two's retirement hither, where I might try to *show* you, with what regard I truly am, Sir,

Your, &c.

END OF VOL. VIII.

J. M'Creery, Tooks-Court, Chancery-Lane, London.